/822.4W97CC>C1/

20402

822.4
W97cc

DATE DUE

MAY 16 1987			
JUN 08 1987			
JAN 20 1993			
NOV 25 1996			
MAR 15 2006			
JUN 08 2010			
JUN 05 2013			
GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_Y0-DRX-617

THE COUNTRY WIFE
AND
THE PLAIN DEALER

BY

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

EDITED BY

GEORGE B. CHURCHILL

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN AMHERST COLLEGE

NORTH CENTRAL COLLEGE
NATURAL SCIENCE
413 1

D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

THE COLLEGE AND SEMINARY LIBRARY
NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS 60540

COPYRIGHT, 1924,
BY D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

2 D 5

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

822.4
W97cc

Life 1640-1716. Jan. 1.

William Wycherley was born at Clive, about seven miles north of Shrewsbury, in or about 1640. His father, Daniel Wycherley, a man of ancient family and good estate, was a teller of the exchequer, and afterwards chief steward of the Marquis of Winchester. His mother was Bethia Shrimpton, who married Daniel Wycherley February 20, 1640. At the age of fifteen, Wycherley was sent to France, where he had the advantage of intercourse with the brilliant circle of the Duchesse de Montausier, formerly Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. Here he is said to have become a Papist. By 1659 he had returned to London, where, on November 10, he was admitted to the Inner Temple, of which his father was a member. In July, 1660, he was entered in the public library (the Bodleian) at Oxford, as *Philosophiæ studiosus*, and he resided in the lodgings of the Provost of Queen's College; but he seems never to have matriculated as a member of either college or university.

20402

During his subsequent residence in the Temple Wycherley acquired at least a sufficient acquaintance with the law to write the legal scenes of *The Plain Dealer*; but he was chiefly occupied with the life of the fashionable and court circle, and with literary work. *Hero and Leander in Burlesque*, published anonymously in 1669, has been attributed to Wycherley, on what authority, the editor has been unable to ascertain; but the style of the verses bears little resemblance to that of his later poems. His first play, *Love in a Wood*, produced at the Theatre Royal probably in the spring of 1671, obtained for him the friendship of the Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of Charles II, and to her he dedicated the published version of the play. The intimate favors which she bestowed on him were no bar to her securing the good-will of the king for her playwright lover. The Duke of Buckingham, also one of the Duchess's lovers, likewise became a friend. June 19, 1672, Wycherley was commissioned captain-lieutenant in Buckingham's regiment; and as Master of the Horse Buckingham appointed him an equerry. February 27, 1674, he was

commissioned "Capt. of that cy. whf. Geo. Duke of Buckingham was Capt. before the Reg. under his comd. was disbanded [in 1673]"; but he "resigned his commission a week after."[1]

The Gentleman Dancing Master, Wycherley's second play, was produced late in 1671 or early in 1672.[2] Wycherley was probably one of the many of the court circle who shortly after "packed to sea" in the war with the Dutch, declared March 17, 1672. He was, at all events, present at a naval battle, described in his "Lines on a Sea-Fight," in the *Posthumous Works*, which probably occurred in 1672 or 1673. *The Country Wife* was produced probably in 1673; *The Plain Dealer* probably in 1676. In 1678 or 1679 Wycherley fell ill of a fever. The king visited him in his lodgings, and sent him with a gift of £500 to Montpelier in the South of France to recover his health. In the following spring he returned to England, fully restored, save, if Pope is to be believed, for an enfeebled memory. Shortly after, he married Laetitia Isabella, the widowed Countess of Drogheda, daughter of Lord Robartes, later first Earl of Radnor. Of their first meeting, in a bookseller's shop at Tunbridge Wells, where the Countess was inquiring for *The Plain Dealer*, Dennis tells a vivacious and dramatic little story.[3] It is uncertain whether the marriage is to be dated 1679 or 1680; though as Lord Drogheda died June 18, 1679, the later year is perhaps the more likely.

The marriage brought little but unhappiness to Wycherley. Charles had just offered to make him governor of his son, the Duke of Richmond, at an annual salary of £1500 with subsequent pension. This opportunity had now to be given up, and Wycherley's relations with the court were ended, through his fear of the king's displeasure at his marriage, and possibly also through the influence of his wife, who proved exceedingly jealous. After her death, probably in 1681, and indeed even before it,[4] Wycherley was involved in an unsuccessful lawsuit for his wife's estate. His debts had now become

[1] Dalton, *English Army Lists*, I, 170.

[2] For the dates of writing, production and publication of the plays, see *Introduction*, pp. xv–xxvii.

[3] Dennis, *Original Letters*, I, 222.

[4] Cf. the verses "To my Lord Chancellor Boyle," *Miscellany Poems*, p. 247.

so great that he was thrown into prison, where, failing to receive assistance from his father or others, he remained seven years. In 1683 appeared, anonymously, in verse, Wycherley's *Epistles to the King and Duke*. They picture his condition as that of a "Spaniel of the Crown, Kick'd out," but while full of flattery, they contain no unworthy lamentation or appeal. About 1688 Wycherley was freed from prison by the kindness of King James, who, pleased by a performance of *The Plain Dealer* which he had been induced to attend, ordered the payment of the author's debts and promised a pension of £200. But Wycherley, through shame or an unwise modesty, failed to give the king's messenger a full account of his debts, and he was not wholly free from his difficulties till his father came to his assistance and paid the remainder. The relief was, however, only temporary, and until the end of his life Wycherley appears to have been constantly hampered by want of money. The death of his father in 1697 left him, indeed, an estate, but an estate of which he was only tenant for life, with no right to sell, and the income from which, if the statements of Wycherley's relative, Captain Shrimpton, may be believed,[1] was diminished by collusion of the heir-at-law, Wycherley's nephew, with the tenants.

In 1704 Wycherley published a collection of *Miscellany Poems*, which brought him no money, owing to the bankruptcy of his publisher, but led to an acquaintance with Pope. The young protégé, at first delighted and assisted by the kindness of the older man-of-letters, to whom he dedicated his third "Pastoral," was soon acting as critic and reviser of his friend's verses; and in later years he falsely gave the world to understand that he had occupied this position from the first. His criticisms and corrections of Wycherley's manuscripts, and possibly Wycherley's recognition of certain lines in the *Essay on Criticism* as satire upon himself, led to an estrangement; but in 1711 a reconciliation took place, and from that time till Wycherley's death the relations of the two seem to have been friendly, though not at all intimate. The *Posthumous Works* of Wycherley, another collection of miscellaneous verse together with some prose "Maxims," published by Theobald in 1728, show the effect of Pope's criticism and contain "corrections" and additions by his hand.

On December 20, 1715, Wycherley, being near to death, was

[1] Egerton, *Life of Mrs. Oldfield*, pp. 122–138.

married to Elizabeth Jackson, of St. James's, Westminster. He was in debt, and a few weeks before had been under arrest. From the rents of his property in Shropshire, owing to the hostility of his nephew, he could expect little. Of his wife's fortune he appears to have received £190, with which he discharged his obligation; and in return he settled upon her a jointure of £400 a year, with which he was legally entitled to burden the Shropshire estate. He thus had the additional satisfaction of revenge upon the nephew who had so ill-treated him.

There is no good reason to doubt the commonly accepted date of Wycherley's death, December 31, 1715, although the *Dictionary of National Biography* ascribes it to the following day. The account of Captain Shrimpton, Wycherley's kinsman and attendant in his last days, who relates [1] that Wycherley died "in about two Hours after the signing of his Will, on a *Saturday* [Dec. 31]," is inherently probable, and is corroborated by the circumstances of Shrimpton's taking possession of the Shropshire estate in the right of the jointress, before the nephew could hear of Wycherley's death by the next post, which did not leave London till Monday. The date January 1, 1716, rests only on the statement of the Supplement of Pointer's *Chronological History of England*, iii, 886, which is accepted by Le Neve, *Monumenta Anglicana*, v, 305. Neither can be relied on. Wycherley was buried in the vault of the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden.

Three months after Wycherley's death, Shrimpton married his widow. They were sued by the nephew, who claimed that the deed of jointure had been given without consideration, and that before her marriage to Wycherley Elizabeth Jackson had been married to Shrimpton; but in 1718 judgment was given for the defendants. The statement of Pope that Miss Jackson was Shrimpton's mistress cannot be verified.

[1] Egerton, *Life of Mrs. Oldfield.*

Introduction

When the first comedy of William Wycherley was presented at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane a decade had passed since the restoration of the monarchy and the reopening of the theatres. For the dramatists as for the court these years had been marked by a process of orientation and self-revelation. It was hardly so much a development of society that had taken place as the discovery of its own nature, the determination of its relations to the rest of the world, and the evolution of an adequate means of self-expression in the drama.

It was not the court of Charles I that had been restored by the advent of Charles II. It was a court composed of Englishmen and Englishwomen who had been deeply inoculated with French manners and French standards of life. It had been privileged for years to observe and even to form some part of a society devoted to the intensive cultivation of the art of living, to the elimination of the crude, the awkward, the individual, and to the universal acquisition of the grace, the charm, the harmony of the social. It was this ordered elegance of life that captivated the exiled Englishman, which he eagerly sought to acquire, and which he introduced, at least as an ideal, into England, when he had once more a court of his own. It mattered nothing to him that these newly adopted

standards were unmoral; he had no moral standards of his own that he was first obliged to throw away. It did not matter either that these standards had to do with only the surface of life; he was quite content to live upon the surface only, if such living could be made elegantly enjoyable. But there were some things both in his own nature and in that of the Frenchman of which he was not fully aware. He did not realize, for instance, that to the Frenchman the grace and elegance with which his social enjoyment was invested was an essential part of the enjoyment itself: to the Englishman it was a mere garment the beauty of which proved enjoyable only so long as it did not hamper and prevent the satisfaction of his raw passion for what it covered. He did not realize that social satisfactions could never conquer or suppress the clamor of his nature for the satisfactions of the individual. It is extremely doubtful if the Englishman of Charles's court ever had any clear vision of society as an organization whose laws profoundly modify the norms and standards of the individual, an organization whose demands not seldom rise into a sphere where the common sense and the social judgment become almost, if not quite, a moral law.

By the beginning of the seventies it was plain how far the admiration of the English court for what was French had gone in the way of actual assimilation, and how far it remained truly English. It was a society highly self-conscious and interested in nothing so much as itself. Certain ideals of social intercourse, the admiration of witty converse, of fidelity to social conventions, of *savoir-faire*, the love of ease and gaiety and

glitter, testify to the lasting influence of France. But English society had already proved to itself, and more, it had come to protest openly with a certain satisfaction, that it was not French. It had not only largely cast off the imitation of externals — so that a Monsieur de Paris had become a ridiculous figure, the butt of society and of comedy; it had flung away all the trammels of elegant speech and conduct, and revealed and flaunted the unashamed vulgarity of the Englishman given over to the pursuit of sensual gratification. "'T is too bold for the French manners," wrote Voltaire of Wycherley's *Country Wife*. An audacious shamelessness is the characteristic that in 1671 chiefly distinguished the court of Charles from that of Louis XIV.

The development of an adequate self-expression in the drama, the establishment of a new comedy, was a process coincident in time with that by which English society had "found" itself. At the beginning of the period there were a few years when the managers of the Royal and the Duke's theatres were hard put to it to find satisfactory stage entertainment for their patrons of the court. The old dramatic tradition had been broken by the lapse of nearly twenty years. There were few who remembered it, and still fewer who had the power to make even the attempt to revive it. When the former period had closed, the old drama was nearly exhausted; it was not to be expected that the fifth-rate dramatists of the beginning of the new period could breathe into it fresh life. Yet the history of comedy in these early years is that of an attempt to do just this. Most of this comedy is "a long way after" the

model of Ben Jonson, "a string of pothouse buffooneries and preposterous 'humours,'" as Mr. Gosse characterizes it.[1] Even Dryden in his *Wild Gallant* of 1663 is following the same model. So late as 1668, Shadwell, in his first play, *The Sullen Lovers*, which in its material and arrangement shows some influence of Molière, is proclaiming his utter devotion to Jonson, whom he thinks "all Dramatick Poets ought to imitate," "the only person that appears . . . to have made perfect Representations of Humane Life," who "never wrote Comedy without seven or eight excellent Humours." "In the plays that have been written of late," declares Shadwell, "there is no such thing as perfect character."[2]

It was in 1664 that Restoration society began to find a comedy that cared nought for the perfect character or individual "humour"; but sought to present upon the stage a true reflection of life as it actually was lived in the circle for which the dramatist wrote and of which he was himself a part. Sir George Etheredge had been a member of Charles's circle in France, had outstaid him there some three years, and had returned to England to associate with such men as Sedley, Buckingham and Rochester. He was, like his companions, a fine flower of Restoration society, a wit, gallant, roisterer and profligate. His stay in France during the first three years of the decade had given him the opportunity to become acquainted with the work of Molière in *L'Étourdi*, *Le Dépit Amoureux* and *Les*

[1] *Seventeenth Century Studies*, p. 237.
[2] Preface to *The Sullen Lovers*.

Précieuses Ridicules; and it was from that work that he derived the impulse to a similar comic treatment of the society in which he moved. In *The Comical Revenge*, 1664, he presented a reproduction of the fashionable world to which he belonged; and the immense success of his play showed that his world recognized in it what it had long been seeking, a true expression of itself. In *She Would if She Could*, 1668, he offered a play which not only was an advance upon the former in unity and skilful dramatic construction, but marks, as Miles keenly perceives, "a development of unity in the worldly society, a consciousness of its own ideals and of its separateness, which cannot be paralleled in earlier Restoration plays." [1] In Etheredge's work, apart from some borrowing of material, and inspiration of the animation and ease with which Etheredge handles his comic scenes and dialogue, the influence of Molière is confined to the conception of a comedy whose sufficient subject and interest is "manners," the behavior of society as it is. Etheredge had no standards, social or moral, that differed from those of the society he portrayed. He had no share in Molière's conception of the sanative, rationalizing, ordering values of right social standards. There is in him nothing of the genial, sympathetic satirist. "It is a heartless world he presents, and he laughs with an entire acquiescence in its point of view." [2]

In his two plays of the first decade Etheredge had really established the new kind of drama. How much

[1] *Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy*, p. 65.
[2] Miles, *Influence of Molière*, etc., p. 67.

formative influence these plays exercised upon his successor, Wycherley, it is impossible to say. Wycherley had spent four years of his early youth in France in the circle of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and young as he was when he returned to England, he had become acquainted with the best that French society had to offer. He had also had an opportunity to see *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, or at all events must have been fully alive to its effectiveness as a satire upon a cult with which his own circle was associated. It is evident, too, that he made a close study of Molière's later work. His life in France and England, and his acquaintance with Molière, are in themselves sufficient explanation of the impulse that produced his plays.

It is the chief distinction of William Wycherley among all the writers of Restoration comedy that he most accurately and fully expressed the society for which he wrote. What was French, what was English in his world is plainest in his comedies. If his dialogue lacks the grace, the sustained ease of wit that is to be found in Congreve's, it is a more faithful presentation of what was to be heard in the fashionable circle of his day; if corruption is nakeder and more shameless in his plays than in any others, it is because he was truer to the fact. It is an English sensual society that he depicts, along with what it had really acquired and retained from the influence of France. And it is to be added that he came nearer than any other to a real comprehension of the French social ideal, especially as that is revealed in the plays of Molière. More than this, Wycherley, alone among the comic playwrights

of the Restoration, appears to have had some notion — vague and even grotesque as it was — of the true fruit of a genuine social consciousness; and alone among his fellows in the midst of his unsparing realism made some attempt to depict ideal characters that should express the common sense and controlled judgment, the passion for sincerity, the faithfulness of love, which must have lurked somewhere, if only as a vision of despair, in that society which we are perhaps too ready to call utterly corrupt.

Concerning the time when Wycherley's plays were composed there has been much debate and difference. Pope declared[1] that he was well acquainted with the chronology of the plays, "for he has told it me over and over. 'Love in a Wood,' he wrote when he was but nineteen [1659]; 'The Gentleman Dancing-Master,' at twenty-one [1661]; 'The Plain Dealer,' at twenty-five [1665]; and 'The Country Wife' at one or two and thirty [1671–2]." That it is impossible to accept this statement of the plays as published was abundantly shown by Macaulay.[2] *Love in a Wood*, for example, contains allusions which must be dated at least as late as 1666, while "the whole air and spirit of the piece" belong to a post-Restoration time; and *The Plain Dealer* contains allusions to events in 1675. The possibility of revision and insertions Macaulay did not consider, and with this in mind many, including W. C. Ward, in his introductions to the plays, have continued to give more or less credence to Pope's

[1] Singer's Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 161.
[2] *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration.*

statement. But the careful investigation of Klette[1] is decisive, and with some modification his conclusion, that *Love in a Wood* was written in 1669, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* in 1671, *The Country Wife* in 1672, *The Plain Dealer* in 1675.

If Pope's statement were true, at the time when Wycherley's first play appeared he would have had in readiness all his plays, except possibly *The Country Wife*. It is impossible to believe that under these circumstances Wycherley would have made his first appearance with *Love in a Wood*, or that he would have held back *The Plain Dealer* for more than ten years. Or, if he had begun with *Love in a Wood*, upon its proving acceptable, his other plays would naturally have followed in rapid succession, *The Country Wife* appearing last. As Aitken, the author of the article on Wycherley in the Dictionary of National Biography, points out, the first two plays, if written in 1660 or 1661, would readily have been accepted at the theatre. As the strongest ground for doubting Pope's statement, Aitken urges that "the plays, even the earliest of them, at least in the form in which we have them, seem to be the work of a mature man, and not of a youth of nineteen or twenty-one." A rigid exclusion of scenes and allusions which must be regarded as additions, if we are to believe Pope, does not remove this impression, and we should be further obliged to assume very thoroughgoing revisions.

An examination of the individual plays furnishes numerous points in corroboration of this view, most of

[1] *Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke*, pp. 20–30.

them already noted by Klette. In *Love in a Wood*, Macaulay marks [1] "an allusion to gentlemen's periwigs, which first came into fashion in 1663; an allusion to guineas, which were first struck in 1663; an allusion to the vests which Charles ordered to be worn at court in 1666; an allusion to the fire of 1666; and several allusions to political and ecclesiastical affairs which must be assigned to times later than the year of the Restoration." To these Klette adds the reference to "this new-fashioned caterwauling, this midnight coursing in the Park," which must be dated well after 1660. These allusions, argues Klette, and with reason, have no meaning for the action or the characterization, are but natural parts of the realistic dialogue. "Their whole character indicates that they were not woven into a revision of the first draft of 1659, but that the first draft itself was not made till some time after the latest occurrence alluded to." [2] Most readers will also agree with Macaulay, that "the whole air and spirit of the piece belong to a period subsequent to that mentioned by Wycherley."

Still more definite proof is afforded by the relation of the play to its "sources." In his plot Wycherley made use of Molière's *L'École des Maris*, published in August, 1661, and of *L'École des Femmes*, which did not appear until March, 1663. It seems likely that *Love in a Wood* was suggested by Sedley's play, *The Mulberry Garden*, which was produced in 1668. It is probable that the composition of Wycherley's play lies be-

[1] *The Comic Dramatists*, etc.
[2] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 22.

tween this date and the end of 1669 or 1670. (Cf. date of production, below, p. xxii, xxiii.)

That Wycherley's (or Pope's) date for the composition of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is false, it is not possible to prove so definitely from the play itself. That it must have undergone revision, if that date is correct, is clear from certain allusions (*e. g.*, Act I, sc. 1, to Punchinello, introduced in England about 1666); but one cannot say so confidently as in the case of *Love in a Wood* that these allusions are of such a character as to make it unlikely that they appeared first in a revision. Nor can one say that the whole air of the piece is indubitably of a time much later than the Restoration. Klette's argument[1] that the piece must date from a time subsequent to Wycherley's acquaintance with the court, depends upon the connection of certain episodes in the play with others that occurred in the court circle; and this, while perhaps probable, cannot be proved. But the influence of both *L'École des Maris* and *L'École des Femmes* is apparent in the play, giving us a date at least as late as 1663. Quaas's assumption[2] that this play was written before *Love in a Wood*, because it shows better technic and characterization and has but a single plot, — superior artistry, but less well adapted to the taste of the audience, — cannot be held to have much force; and it involves in itself a contradiction of Wycherley's statement of the order of the plays.

According to Pope, Wycherley declared that he wrote *The Country Wife* in 1671 or 1672, and later

[1] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 51.
[2] *Wycherley als Mensch und Dichter*, p. 178.

than *The Plain Dealer*. That the latter is extremely unlikely is shown below. The latest form of the play, at least, must be dated very late in 1672 or, more probably, in 1673. The mention of *L'École des Filles* (I, 1, 117; cf. note, p. 179) quite certainly alludes to an edition of 1671 or 1672; and *Covent Garden Drollery* (mentioned III, 2, 192; cf. note, p. 183) was published in 1672, and apparently late in the year, as it is advertised in the Term Catalogue for Michaelmas Term, licensed for printing November 21.[1] These facts, combined with Wycherley's statement as to the date, make it fairly sure that in the case of this play, at least, there was but one form, and that it was written in 1673. Klette, who decides for 1672, was unaware how late in the year *Covent Garden Drollery* was published. His mention of a second collection of this name, published in the same year, is incorrect.[2] (Cf. note, p. 184.) There is but one collection to consider.

That even a first draught of *The Plain Dealer* can have been written in 1665 or even 1666, is impossible. It depends on Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, and this was not published till the end of December, 1666. If, as seems probable, Racine's *Les Plaideurs* suggested the character of Widow Blackacre, her part in the play must be dated after 1668. A first form of the play without the widow, Jerry, Freeman, and the whole legal action, together with the connection of the other characters with this action or with the widow, is perhaps imaginable, but decidedly unlikely. The critique of *The Country*

[1] Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 117.
[2] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 29.

Wife must, of course, be dated after the production of that play, probably in 1673 (cf. below, p. xxv). Various allusions, most of them gathered together by Klette, must also be later than the declared date. Of these the most important are the reference to Dryden as "Bayes" (cf. note, p. 416), which must be dated after the production of *The Rehearsal*, December 14, 1671; the reference to "the late conjuncture of affairs in relation to coffee-houses" (IV, 2, 325, 326; cf. note, p. 430), which must be dated after the end of November, 1675; and the reference to Shadwell's *Libertine* (II, 1, 227; cf. note, p. 421), which was acted in 1675, and advertised for publication in the Term Catalogue for Hilary Term, 1676, licensed for printing on February 10.[1] The common assumption that the first production of *The Plain Dealer* took place in 1674, an assumption which I show below (p. xxvi) to be based on no evidence, compels also the assumption that in the case of this play Wycherley made insertions not only before but after its first production.

On the other hand, Klette's argument[2] that a first form of the play cannot be dated before 1672, because Manly's disaster in the Channel is to be referred to the battle of Soulsby, June 7, 1672, to which the author not improbably refers in his poem, "Lines on a Sea-fight which the author was in betwixt the English and the Dutch" (*Posthumous Works*), cannot be pressed. Manly is represented as in command of a vessel acting as convoy to merchantmen bound for India, held back

[1] Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 227.
[2] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 28.

in the Channel by contrary winds and attacked and defeated by the Dutch. The circumstances do not correspond to those of the war fleet which in May and early June, 1672, was cruising in the Channel, looking for an encounter with the Dutch. Nor can Klette's decided statement that "Wycherley wrote *The Plain Dealer* in December, 1675," and that Pope's declaration that Wycherley wrote the play in three weeks is proved, be accepted even of the latest form of the play. It rests on an easy error, that of failing to note that the date of the license for printing, January 9, 1676, is old style. In modern style it is, of course, 1677. Thus 1676 is a possibility for the writing of at least the latest form of the play before production. (Cf. below, p. xxvii.)

A review of all these facts concerning the four plays will not induce a cautious judge to declare that there were certainly no revisions or insertions. But it is quite clear that Spence's statement of what Pope said Wycherly said as to the time when the plays were composed is the only evidence of such changes, and that this statement, at least in regard to *Love in a Wood* and *The Plain Dealer*, is false. For the error, either of Macaulay's suggested reasons, vanity, or the known weakness of Wycherley's memory in later life, is sufficient, though not the only possible, explanation. Till other evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, it will seem safe to assume that in all essentials the plays had but one form, and that each was written not long before the date of its production.

To determine the dates at which Wycherley's plays were first produced has proved a considerably easier task

than to establish the dates of writing, though the limits determined are, in the cases of most of the plays, still too far apart to be thoroughly satisfactory.

Love in a Wood was registered for publication at Stationers' Hall on October 6, 1671. The title-page of the first edition bears the date 1672; but it was common to give the date of the following year to books published late in the fall, and this seems to have been the fact with *Love in a Wood*. For in the "Term Catalogue" of books "printed and published in London in Michaelmas Term 1671" [1] is advertised "Love in a Wood or St. James's Park. A Comedy, as it is Acted at the Theatre Royal by his Majesties Servants. Written by Mr. Wycherley." This is enough to show that the play was acted before October, 1671, and that the production took place in the spring of the year is indicated by the author's dedication to the Duchess of Cleveland: "Your Grace did me the honour to see my play twice together . . . 'twas in Lent." This could not have been in 1669, for Pepys, whose diary closes in May, 1669, would certainly have mentioned the play. (Cf. Klette, p. 32, and *The Athenæum*, January 2, 1841.) Between the spring of 1670 and that of 1671 an absolute decision is not possible. The Duchess of Cleveland did not receive this title till August 3, 1670; but it is not certain, as W. C. Ward seems to assume,[2] that the printed dedication is the same in this respect as that which Wycherley sent her with the copy of the play which she commanded of him. She may have been still

[1] Arber, *Term Catalogues* 1, 87.
[2] *William Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 3.

Lady Castlemaine when she saw the play, and it is worth noting that Dennis, in his account of the conversation between her and Wycherley about the play,[1] makes the author continually address her as "Your Ladyship." But this may be, as Ward believes, "a mere slip on the part of Dennis." It is most likely that the performances which the lady attended were among the earliest, it is rather unlikely that a year and a half or more elapsed between the production and the publication of the play; and we are fairly safe in assigning the first performance of *Love in a Wood* to the spring of 1671.

The first edition of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* bears the date 1673. As it is advertised in the Term Catalogue for Michaelmas Term, 1672, it is possible as in the case of *Love in a Wood* that the edition is post-dated, and really appeared in 1672. The play was produced at the new theatre of the Duke of York's company in Dorset Gardens, near Salisbury Court, the first performance in which, that of Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*, had been given on November 9, 1671. In the epilogue of Wycherley's play occur the words "all gentlemen must pack to sea," a reference to the impending war with the Dutch, formally declared March 17, 1672. Somewhere between those dates, then, must lie the first performance of the play. Downes, the prompter of the Duke's company, says[2] that it was the third new play given at his theatre, old plays having been acted between each two new plays. A computation of the time recorded for the performances of the

[1] *Original Letters*, I, 214. [2] *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 32.

new pieces, and of the probable duration of the old pieces (cf. Genest, 1, 136, and Ward's introduction to the play) places the performance of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* in December, 1671, or January, 1672.

It is not quite certain, however, that the play had not been given previously at the old theatre of the Duke's company, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The prologue, written for the performance at Dorset Gardens, begins with the words :

> Our author (like us) finding 'twould scarce do
> At t' other end o' th' town, is come to you;
> And, since 'tis his last trial, has that wit
> To throw himself on a substantial pit.

These words, says Ward, "seem to imply a previous and unsuccessful performance, probably by the same company, at their old theatre." "The presumption, therefore, is strongly in favor of 1671 as the year in which The Gentlemen Dancing-Master was first brought on the stage." [1] Klette, interpreting in the same way, and reckoning on a month as the probable time occupied by the company in their removal from the old theatre, dates the piece "schon vor Oktober 1671." [2] But it is possible that the author found it would not do at the other end of the town otherwise than by an unsuccessful trial, and "since 'tis his last trial" does not necessarily mean that this play had been tried before. And Downes's reference to the play as a new piece when given at Dorset Gardens is not easily to be disregarded.

[1] *Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 127.
[2] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 31.

The Country Wife was published in 1675. That it was produced later than *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* is shown by the prologue, in which Wycherley refers to himself as "the late so baffled scribbler," an allusion to the ill-success of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, which "lasted but 6 days, being lik'd but indifferently." [1] Thus the earliest possible date is subsequent to January, 1672. It has been customary to set the latest possible date as previous to March or April, 1674, the date of the production of *The Plain Dealer*. But, as shown below (p. xxvi), this date is wrong. "The late so baffled scribbler," however, implies that *The Country Wife* was produced not very long after the preceding play. The published play was advertised in the Term Catalogue for Easter, 1675, as "Acted at the Duke's Theatre Royal." [2] It was acted by the King's company, which after the burning of their theatre in Drury Lane, in January, 1672, occupied the former Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields from February 26, 1672, to the opening of their new theatre on March 26, 1674. *The Country Wife* was therefore first produced at some time between these dates, and probably in 1673. Of this date we could be very sure, if we knew that there were no insertions in the published form of the play. Cf. above, p. xix.

The Plain Dealer was published in 1677, and early in that year. It was licensed for printing on January 9,

[1] Genest, *History of the Drama*, etc., I, 137; Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 32.

[2] Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 205.

and the first edition is advertised in the Term Catalogue of the Easter Term.[1] The second edition, which bears the same date, is advertised in the Catalogue for Michaelmas Term.[2] The play was produced after *The Country Wife*, of which there is a criticism in Act II, scene I. That the play in its published form could not have been produced before the end of 1675 has been shown above. But it has been generally assumed that this is a revised form, and that the first production was given in the spring of 1674 (cf. W. C. Ward, *Introduction* to the play, Genest, I, 161, *Dictionary of National Biography*, *sub* Wycherley, and also A. W. Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, III, 464). The evidence offered for this is an allusion to the play in the preface of Dryden's *State of Innocence*. "The author of *The Plain Dealer*," writes Dryden, "whom I am proud to call my friend, has obliged all honest and virtuous men by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful satires, which has ever been presented on the English theatre." *The State of Innocence* was registered at Stationers' Hall, for publication, on April 17, 1674. But there is not the slightest evidence that this preface had been written when the registration took place. It has been generally assumed that *The State of Innocence* was published in 1674, in November or December, after the death of Milton; but, as I have shown in detail elsewhere (*The Relation of Dryden's* "State of Innocence" *to Milton's* "Paradise Lost" *and Wycherley's* "Plain Dealer," *Modern Philology*, IV, 2), there is no evidence of such a publication, and

[1] Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 273. [2] *Ibid.*, p. 296.

the edition of 1677 appears to be the first. This was advertised in the Term Catalogue for Hilary Term, 1676/77, licensed for printing on February 12.[1] The latest date for the first production of Wycherley's play would therefore be the end of 1676. As there is no reason left for assuming that the published play was a revised form, the references to Shadwell's *Libertine* and the coffee-houses (cf. above, p. xx) give us as the earliest possible date of the first production the end of 1675. It is pretty safe to date it 1676.

That *The Country Wife* is to a certain extent based on Molière's *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*, and *The Plain Dealer* upon *Le Misanthrope*, is apparent at a glance. But the degree and nature of this dependence have been subject to very various judgments. Macaulay, too obsessed by his moral thesis for either a careful eye to facts or a calm critical analysis, declared that Wycherley "has scarcely more claim to originality than Terence. It is not too much to say that there is hardly anything of the least value in his plays of which the hint is not to be found elsewhere."[2] Hazlitt is as bluntly on the other side: "the best things are his own."[3] Both critics confused the question of originality with that of moral and dramatic values. There are two distinct questions to determine: How far is Wycherley original? and What is his originality worth? And they must be settled apart from each other.

In the two *Écoles* of Molière the basic idea is the

[1] Arber, *Term Catalogues*, 1, 266.

[2] *The Comic Dramatists*, etc.

[3] *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*, 3d ed., p. 149.

same. In each an old bachelor brings up a young ward with the intent that she shall become his wife. Each guardian distrusts the world and keeps his ward far from it, in the determination that she shall be safe from its seductions, and deliberately refuses her an education, that ignorance may prevent her from learning how to deceive him. But youth and age will not together, compulsion awakens the desire for freedom, a youthful, romantic lover calls to the heart of each girl, and each, the one through a series of happy chances, the other by "the adroit stratagem of an innocent love," escapes from her bonds to the arms of the loved one.

In *The Country Wife* is told what is in many respects a combination and adaptation of the stories of these two plays. An old bachelor marries his ward, an ignorant country girl, and is forced by circumstances, much against his will, to bring her to town, where by a series of chances and by the girl's own bold abandon and stratagems she becomes the mistress of a town lover. The main lines of the story are the same in Wycherley and Molière; and the resemblance is increased by the fact that Margery, in *The Country Wife*, like Isabelle in *L'École des Maris*, cunningly induces her guardian to become the bearer of a love-letter to her lover, and finally accomplishes her desire by pretending that the amour is not her own but her sister's. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that Wycherley's play has borrowed its basic idea and a few incidents from the two plays of Molière.

But striking as are the resemblances, not less striking are the differences. In the plays of the French author

the lovers are sincerely and romantically in love with the heroines, whom they wish to marry. The guardians are men with whose theory of life and marriage we disagree: but they are honorable and clean, their knowledge of the world's faults has been gained by observation, not by practice; though we wish to see them defeated, we sympathize with them in their loss. The heroines are both attractive figures. Agnès wins us by her simple, tender innocence; Isabelle, who reminds us not too distantly of some of Shakespeare's heroines, gains our admiration by the intelligent energy with which, secure in the purity of her desires, she forces her way through the bonds of convention to the wished-for end. All these characters deserve and have our sympathy.

Of Wycherley's characters no one has any claim upon our hearts. The lover is a lustful monster, preying successfully by a disgusting ruse upon the world of women. The guardian, who is at the same time husband, is an ancient rake, pursuing in his marriage the same end as in his former amours, a selfish pleasure. His aims are in no respect different from the lover's ; he is merely bent upon winning on both sides of the game. His goal is to keep his own wife to himself though he has made prey of other men's wives. As for the heroine, Margery, she is ignorant, but not innocent. Her aim is as surely as her husband's a selfish pleasure, her end adultery. She has no shadow of the tender romanticism of Agnès, none of the intelligence of Isabelle. Her stratagems are mostly supplied by another, and what is chiefly striking in that which she originates is her

determination to abandon herself. We feel that Agnès and Isabelle must succeed because a pure and natural love cannot in the ideal scheme of things be defeated; Margery cannot fail to gain her end because in Wycherley's world no inexperience can prevent the woman who is bound to throw herself away.

Our interest in the intrigue is therefore wholly intellectual. Since they are playing a game upon precisely the same terms, we enjoy seeing Horner defeat Pinchwife, not because the former deserves to win, but because the latter deserves to lose. We are tickled by Margery's successful deception of her husband, because it is truly comic that experienced selfishness should be defeated by selfishness that is without experience.

Of the dramatic values of this interest something is said elsewhere. Here it is enough to make clear the essential difference between the aim of Molière and that of Wycherley. It is Wycherley's thesis, like Molière's, that human nature is not to be defeated by the unnatural, that the call of life is bound to be heard in any seclusion and beyond all walls, that the world's contamination cannot be prevented by an enforced ignorance. But Molière works out this thesis by dramatic situations which show innocent and untaught human nature escaping from unnatural bonds to its like, or the same innocence, unconstrained and acquiring experience, as in the case of Léonor, recognizing its like by means of its experience. Wycherley works out the thesis in the form of vicious human nature constrained by vice, and escaping surely to its counterpart as chosen by itself.

The figure of Alithea, it is true, is plainly modelled upon that of Léonor in *L'École des Maris*. Each is the woman of experience in the ways of the world, contrasted with the ignorant and imprisoned heroine. Each is meant to show in the results of her conduct the salutary effect of freedom upon a wise and clear-judging intelligence. There is similarity in Léonor's criticism of Sganarelle's attitude toward Isabelle and Alithea's criticism of Pinchwife's treatment of Margery. And Alithea and Léonor are the passive instruments of almost the same stratagem on the part of the heroines of the two plays.

But the contrast is far more clearly and precisely drawn, and the lesson more successfully taught, by Molière than by Wycherley. In *L'École des Maris* Isabelle is lost to Sganarelle by his stupid constraint, Léonor gained by Ariste through the experience resulting from the wise freedom which he allows her. In Wycherley's play Alithea has no guardian whose treatment is contrasted with Pinchwife's. She has two lovers, and the utter lack of jealousy in the first, Sparkish, is contrasted with Pinchwife's jealousy. But Sparkish's conduct is not that of a wise man but that of a pin-headed fool. Alithea's fidelity to him is wholly unsatisfactory; for while, as Krause suggests,[1] it may be more admirable to be faithful to a fool than to an old man of character and wisdom, the bond between Alithea and Sparkish is no compliment to her intelligence. The second lover, Harcourt, on the other hand, is neither sufficiently distinguished in his life nor sufficiently elevated in his char-

[1] *Wycherley und Seine Französischen Quellen*, p. 20.

acter to serve as a satisfactory ideal compensation for Alithea's conduct. In Alithea, then, Wycherley, in imitation of Molière, attempts an ideal character, and fails of success because his knowledge of English society prevents his getting far from realism. The union of Léonor and Ariste, "romantic" as it is, was doubtless not impossible in French society. Wycherley's failure to satisfy the modern romantic sense need not be ascribed to his "nihilistic cynicism" regarding women, but to the constraint laid upon him by his knowledge of life. In the society of his day a Harcourt was probably the most an Alithea could expect to win.

Of verbal imitations and borrowings from Molière (most of which are indicated in the notes) there are striking examples. It is their character, and not their number, that makes them striking: they are mostly apothegms, maxims of conduct, reflections on life. If an occasional brilliance would be lost by their omission, there would be no disappearance of any essential touch in characterization, plot or dialogue.

In view of the similarities of purpose and situation their number is surprisingly small. It is, in fact, a distinguishing characteristic of Wycherley's method that there is comparatively little verbal imitation where it would be most expected, in the dialogue of imitated situations. An excellent example is scene 2, Act IV, of *The Country Wife*, where Pinchwife questions Margery about her conduct with her gallant, as Arnolphe questions Agnès in Act II, scene 5, of *L'École des Femmes*. Here each guardian is on tenterhooks lest his examination discover the very worst. In the scene of

the French play the suspense is worked up to a climax prolonged through many lines by the hesitation of Agnes to reveal what in the conduct of her lover she fears her guardian will most dislike. The situation is precisely the same in Wycherley's scene. There is the same suspense and climax, hanging as in Molière's dialogue upon a single word; but in Wycherley the climax is over in three lines. Dramatically the work of Molière is far more effective; no considerations of decency restrained Wycherley, for there is less periphrasis in his dialogue than in Molière's; and one is almost forced to the conclusion that an author's self-respect restrained the English playwright in the degree of his imitation. There are but one or two verbal imitations; and so unlike are the characters and the circumstances of the lovers, in spite of the likeness in the situation, that the two scenes have a very different aspect and atmosphere. Both in its likeness to the original and in its variation from it, this scene is typical of Wycherley's method.

What Wycherley borrowed, then, for the plot of *The Country Wife*, the basic idea and a very few incidents, was so skillfully varied by his invention and setting, by characterization and dialogue, that little remains to which he did not give a thorough impress of his own, little of which we are tempted to say, this is Molière, not Wycherley. Horner and his crew, Lady Fidget and her coterie of women, Sparkish, in most of his attributes, are Wycherley's own; Pinchwife and Margery are likewise wholly Wycherley's so far as their characters are concerned. Alithea and Lucy, the maid, are the only characters for whom we cannot claim

originality; and the former, as we have seen, is sufficiently distinguished from Molière's Léonor by the feebler lines with which she is drawn, while the latter is given a larger place in the action than is taken by Molière's Lisette.

In the conduct of the plot Wycherley's play is superior to Molière's, as Voltaire unhesitatingly declared: "The English writer has corrected the only defect that is in Molière's Comedy [*L'École des Femmes*], the Thinness of the Plot, which also is so dispos'd that the characters in it do not enough raise our Concern." [1] Molière's plot is thin because the actual conduct of the intrigue between Agnès and Horace is carried on behind the scenes, and because there is no intrigue at all in the story of Léonor. In action for its own sake the French playwright was not interested, but only as it developed his dramatic thesis and revealed his characters. Wycherley's audience loved abundant movement and demanded complicated intrigue. In his play, hampered by no stage conventions or considerations of decency, nearly the whole Horner–Margery–Pinchwife intrigue is placed upon the stage, stopping barely short of the last, impossible detail. To this is added the contest of Harcourt and Sparkish for the hand of Alithea, and, still further, the intrigue of Horner with Lady Fidget and her friends. From the beginning to the end, interest is constantly renewed by the ever-recurring situations full of dramatic suspense, and their ingenious solutions.

In *The Plain Dealer* Wycherley again found his

[1] *Letters concerning the English Nation*, p. 182.

theme and the groundwork of his chief characters in Molière. They are borrowed from *Le Misanthrope* (first acted on June 4, 1666), which has been a mine for many other writers of English comedy, including Shadwell, Congreve, and Sheridan. In this instance the borrowings are even plainer and larger in amount than in *The Country Wife*. Manly is, of course, Alceste, "naturalised in England." Both heroes are at war with the hypocrisies and conventionalities of the world, hate all men as false and wicked or as compliers with wickedness, and have dedicated themselves to the other extreme, of "plain dealing." This is not only openness and honesty of speech, but an eccentricity of attitude carried so far that they would be sorry to appear rational in the eyes of the world, and desire rather to fly from it to a "wilderness" or "the Indies." To each hero is attached a companion, Philinte, Freeman, whose views are the exact opposite, who are "compliers with the age" and preach compliance. Each hero is restrained from rushing into solitude by the fact that he is weak enough to be infatuated with a woman, Célimène, Olivia, a coquette or worse, who eventually plays him false. Each of these in turn is provided with a contrast, Éliante, Eliza, whose rôle is to furnish a medium between the two extremes, a rational attitude toward life, which finds it possible to enjoy the world without either wickedness or misanthropy.

There are further likenesses in the minor characters. The Novel of the English play is in some respects, including his name, modelled upon Acaste, who describes himself (*Le Misanthrope*, III, 1, 15, *et seq.*) as follows:

Pour de l'esprit, j'en ai sans doute, et du bon goût
A juger sans étude et raisonner de tout,
A faire aux nouveautés, dont je suis idolâtre,
Figure de savant sur les bancs du théâtre,
Y décider en chef, et faire du fracas
A tous les beaux endroits qui méritent des has.

So Novel is described by Olivia (*P. D.*, II, 1, 165, *et seq.*) as one "who affects novelty as much as the fashion . . . who likes nothing but what is new," who is "a friend to all [plays] that are new," and who thinks that "the new plays wou'd not be the worse for my [his] advice" (II, 1, 605, *et seq.*). Novel also plays the part of Acaste in the detraction scene (*P. D.*, II, 1; *L. M.*, II, 4) and the letter scene (*P. D.*, IV, 2; *L. M.*, V, 4). Plausible corresponds to Oronte in his "ceremony and great professing" of friendship for Manly (*P. D.*, I, 1; *L. M.*, I, 2): elsewhere he plays the part of Clitandre in the detraction scene and, as the wooer of Olivia, in the letter scene.

Molière's prude, Arsinoé, rival and foe of Célimène, does not appear in Wycherley, and Éliante's rôle as the sincere friend of the hero, to whom the latter turns when Célimène proves false, is taken by Fidelia, a character of a wholly different sort. Her disguise and her devotion to Manly make it evident that she is a borrowing from the Viola of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, though the actions through which she is forced leave her nothing of the delicacy of Viola, and little of her strength. The relations of Olivia to Manly and Fidelia show that Olivia's name, at least, is likewise borrowed from *Twelfth Night*. Klette's suggestion[1]

[1] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., pp. 61, 62.

that Wycherley may have gone directly to Bandello instead of Shakespeare, because the Vernish–Olivia–Fidelia situation at the end of the play resembles the Gerrardo–Catella–Paolo situation in Bandello's story, seems improbable. The resemblance is too remote.

The Widow Blackacre seems also to have been suggested to Wycherley. Hunt thought her "an original which he had doubtless met with in the courts of law,"[1] but most others have found her source in the Comtesse de Pimbesche of Racine's *Les Plaideurs*. "This supposed discovery of a non-existent coincidence," says W. C. Ward,[2] "appears to have arisen from a misinterpretation of Voltaire's words in the French edition of his *Letters concerning the English Nation:* 'On a encore lardé cette pièce (*The Plain Dealer*) d'une Comtesse de Pimbesche, vieille plaideuse.' But Voltaire clearly employs the title of 'Comtesse de Pimbesche' only as a generic term for a litigious female." Ward's interpretation is supported by the English edition of the *Letters*, which was published before the French. Its statement reads: "This play is also larded with a petulant, litigious old woman." But whether Voltaire has been misinterpreted or not, the likeness between the two characters is such as to suggest very strongly that the French character was the original of the English. This is the view of Klette, though he credits the French with nothing more than the mere suggestion:[3] "die Figuren haben nur eins gemeinsam:

[1] *Wycherley, Congreve*, etc., 1851, p. xvii.
[2] *Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 366.
[3] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 61.

die Sucht zu prozessieren"; therein agreeing with Ward, "There is a litigious old woman in *Les Plaideurs*, there is a litigious old woman in *The Plain Dealer;* and here the likeness begins and ends." Krause[1] goes further, asserting that the widow was borrowed from the Countess. Racine shows how litigation may become a kind of disease, as the Countess has engaged in litigation for thirty years, finds content in this only, and "de son bien en procès consume le plus beau." "Ohne Zweifel," says Krause, "sind dies dieselben Züge, die Wycherley in der Witwe Blackacre glücklich verwerthet und weiter entwickelt hat." He finds corroboration of this view in Jerry Blackacre, "laden with green bags," who reminds one much of Racine's Petit Jean, "trainant un gros sac de procès" (*Les Plaideurs*, I, 1).

There are certain other minor points of resemblance, which while they are of no great importance in themselves serve to strengthen the likelihood that Racine's character suggested the other. In *Les Plaideurs*, I, 6, the Comtesse keeps interrupting Chicanneau and will not let him finish his sentences. In like manner in *The Plain Dealer*, I, 1, Manly finds it impossible to shut off the Widow, who pays no heed to his questions but insists on talking of her own affairs. In the same scene, the Comtesse falls out with Chicanneau, they call each other names, and the Comtesse sues Chicanneau for his insults, demanding a retraction before witnesses. Suggestive of this is Act II, scene 1, of *The Plain Dealer*, where the Widow assails Oldfox with oppro-

[1] *Wycherley u. s. Fr. Quellen*, pp. 32, 33.

brious epithets, and drives him to retaliate with the accusation that she is cheating her minor — her son Jerry, — which she counters with "Pray, sir [to Freeman], bear witness; cheat my minor! I'll bring my action of the case for the slander." Compare also the words of the Widow (*P.D.*, v, 3, 118, *et seq.*), "Matrimony, to a woman, is worse than excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the law; and I would rather be deprived of life," with the Comtesse's "*Mais vivre sans plaider, est-ce contentement?*"

Such points must not be pushed too far as arguments. It is a possibility that Wycherley created the Widow wholly independently of Racine. But it is unlikely that Wycherley, otherwise familiar with the French stage, was unacquainted with Racine's play, which was acted at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in the fall of 1668 and licensed for print on December 5 of the same year. Ward's objection that "It is, to say the least, doubtful if *Les Plaideurs* was written before *The Plain Dealer*" has been disposed of in the discussion of the dates at which Wycherley's plays were written. Far the likeliest supposition is that the Widow is another example of Wycherley's common method in handling the figures that he borrowed from the French comedy. The basic idea of the character is adopted; but in manners, dialogue and intrigue it is so transformed that it becomes both English and Wycherley's own.

That there should be likenesses in the plots of *The Plain Dealer* and *Le Misanthrope*, is, since there are such imitations in the characters and the theme, most natural. The large features in which the two plots re-

semble each other are the disappointment of each lover in his mistress and his failure to recognize his true friends. But here the plays part company, for Manly is rewarded by the hand of his faithful friend Fidelia, in union with whom he is made happy, while Alceste is left in disappointed loneliness. How far the action of *Le Misanthrope* is borrowed by Wycherley may be most clearly indicated by a comparison of scenes. The visit and attitude of Lord Plausible in Act I, scene I, of *The Plain Dealer* are borrowed from those of Oronte in *Le Misanthrope*, I, 2. Plausible is not a sonneteer, to be sure, but this part of Oronte's rôle is carried out in Freeman's later remark (*P. D.*, I, 1, 333–335), "And I shou'd tell the scribler of honour, that heraldry were a prettier and fitter study for so fine a gentleman than poetry ?", and Manly's "the noble sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his madrigals." More direct even than this is Manly's reference (*P. D.*, III, 1, 678–681) to his quarrel with a poet whom he has advised "to leave off writing, and turn lawyer, because he is dull and impudent, and sayes or writes nothing now but by precedent."

Manly's discussion with Freeman in Act I, scene I, is a direct imitation of Molière's first scene, in general conception and movement, in some details and in a few verbal borrowings (for which see notes). As Alceste rejects Philinte as a friend, so Manly rejects Freeman. Each is thoroughly opposed to his companion's compliant attitude toward the world, and declaims against it. Each discusses with his companion the proper conduct to maintain in a series of hypothetical social

situations suggested by the latter. But Wycherley develops and extends Molière's scene, and there are very significant differences, which are discussed below. At the close of the scene Manly and Freeman discuss the former's attitude toward his mistress, whose fidelity Freeman distrusts. This is an imitation of *Le Misanthrope*, I, 1, 205 *et seq.*, where there is a like discussion of Alceste and Philinte over Célimène. Again there are significant differences, and notably in the introduction of Manly's male friend, Vernish, who is later to play an important part in the intrigue.

In Act II, scene 1, the famous detraction scene is, again, a direct imitation of *Le Misanthrope*, II, 4. Olivia and her friends Plausible and Novel exercise their satirical wit upon their acquaintances, as do Célimène and the marquises, and at the end Manly like Alceste becomes the object of the satire. The resemblance in the management of the scenes is close, but the details of the criticism differ, save that Mrs. Grideline is adapted from Bélise (cf. notes).

The general design of *Plain Dealer*, IV, 2, is borrowed from *Le Misanthrope*, III, 1, and V, 4. In the former scene Clitandre and Acaste, rivals for the love of Célimène, satirize the pretensions of each other. Acaste describes his own good points, Clitandre, with self-satisfied irony, hints that the other is deceived. In V, 4, each brings to Célimène a letter which he has received from her, encouraging himself and contemning the other. They have compared notes, and now read their letters aloud to Célimène and her companions. Having thus made known her falsity, they abandon

their suit. These two scenes Wycherley condenses into one. Clitandre's part is developed, for Plausible as well as Novel recounts the good points that Olivia has praised in him. They show each other the encouraging letters they have received from Olivia, and find them — a device of Wycherley's own — to be exactly the same. There are a few verbal resemblances (cf. notes).

In Act II, scene 1, Wycherley has introduced a critique of *The Country Wife* which follows in idea and general manner scene 3 of Molière's *La Critique de L'École des Femmes*, first presented June 1, 1663. In Wycherley's scene Olivia takes the part of Climène, while Eliza represents not only Molière's Élise, but in some of her remarks Urania as well. The scene is condensed, and direct transfer of detail is in general avoided, but there are some verbal borrowings (cf. notes). Olivia's speech is, in consonance with Wycherley's conception of her character, far coarser than Climène's.

In all this comparison of Wycherley's play with its sources, emphasis has thus far been laid upon the imitations and resemblances. The total amount of his borrowings and adaptations is manifestly large, and to others is due the inception of some of Wycherley's most effective scenes. It is not so easy to show by analysis, but it is perfectly evident to even the casual reader of the plays, that in spite of this dependence the influence of sources is completely subordinate to Wycherley's own work. Even those scenes and characters in which the dependence is greatest have scarcely for a moment the air of the original. To everything Wycherley has given

his own impress, and so strong and so individual is this that commentators and editors have often been led into incautiously minimizing statements as to the author's indebtedness to others. Ward's statement[1] is not too strong, that "It is almost a truism that the most original writers are frequently the most extensive plagiarists, and Wycherley has so overlaid his appropriations with the coloring of his own brilliant individuality, that his play appears almost equally a masterpiece of originality as of ingenuity."

What is the nature of this originality? Wherein does it lie? In every branch of dramatic construction, in characterization, in plot, in situation, in dialogue, in "manners." It is, in the first place, because Wycherley's originality is constant throughout the play that even after a thorough perception of his relation to Molière one can scarcely for a moment in reading the play dwell upon that relation.

That the characters of Wycherley are original has to be conceded even by those who have most strongly denied him originality. The best example of this concession, made somewhat unconsciously though it is, is the famous attack of Macaulay.[2] "The only thing original about Wycherley," he writes, "the only thing which he could furnish from his own mind in inexhaustible abundance, was profligacy. It is curious to observe how everything that he touched, however pure and noble, took in an instant the colour of his own mind. . . . The character of Manly is the best illus-

[1] *Wycherley* (Mermaid Series), p. 365.
[2] *The Comic Dramatists.*

tration of our meaning. Molière exhibited in his misanthrope a pure and noble mind which had been sorely vexed by the sight of perfidy and malevolence disguised under the forms of politeness. . . . He is often to blame; he is often ridiculous: but he is always a good man. . . . Wycherley borrowed Alceste, and turned him — we quote the words of so lenient a critic as Mr. Leigh Hunt — into 'a ferocious sensualist, who believed himself as great a rascal as he thought everybody else.' The surliness of Molière's hero is copied and caricatured. But the most nauseous libertinism and the most dastardly fraud are substituted for the purity and integrity of the original." If all this is granted, it yet makes clear that Manly is something far different from Alceste. It is only in their fundamental attitude toward the world that the two characters are alike; in the attributes that make them individuals they are far asunder. It is a difference that goes beyond "the difference between the two societies and the two countries." [1] It is the force, the savage brutality, the "nauseous libertinism" of Manly that make him original and unique. He is as unworthy as you please; but he holds one breathless by his force, and his every trait is fixed indelibly in the memory.

Much the same is to be said of Olivia. For the coquette Célimène is substituted a woman whose "impudence is like a professed courtesan's." [2] Shameless, disgusting, she is, but individual and unforgettable. With these two goes the litigious widow. Voltaire thought her

[1] Taine, *History of Eng. Lit.*, trans. Van Laun, I, 486.
[2] *Ibid.*, I, 485.

the most comical character that was ever brought upon the stage. Macaulay calls her "beyond comparison Wycherley's best comic character," while in the same breath he dubs her merely "the Countess in Racine's *Plaideurs*, talking the jargon of English instead of that of French chicane." But it is not the Widow's jargon that makes her the effective character that she is: it is the immortal energy with which she pursues her ends, her self-reliance, the almost masculine competence with which she handles her suitors, the dominating will, unbroken till the end. And these are Wycherley's.

Freeman is a worse Philinte, and wherein he is worse becomes, like Manly and Olivia, original. Philinte's grounds for his attitude toward the world are rational; Freeman's purely and individually selfish. Where Philinte after the departure of those whom he has received with warmth of manner speaks of them with indifference, Freeman calls them "rogues, villains, rascals" whom he despises and hates. Wholly Wycherley's also is Freeman's clever pursuit of the Widow, and his final victory over her at her own game. Novel and Plausible, if suggested by the Acaste and Clitandre of Molière, speak their own language, and Plausible is individualized and differentiated from his companion more than is Clitandre. Fidelia, inevitably a failure from the modern point of view, is at least differentiated from her predecessor by her inferiority and by the unpleasant part which she is made to play in Manly's intrigue.

In plot and action Wycherley's play is quite as much distinguished from Molière's as in characterization.

The similarities have already been shown: the differences are far greater. As in *The Country Wife* the action is immensely increased over that of the French play. The most effective characterization and the wittiest dialogue could not supply the place of the vivacious movement demanded by the Restoration audience. Wycherley's talent was naturally bent to the satisfaction of this demand; and what this means in regard to the originality of this play is seen in the fact that the whole Widow Blackacre–Freeman–Oldfox–Jerry intrigue, and the Manly–Vernish–Olivia–Fidelia intrigue, save in the general foundations already pointed out, are Wycherley's own. Of all the effective scenes borrowed from Molière, only one, the letter scene, is an integral part of the action. At the beginning of the play both intrigues are set going, the fate of Manly and that of the Widow are revealed as the goals of the action, and no character-drawing or brilliant dialogue is allowed very long to delay the movement. The action not only moves but develops, the intrigue is constantly supplied with sudden turns and surprises, is increasingly complicated but never confusing, and it is brought to an end by dramatic revelations which form a genuine climax of interest. Of all this there is nothing in Molière.

Of the dialogue how much is due to Molière I have attempted to show above and in the notes. More is due to the French author than in *The Country Wife;* but even in the borrowings it is general conceptions rather than language that is borrowed. A Manly cannot speak like an Alceste, or an Olivia like a Célimène. The wit and the satire are non-French both in their downright

force and directness, and in their coarseness. As in the characterization and the intrigue the whole atmosphere is peculiarly English and peculiarly Wycherley's.

Having thus reviewed in detail the relations of Wycherley's two plays to those of Molière, one may now look at those relations in a broader light.

Typical Restoration comedy is what has aptly been called the comedy of "recognition." It gave the audience the pleasure of recognizing on the stage what it saw daily in actual life, and amused it in the theatre with the same amusements that it had in actual life. The ideals and standards, the objects of admiration and of ridicule of the typical play were those of the circle for whom the play was written. If the successful pursuit of "love"-intrigues, if reputation as "wits," were the chief aims of those who formed the theatre's audience, then skilfully managed love-intrigues and witty dialogue were bound to be the aim of the playwright. If in his love-affairs the gallant knew no restraint of morality and in his conversation few restraints of decency, the same freedom was to be expected on the stage. If the unskilful, and hence unsuccessful, lover, the cuckold, the would-be wit, the empty-headed fop, the unconscious fool, the unfashionable "cit," the country bumpkin, were the objects of actual mirth and derision, these were the natural sources of comic effect upon the stage. In the typical Restoration play the norm was the taste of the court circle, and it was departure from that norm that made the comic incongruity. Sympathy with his characters, a serious interest in their conduct or fate, or a desire to suggest a more reasonable or a more elevated standard

of judgment were absent in the typical Restoration playwright.

But an examination of the work of the great French writer who in material and manner so largely influenced the English drama of his day reveals a comedy with a very different attitude and purpose. His is also a comedy of recognition, finding its material in the inexhaustible phases of daily life and filled with inextinguishable laughter at the follies and weaknesses of his contemporaries. But Molière had standards other and higher than those of the society of his time. For him the norm was not the prevalent taste, but "the *reasonable* demands of society." [1] What was reasonable he estimated by the standards of his own social philosophy. He demanded that the individual should be true to his real self, unaffected by the conceits and fashions and affectations of his fellows; but he demanded also that the individual should recognize that he lived in a world of his fellows, and that with their claims to the realization of their best selves his own claim must not come into opposition. He selected characters whose conduct was at variance with this law, and he showed how such conduct meets with inevitable disaster. He taught his lessons with sane and purifying laughter, with tenderness and sympathy; but he was, at the same time, instructor and corrector — *castigat ridendo mores*.

It is plain that the inward spirit of this man's work is wholly different from that of the typical English Restoration comedy. Wycherley alone in his time did not

[1] Cf. Miles, *The Influence of Molière*, etc., p. 68, and throughout, for a discussion of Molière's principles and influence.

derive from Molière merely the notion of a comedy of daily life, or treat him merely as a mine of material or a teacher of manner; but drew from his study some faint infusion of the master's spirit. This is to be seen chiefly in two things: in Wycherley's satiric attitude and in his presentation of certain characters whose principles and conduct he appears to offer as worthy of approval.

The satiric spirit Wycherley shared, of course, with his fellow playwrights. The objects of his derision were largely the same as theirs, and the standards by which he found them laughable. But he had other standards than these, standards not merely intellectual and the taste of his time, but genuine convictions of right social life, of a social life in which morality was not wholly disregarded. If Wycherley is "the most licentious writer of a licentious age," he is such in the nature of the material that he uses and the frank audacity with which he handles it; not — and this one would wish to emphasize, even if some exception has to be made — in an attitude of delight in it or even of sympathy with it.

In *The Country Wife* Horner and Lady Fidget stand for the shamelessness of men and women. In them Wycherley has pushed aside any seductiveness that the intriguing gallants and ladies or the comic playwrights may have found in the immoral conduct of their class, any veil of illusion with which they invested it; what these figures reveal is licentiousness in its essential nature, naked, bestial, devoid of any trace of finer emotion. Such figures were in themselves the keenest satire upon the men and women who looked upon them in the theatre. Stripped of all glamor and grace, here was a

reality, a portrait to the life, beyond any realism to which they had been accustomed. It is true that Wycherley leaves Horner victorious at the end of the comedy, and Lady Fidget free to pursue her adulterous way. Molière's method of enforcing a social thesis is adopted only to the extent of making Pinchwife pay the penalty of his jealousy, just as in *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* Wycherley enforces the similar thesis that unnatural restraint of a daughter is the surest way to lose her. But if poetic justice is not done upon Horner and Fidget, this by no means leaves us to suppose that Wycherley was in love with the nastiness he drew. It is evident enough that he had no intent to play the part of a reformer ; but it is equally evident that he cherished no illusions as to the real nature of the life about him. It would seem that no one could read the scene (v, 4) in which Horner and Lady Fidget frankly reveal themselves to each other as they are, and believe that Wycherley meant them for other than essentially typical, if extreme, examples of the man and woman of pleasure, or that he felt for them other than scorn. Satire upon the true nature of " gallantry " could hardly go further and remain within the bounds of legitimate comedy.

In *The Plain Dealer* Wycherley's satire takes on a deeper note. It has become intenser, bitter, vehement. In the Prologue he utters his purpose boldly, directly: —

> But the course dauber of the coming scenes
> To follow life and nature only means ;
> Displays you as you are ; makes his fine woman
> A mercenary jilt, and true to no man :
> His men of wit and pleasure of the age
> Are as dull rogues as ever cumber'd stage :

He draws a friend only to custom just,
And makes him naturally betray his trust.
I, only, act a part like none of you,
And yet you 'll say, it is a fool's part too:
An honest man; who, like you, never winks
At faults; but, unlike you, speaks what he thinks:
The onely fool who ne'r found patron yet,
For truth is now a fault, as well as wit.
And where else, but on stages, do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded honesty?
Which our bold poet does this day in me.

Olivia and Vernish are Wycherley's examples of the false mistress and the false friend, but they are more than examples. They are presented as typical of the fine woman and the customary friend, and as in *The Country Wife*, they are made extreme types, that Wycherley's judgment of his world may be the clearer and more forceful. It is the speeches of Manly that in general convey the author's criticism, and nothing could be more cynical or bitter. They are the words of a man who finds the world utterly false and worthless. So thorough-going is the satire, so intense the feeling, that the comic ridicule virtually disappears; and in spite of Novel and Plausible, in spite of the Widow, the play as a whole is invested with an almost savage seriousness that goes far toward removing it from the bounds of genuine comedy. How far it is from the typical Restoration play is felt at once when it is compared with any of the plays of Etheredge or Vanbrugh.

Whence came these standards of judgment peculiar to Wycherley? No complete answer to that question is possible without a history of Wycherley's mind of which we possess no trace; but it is more than probable that

they were partly derived from the master whose work he had so carefully studied and adapted to his own ends. The social philosophy, the judgments and purposes of Molière were too plain for him to overlook. That he made them at least partly his own is all the clearer because he could not preserve the gaiety or sympathy with which the Frenchman treated the faults he would correct. Wycherley's vehemence and cynicism are only to be explained as the natural language of an Englishman to whom ridicule and mirth were inadequate for the treatment of that for which he felt downright scorn.

That Wycherley's satiric attitude toward society derived something of its impulse from Molière is the more certain because of Molière's influence upon those characters of Wycherley that may in some sense be called ideal, characters whose conduct Wycherley regards with approbation and puts forward as examples of a right social attitude and life — Alithea in *The Country Wife*, Eliza, Fidelia and Manly in *The Plain Dealer*. Three of these characters are adapted, as we have seen, from Molière. Alithea and Eliza — Molière's Léonor and Éliante — are presented as types of women who are able healthily to enjoy the world without loss of sincerity or virtue, true social women. Faithfulness in love Wycherley had already depicted in the Christina of his first play ; but Fidelia he makes a romantic type, unique in Restoration comedy, of an absolutely loving and devoted woman, in sharpest contrast to Wycherley's typical woman of the world. Imperfect as all these characters are, they are immensely significant in comparison with the characters of the other comic play-

wrights of Wycherley's day. He alone made special effort to present to his audience the positively admirable woman.

Most significant of all is the character of Manly, and in no respect more significant of Molière's influence than in his unlikeness to Molière's misanthrope from whom he was adapted. Alceste is presented as a faulty character, whose weakness is satirized and shown to produce inevitable disaster. For his sincerity, his demand for plain dealing, there is entire sympathy; for his hostility to humanity, his unsocialness, condemnation. This figure Wycherley takes as his hero, and presents him with approbation. His demand for sincerity, his hostility to the world as hypocritical, false, unworthy, are supported and enforced throughout. If he have a weakness, it is the weakness of inconstancy to his own beliefs. It is because he does not distrust the world sufficiently that he is betrayed by Olivia and Vernish. Alceste is left at the end of the play a disappointed and lonely man; Manly is rewarded by the discovery of the one true woman in the world, and by a friend who is at last acceptable because he is become — by authorial compulsion, to be sure — "a *Plain-dealer* too." And lest someone cry out that the reward is inconsistent with Manly's wholesale condemnation of mankind, the author has taken his precaution. This is an ideal, not a realistic outcome:

> Where else, but on stages, do we see
> Truth pleasing, or rewarded honesty?

From Molière's character Wycherley took that side which made most appeal to him: he showed his con-

temporaries a misanthrope upon whom they had most need to look. There was no need to satirize to them the vice of hostility to society; there was abundant need to satirize society's selfish hypocrisy. It was a plain dealer in a world of deceit that Wycherley made his hero, not an enemy of society in a world which reasonably demanded that the individual should harmonize his life with itself. In Manly, most of all, does Wycherley show both his ability to draw something of the best from Molière's philosophy, and at the same time, by his adaptation of it to the needs of his own stage and world, his originality. His was a genuine process of assimilation; and because it was such, it is true both that Wycherley derives from others the hint of much that is of value in his plays, and that "the best things are his own." Profligacy was *not* the only thing original about Wycherley; and if his Manly is a "ferocious sensualist," that fact must not be allowed to conceal what he is else. For the inconsistency and the imperfection an explanation must be sought elsewhere.

The foregoing study of Wycherley's relation to Molière has partly brought to light his distinguishing characteristics and merits, and these may now be completed and summarized.

Most apparent of all his merits, unequalled by any of his contemporaries, is his force. No other knew how to lend his characters that abounding vigor, that clear-cut individuality which Wycherley's chief figures possess. This power of vigorous delineation he exhibited from the first, and it reaches its culmination in the hero of his last play. Even the conventional figures of

his earliest comedy, *Love in a Wood*, Dapperwit, the wit, Simon, the fool, Gripe, the city alderman, show marked signs of this individualizing and energizing power; it is at least equally evident in the farcical figures of Don Diego, Monsieur de Paris, and the admirably drawn Mrs. Caution, of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, and rises high in the frank spirit of the determined and inventive Hippolita; in *The Country Wife* it makes Lady Fidget supreme among her kind in all Restoration Comedy, gives life and interest to the revolting figure of Horner, and produces an individuality in the "idiot" Margery that has made hers a favorite rôle of famous actresses and kept her on the stage down to the present day. In *The Plain Dealer* Manly is force personified, ruthless and uncontrolled, while in Olivia the hardened assurance of an utterly selfish woman is portrayed with scarcely less vigor.

The effects of this vigor of characterization are not always pleasing. Sometimes it manifests itself in a more or less necessary theatrical exaggeration, sometimes the exaggeration is that of the farcical, in some figures the result is the revolting. In his later work, as we have seen, Wycherley's tendency is to make his characters extreme types; and this, as has been frequently remarked, lends to some of the most powerfully drawn a kind of unreality in the midst of his thorough-going realism. At its best, however, this tendency produces figures, like Horner and Lady Fidget, which convey the impression that what is extreme in them is the essential truth, and in them the intent that appears in the author's method is entirely successful. Of all his char-

acters Margery is dramatically the most effective and attractive: she "cuckolds her Husband with a simplicity that has infinitely more Merit than the witty Malice of the most experienc'd Ladies."[1] All in all, whatever the defects of Wycherley's characterization in nobility or naturalness, by sheer vigor he produced an unequalled gallery of figures that arouse an intensely concentrated interest and impress themselves indelibly upon the memory.

In the management of plot Wycherley is nearly as successful. The plot of *Love in a Wood*, though the play has no purpose beyond entertainment, is handled with theatrical cleverness; the interest of two lines of action is steadily developed, and there are many effective situations. *The Gentleman Dancing-Master* shows an increasing mastery in the skill with which the plot is naturally developed by character rather than by chance or the mere will of the playwright. In this respect and in adequacy of motivation no other play of Wycherley is quite so successful. That it has but a single line of action is, along with its lack of indecency, doubtless responsible for its failure with a Restoration audience. In *The Country Wife* and *The Plain Dealer* Wycherley is notably successful in maintaining and implicating several lines of intrigue without confusion and with increasing interest. The plots are rarely deficient in naturalness, proper motivation is seldom lacking, and the self-consistency of the characters is not disturbed. Some of his intrigue-devices have been criticised: it has been suggested, for example, that Horner could not have guarded his secret or Fidelia her

[1] Voltaire, *Letters concerning the English Nation*, p. 186.

disguise; but the criticism appears unjust. Horner's success is not so remarkable in the circle within which he plays his part; and even in Wycherley's realistic world success may as fairly be assumed for the idealized Fidelia as for Viola.

That the vigor which Wycherley shows in his characterization and plotting is maintained in his dialogue hardly needs emphasizing. It is often direct and forceful to the point of disgust, as nakedly realistic as the rest of Wycherley's work. If it is in this respect extreme, it otherwise keeps close to what we feel to have been the natural language of his age. That he could have employed a subtler and more exquisite, if more artificial, style, had he chosen, is proved by the dedication of *The Plain Dealer*. As Quaas points out, even in the most passionate moments, such as declarations of love, there is no heightening of the language, no "stylistic fineness." [1] Vivacity of dialogue Wycherley is never at a loss to preserve; and by means of this he secures constant interest for passages that might otherwise tend to tediousness because they delay the action. The management of the famous detraction scene in *The Plain Dealer*, II, 1, is an excellent example. It is much lengthened beyond the scene of Molière which it imitates, but the introduced device of the combat between Olivia and Novel for the privilege of doing the censuring lends "go" to the whole scene. This constant interchange of speeches, which often becomes truly "staccato," is one of Wycherley's favorite means of obtaining briskness in his dialogue.

Wycherley never tires of satirizing the "simile-

[1] *William Wycherley als Mensch und Dichter*, p. 188.

makers"; but the making of similes is the one prominent rhetorical device which he uses to lend his dialogue wit. This is realistic enough when put in the mouths of his would-be wits, for it was the common method of the time; but he uses it frequently for his own purpose, and, it must be confessed, with no great success. It often gives a hardness and formality to his dramatic style that weigh heavily upon its movement. Lightness, indeed, is not a characteristic of his style. "The wit of his dialogue is less sparkling and spontaneous than that of Congreve's or of Vanbrugh's; he is, as Leigh Hunt says, somewhat heavy as well as brawny in his step, and he lacks in general the gaiety of spirit which is the most charming phase of comic humour." [1]

Of genuine humour there is really little in Wycherley, and that little is to be found in the one play, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, which, as Ward says, resembles Molière in manner more than any other of Wycherley's plays." [2] And here the humor is not to be found so much in the dialogue as in the characterization, and in the contrasts and cross-purposes of the characters. Wycherley is witty rather than humorous, and his wit is keen and annihilating rather than gay and sparkling because of the nature of his satiric spirit. Scorn and contempt for what he saw and pictured were too deep in his heart for him to treat it gaily or even with philosophic indifference. For him there could be no satiric weapon save the sarcasm and irony that cut to the bone, and in this sort of wit he is supreme.

[1] A. W. Ward, *Eng. Dram. Lit.*, III, 462.
[2] *Ibid.*, III, 463.

Of the morality of Wycherley's plays it is not necessary here to say more than a few words. In his work the license of Restoration comedy reached its height. A reconciliation of this fact with his severe satire of his time is difficult, but perhaps not wholly impossible. Partly, at least, Wycherley's license is the result of his method of portraying the life and characters of his day in terms of the extreme. He exercised no restraint, because he meant to show that life exactly as he perceived it to be, essentially brutal and bestial. But this does not explain why he leaves a Horner and a Lady Fidget to go triumphantly on their way; or why Manly is made a "ferocious sensualist," perpetrating a revolting revenge, and Fidelia his instrument. Never was manliness more nearly negatived than by the one, or unselfish devotion in love more degraded than by the other. The end of *The Country Wife* may perhaps be regarded as deliberate realism, as if Wycherley said to his audience, "These are the characters that in your life *do* succeed. To wreak 'poetic justice' on them would be a denial of the truth." But in Manly and Fidelia he was drawing ideal figures; and there is nothing left to say save that they reveal how low a pitch Wycherley's idealism was constrained to fly. He was caught within the meshes of the very society whose real nature he saw so clearly and scorned. The revenge of Manly upon such a society, it seemed, must make use of the very thing that was scorned; brutality could be met only by greater brutality, deceit by deceit. Sexual immorality in itself Wycherley nowhere condemns; but the eager pursuit of sensual pleasure, mercenary motives, hypocrisy and deceit, — in short, the foul selfishness of

his world, called out his bitterest satire. He had no very clear vision of how the foulness was to be purified, and no very exalted standard of that in which purity consists. How such a standard would have affected the success of his plays is only too certain. But his contemporaries did feel that he had high standards, and that he meant to teach them, as Dryden,[1] Dennis,[2] Evelyn [3] and others plainly declare. Naked as are his language and his treatment, one feels in them no mirth or delight of the author; and if we may not, with Charles Lamb, regard his plays as a world where to apply moral standards were to misapply them, yet this is to be said in Wycherley's favor: it is the very nakedness of his license that removes its power to harm; it neither seduces nor allures.

That Wycherley's plays should not long have kept the stage unchanged after the downfall of the Stuarts is natural. They were too truly creations of their own time to survive in the colder atmosphere that followed the Revolution. But, indecency aside, there was that in both of his last two plays which the theatre-going public would not willingly let die. The character and intrigue of Mrs. Pinchwife and the forceful satire of *The Plain Dealer* appealed for preservation. At intervals of several years, sometimes as many as ten, down to 1748, *The Country Wife* continued to be revived in its original form. In 1765 the actor Lee produced a version in the form of a farce in two acts. In this Horner

[1] Preface of *The State of Innocence.*

[2] *The Usefulness of the Stage*, p. 30.

[3] As long as men are false and women vain,
Whilst gold continues to be virtue's bane,
In pointed satire WYCHERLEY shall reign.

disappears and Dorilant takes his place as the lover of Mrs. Pinchwife. Wycherley's characterization is much changed, notably in the case of Pinchwife, and the whole play is flat. Of Lee's version Genest records four productions, the last in 1786. In 1766 Garrick, who had become manager of the new Drury Lane Theatre, altered Wycherley's play for his own company. In his version, called *The Country Girl*, Mrs. Pinchwife becomes Miss Peggy Thrift, Pinchwife becomes Moody, her guardian, not her husband, and Horner is replaced by the more romantic Belville as Peggy's lover. Lady Fidget and her crew disappear. Klette's judgment of the piece is fair. "What this adaptation gains in morality . . . it loses in wit, complication of intrigue, and characterization, and on the whole it gives but a weak picture of the original." [1] Yet the decency of the piece made a long life possible, and the preserved characterization of Peggy ensured it. Garrick played the part of Moody, and the rôle of Peggy was taken by Miss Hopkins, the "creator" of Lady Teazle. In 1785 the play was again revived, and the famous actress, Dora Jordan, whose name has ever since been attached to the part, made her London début as Peggy. While she played, the piece was very popular. The last important English revival of the play was at Covent Garden in 1828. In America *The Country Girl* was first given at the John Street Theatre in New York in 1789. From 1839, when it was performed at the old Park Theatre, it seems to have disappeared from the American stage for forty-five years. In 1884 it was

[1] *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 68.

again revived by Augustin Daly, with Miss Ada Rehan as Peggy; and to Mr. Daly's enterprise and Miss Rehan's charm and competence it is due that the present generation of playgoers have seen something of the work of Wycherley upon the living stage, and that his work cannot yet be said to have perished as acted drama.

The fate of *The Plain Dealer* has not been so fortunate, for powerful as it is, it does not contain the same elements of continued life. Originally more impressive than *The Country Wife*, it was revived at longer intervals, once, at least, after a break of more than twenty years. In 1765 was presented at Drury Lane a new version with alterations by Isaac Bickerstaffe. Bickerstaffe's criticisms of the original follow in general the same lines as the modern objections, but his alterations cannot be called dramatically successful. Fidelia is freed from serving as an actual pander. Freeman is made to pursue the Widow in order to recover an estate which lawfully belongs to him, and Manly's roughness is toned down. The dialogue is shortened and generally weakened, and the alterer "has foisted in several short, insipid scenes of his own." [1] Of this form of the play Genest records four revivals, the last in 1796, when "it did not meet with the success it deserved" and "was acted but 3 times." [2]

There are two translations of Wycherley: *La Femme de Campagne*, 1752, a translation of *The Country Wife* by Du Bocage, and *L'Homme Franc*, 1823, a translation of *The Plain Dealer*, by E. Mennechet. A Ger-

[1] Genest, *History of the Drama*, etc., v, 90.
[2] *History of the Drama*, etc., vii, 233.

man adaptation of *The Country Wife*, "*Das Landmädchen oder Weiberlust geht über Alles, ein Lustspiel in 4 Akten nach Wycherley und Molière* von B. Christopher D'Arien, 1794," is mentioned by Lacroix, *Bibliographie Molièresque*, No. 735.[1] Voltaire is the author of an adaptation of *The Plain Dealer*, entitled *La Prude, ou la Gardeuse de la cassette*. This was first produced in the theatre of the Château de Sceaux before the Duchess of Maine, Dec. 15, 1747, and was first published in 1748. It was never given in a public theatre, being still too bold for the French manners. The intrigue is confined to the relations of Olivia, Vernish, Manly and Fidelia; and Voltaire calls his piece "*bien moins une traduction qu'une esquisse légère de la fameuse comédie de Wicherley.*"

[1] Klette, *Wycherley's Leben*, etc., p. 68.

The Country Wife

THE TEXT

This text of *The Country Wife* follows the copy of the first quarto, of 1675, in the British Museum. It has been collated with the second quarto, 1683, in the Yale University Library, the third quarto, 1688, in the British Museum, the fourth quarto, 1695, in the Harvard University Library, the fifth quarto, 1695, in the possession of Beverly Chew, Esq., New York, and the version in the collected edition of Wycherley's *Works*, 1713, here referred to as O. Of all these, Q1 is, save for some misprints, clearly the best. Q2 and Q3 correct most of the misprints of Q1, from which they otherwise differ but slightly. In Q4 the variants increase. Q5 was evidently printed from Q4, from which, however, it differs markedly. It is badly printed, and has many erroneous variants. O seems to have been printed from Q4. There is no evidence that it was revised by Wycherley, and it is clearly inferior to Q1. The text has also been collated with the editions of Hunt, 1851, and W. C. Ward, *Mermaid Series*, 1903. Hunt seems to have followed in general the inferior text of O, and introduced many changes and some errors of his own. Ward's text claims to be "that of the first editions . . . carefully collated with and occasionally corrected by, the text of the edition of 1713 . . . and that of Leigh Hunt's edition of 1849." In reality, Ward generally prefers the inferior authority of O, and has kept practically all of Hunt's emendations and errors. The latter are in most cases left unnoticed in the variants and notes of the present edition, but accepted emendations or additions are credited, save perfectly obvious stage directions.

In accordance with the rule of this series, the spelling of the original has been retained, while the capitalization has been disregarded. The punctuation has been changed, when necessary, to conform to the modern mode; but that of the original has been preserved wherever possible. That too great readiness to introduce changes may lead to a confusion of the author's meaning is far too evident in the editions of Hunt and Ward. Some obvious errors

and misprints have been corrected, and some additions made to the list of persons and to the stage directions : but all these changes and additions are indicated by brackets in the text and variants at the foot of the page. "Aside," "Apart," etc., have been transferred from the end to the beginning of the speech to which they refer ; and speakers' names or titles are modernized in spelling, abbreviated, or written in full (for the first speech) otherwise than in the original. All other variants of the five quartos and of O, except mere errors and different spellings, are given in the footnotes.

THE

Country-Wife,

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by Mr. *Wycherley.*

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crassè
Compositum illepidéve putetur, sed quia nuper:
Nec veniam Antiquis, sed honorem & præmia posci.
Horat.

LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *Harrow*, at the Corner of *Chancery-Lane* in *Fleet-street.* 1675.

SOURCES

For the main lines of the plot of *The Country Wife*, for a few of its situations, and for the groundwork of Pinchwife, Margery, Alithea and Lucy, Wycherley is indebted to two plays of Molière, *L'École des Femmes* and *L'École des Maris*, which he in a measure combined and adapted for his purpose. The ultimate source of Horner is the *Eunuchus* of Terence, but he appears to have no immediate prototype. For a consideration of Wycherley's method of handling his borrowed material, see the *Introduction*.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. HART

Poets, like cudgel'd bullys, never do
At first or second blow submit to you;
But will provoke you still, and ne're have done,
Till you are weary first with laying on.
The late so bafled scribler of this day,
Though he stands trembling, bids me boldly say,
What we before most playes are us'd to do,
For poets out of fear first draw on you;
In a fierce prologue the still pit defie,
And, e're you speak, like Castril, *give the lye.*
But though our Bayses *batles oft I've fought,*
And with bruis'd knuckles their dear conquests bought;
Nay, never yet fear'd odds upon the stage,
In prologue dare not hector with the age;
But wou'd take quarter from your saving hands,
Though Bayse *within all yielding countermands,*
Says you confed'rate wits no quarter give,
Ther'fore his play shan't ask your leave to live.
Well, let the vain, rash fop, by huffing so,
Think to obtain the better terms of you;

19 *huffing*, Q4, buffing.

But we, the actors, humbly will submit,
Now, and at any time, to a full pit;
Nay, often we anticipate your rage,
And murder poets for you, on our stage:
We set no guards upon our tyring-room,
But when with flying colours there you come,
We patiently, you see, give up to you
Our poets, virgins, nay, our matrons too.

25 *upon*, O, up on.

THE PERSONS

Mr. Horner.	Mr. *Hart.*
Mr. Harcourt.	Mr. *Kenaston.*
Mr. Dorilant.	Mr. *Lydal.*
Mr. Pinchwife.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Mr. Sparkish.	Mr. *Haynes.*
Sir Jaspar Fidget.	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Mrs. Margery Pinchwife.	Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Mrs. Alithea [Sister to Pinchwife].	Mrs. *James.*
My Lady Fidget.	Mrs. *Knep.*
Mrs. Dainty Fidget [Sister to Sir Jaspar].	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Mrs. Squeamish [Cousin to Lady Fidget].	Mrs. *Wyatt.*
Old Lady Squeamish.	Mrs. *Rutter.*
Waiters, Servants, and Attendants.	
A Boy.	
A Quack.	Mr. *Schotterel.*
[Clasp, a Bookseller.]	
[A Parson.]	
Lucy, Alithea's Maid.	Mrs. *Cory.*

The SCENE, *London.*

The Country Wife

ACT I. SCENE I.

[*Horner's Lodging.*]

Enter Horner, and Quack following him at a distance.

Horner. (*Aside.*) A quack is as fit for a pimp, as a midwife for a bawd; they are still but in their way both helpers of nature. — Well, my dear Doctor, hast thou done what I desired?

Quack. I have undone you for ever with the women, and reported you throughout the whole town as bad as an eunuch, with as much trouble as if I had made you one in earnest.

Horn. But have you told all the midwives you know, the orange wenches at the play-houses, the city husbands, and old fumbling keepers of this end of the town? for they'l be the readiest to report it.

Quack. I have told all the chamber-maids, waiting women, tyre women, and old women of my acquaintance; nay, and whisper'd it as a secret to 'em, and to the whisperers of White-hal; so that you need not doubt 'twill spread,

and you will be as odious to the handsome young women, as —

Horn. As the small pox. Well —

Quack. And to the married women of this end of the town, as —

Horn. As the great ones; nay, as their own husbands.

Quack. And to the city dames, as Annis-seed Robin, of filthy and contemptible memory; and they will frighten their children with your name, especially their females.

Horn. And cry, Horner's coming to carry you away. I am only afraid 'twill not be believ'd. You told em 'twas by an English-French disaster, and an English-French chirurgeon, who has given me at once not only a cure, but an antidote for the future, against that damn'd malady, and that worse distemper, love, and all other womens evils?

Quack. Your late journey into France has made it the more credible, and your being here a fortnight before you appear'd in publick, looks as if you apprehended the shame, which I wonder you do not. Well, I have been hired by young gallants to bely 'em t'other way; but you are the first wou'd be thought a man unfit for women.

32 *'twas*, Qq. 2–5, O, it was.

Horn. Dear Mr. Doctor, let vain rogues be contented only to be thought abler men than they are, generally 'tis all the pleasure they have; but mine lyes another way.

Quack. You take, methinks, a very preposterous way to it, and as ridiculous as if we operators in physick shou'd put forth bills to disparage our medicaments, with hopes to gain customers.

Horn. Doctor, there are quacks in love as well as physick, who get but the fewer and worse patients for their boasting: a good name is seldom got by giving it ones self; and women no more than honour are compass'd by bragging. Come, come, Doctor, the wisest lawyer never discovers the merits of his cause till the tryal; the wealthiest man conceals his riches, and the cunning gamster his play. Shy husbands and keepers, like old rooks, are not to be cheated but by a new unpractis'd trick: false friendship will pass now no more than false dice upon 'em; no, not in the city.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There are two ladies and a gentleman coming up. [*Exit.*]

Horn. A pox! some unbelieving sisters of my former acquaintance, who, I am afraid, expect their sense shou'd be satisfy'd of the falsity of the report. No — this formal fool and women!

Enter Sir Jasp[ar] Fidget, Lady Fidget, and Mrs. Dainty Fidget.

Quack. His wife and sister.

Sir Jaspar. My coach breaking just now before your door, sir, I look upon as an occasional repremand to me, sir, for not kissing your hands, sir, since your coming out of France, sir; and so my disaster, sir, has been my good fortune, sir; and this is my wife, and sister, sir.

Horn. What then, sir?

Sir Jasp. My lady, and sister, sir.—Wife, this is Master Horner.

Lady Fidget. Master Horner, husband!

Sir Jasp. My lady, my Lady Fidget, sir.

Horn. So, sir.

Sir Jasp. Won't you be acquainted with her, sir?—(*Aside.*) So the report is true, I find, by his coldness or aversion to the sex; but I'll play the wag with him.—Pray salute my wife, my lady, sir.

Horn. I will kiss no mans wife, sir, for him, sir; I have taken my eternal leave, sir, of the sex already, sir.

Sir Jasp. (*Aside.*) Hah! hah! hah! I'll plague him yet.—Not know my wife, sir?

Horn. I do know your wife, sir; she's a woman, sir, and consequently a monster, sir, a greater monster than a husband, sir.

Sir Jasp. A husband! how, sir?

Horn. So, sir; but I make no more cuckholds, sir. *Makes horns.*

Sir Jasp. Hah! hah! hah! Mercury! Mercury!

Lady Fid. Pray, Sir Jaspar, let us be gone from this rude fellow.

Mrs. Dainty. Who, by his breeding, wou'd think he had ever been in France?

Lady Fid. Foh! he 's but too much a French fellow, such as hate women of quality and virtue for their love to their husbands, S[i]r Jaspar. A woman is hated by 'em as much for loving her husband as for loving their money. But pray let's be gone.

Horn. You do well, madam; for I have nothing that you came for. I have brought over not so much as a bawdy picture, new postures, nor the second part of the *Escole de Filles;* nor—

Quack. (*Apart to Horner.*) Hold, for shame, sir! what d'y mean? you'l ruine your self for ever with the sex—

Sir Jasp. Hah! hah! hah! he hates women perfectly, I find.

Mrs. Dain. What pitty 'tis he shou'd!

Lady Fid. Ay, he's a base rude fellow for't. But affectation makes not a woman more odious to them than virtue.

Horn. Because your virtue is your greatest affectation, madam.

Lady Fid. How, you sawcy fellow! wou'd you wrong my honour?

Horn. If I cou'd.

Lady Fid. How d'y mean, sir?

Sir Jasp. Hah! hah! hah! no, he can't wrong your ladyships honour, upon my honour. He, poor man—hark you in your ear—[*Whispers.*] a meer eunuch.

Lady Fid. O filthy French beast! foh! foh! why do we stay? let's be gone: I can't endure the sight of him.

Sir Jasp. Stay but till the chairs come; they'l be here presently.

Lady Fid. No, no.

Sir Jasp. Nor can I stay longer. 'Tis, let me see, a quarter and a half quarter of a minute past eleven. The council will be sate; I must away. Business must be preferr'd always before love and ceremony with the wise, Mr. Horner.

Horn. And the impotent, Sir Jaspar.

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, the impotent, Master Horner; hah! ha! ha!

Lady Fid. What, leave us with a filthy man alone in his lodgings?

Sir Jasp. He's an innocent man now, you know. Pray stay, I'll hasten the chaires to you.

— Mr. Horner, your servant; I shou'd be glad to see you at my house. Pray come and dine with me, and play at cards with my wife after dinner; you are fit for women at that game yet, hah! ha! — (*Aside.*) 'Tis as much a husbands prudence to provide innocent diversion for a wife as to hinder her unlawful pleasures; and he had better employ her than let her employ her self. — Farewel.

Horn. Your servant, S[i]r Jaspar.

Exit Sir Jaspar.

Lady Fid. I will not stay with him, foh! —

Horn. Nay, madam, I beseech you stay, if it be but to see I can be as civil to ladies yet as they wou'd desire.

Lady Fid. No, no, foh! you cannot be civil to ladies.

Mrs. Dain. You as civil as ladies wou'd desire?

Lady Fid. No, no, no, foh! foh! foh!

Exeunt Ladie Fid[*get*] *and* [*Mrs.*] *Dainty* [*Fidget*].

Quack. Now, I think, I, or you your self, rather, have done your business with the women.

158–59 *game yet, hah!* Q1, Q2, misprint game; yet hah.
Exit Sir Jaspar, in the originals follows Sir Jaspar's speech, above.

Horn. Thou art an ass. Don't you see, already, upon the report and my carriage, this grave man of business leaves his wife in my lodgings, invites me to his house and wife, who before wou'd not be acquainted with me out of jealousy?

Quack. Nay, by this means you may be the more acquainted with the husbands, but the less with the wives.

Horn. Let me alone; if I can but abuse the husbands, I'll soon disabuse the wives. Stay — I'll reckon you up the advantages I am like to have by my stratagem. First, I shall be rid of all my old acquaintances, the most insatiable sorts of duns, that invade our lodgings in a morning; and next to the pleasure of making a new mistriss is that of being rid of an old one, and of all old debts. Love, when it comes to be so, is paid the most unwillingly.

Quack. Well, you may be so rid of your old acquaintances; but how will you get any new ones?

Horn. Doctor, thou wilt never make a good chymist, thou art so incredulous and impatient. Ask but all the young fellows of the town if they do not loose more time, like huntsmen, in starting the game, than in running it down. One knows not where to find 'em; who will or will

189 *sorts*, Q5, sort.

not. Women of quality are so civil, you can hardly distinguish love from good breeding, and a man is often mistaken: but now I can be sure, she that shews an aversion to me loves the sport, as those women that are gone, whom I warrant to be right. And then the next thing is, your women of honour, as you call 'em, are only chary of their reputations, not their persons; and 'tis scandal they wou'd avoid, not men. Now may I have, by the reputation of an eunuch, the priviledges of one, and be seen in a ladies chamber in a morning as early as her husband; kiss virgins before their parents or lovers; and may be, in short, the *Pas par tout* of the town. Now, Doctor —

Quack. Nay, now you shall be the doctor; and your process is so new that we do not know but it may succeed.

Horn. Not so new neither; *probatum est*, Doctor.

Quack. Well, I wish you luck, and many patients, whil'st I go to mine. *Exit Quack.*

Enter Harcourt and Dorilant to Horner.

Harcourt. Come, your appearance at the play yesterday, has, I hope, hardned you for the future against the womens contempt, and the mens raillery; and now you'l abroad as you were wont.

Horn. Did I not bear it bravely?

Dorilant. With a most theatrical impudence; nay, more than the orange-wenches shew there, or a drunken vizard mask, or a great belly'd actress; nay, or the most impudent of creatures, an ill poet; or what is yet more impudent, a second-hand critick.

Horn. But what say the ladies? have they no pitty?

Har. What ladies? The vizard masques, you know, never pitty a man when all's gone, though in their service.

Dor. And for the women in the boxes, you'd never pitty them when 'twas in your power.

Har. They say 'tis pitty but all that deal with common women shou'd be serv'd so.

Dor. Nay, I dare swear they won't admit you to play at cards with them, go to plays with 'em, or do the little duties which other shadows of men are wont to do for 'em.

Horn. Who do you call shadows of men?

Dor. Half men.

Horn. What, boyes?

Dor. Ay, your old boyes, old *beaux garcons*, who, like superannuated stallions, are suffer'd to run, feed, and whinney with the mares as long as they live, though they can do nothing else.

Horn. Well, a pox on love and wenching!

Women serve but to keep a man from better company. Though I can't enjoy them, I shall you the more. (Good fellowship and friendship are lasting, rational and manly pleasures.)

Har. For all that, give me some of those pleasures you call effeminate too; they help to relish one another.

Horn. They disturb one another.

Har. No, mistresses are like books; if you pore upon them too much, they doze you, and make you unfit for company; but if us'd discreetly, you are the fitter for conversation by 'em.

Dor. A mistress shou'd be like a little country retreat near the town; not to dwell in constantly, but only for a night and away, to tast the town the better when a man returns.

Horn. I tell you, 'tis as hard to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of women, as 'tis to be a good fellow, a good friend, and a lover of money. You cannot follow both, then choose your side. Wine gives you liberty, love takes it away.

Dor. Gad, he's in the right on't.

Horn. Wine gives you joy; love, grief and tortures, besides the chirurgeon's. Wine makes

284 *tortures, besides the chirurgeon's. Wine makes*, Qq., tortures; besides the chirurgeon's Wine makes; O, tortures; besides the chirurgeons Wine makes.

us witty; love, only sots. Wine makes us sleep; love breaks it.

Dor. By the world, he has reason, Harcourt.

Horn. Wine makes —

Dor. Ay, wine makes us — makes us princes; love makes us beggars, poor rogues, y gad — and wine —

Horn. So, there's one converted. — No, no, love and wine, oil and vinegar.

Har. I grant it; love will still be uppermost.

Horn. Come, for my part, I will have only those glorious manly pleasures of being very drunk and very slovenly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr. Sparkish is below, sir. [*Exit.*]

Har. What, my dear friend! a rogue that is fond of me, only, I think, for abusing him.

Dor. No, he can no more think the men laugh at him than that women jilt him; his opinion of himself is so good.

Horn. Well, there's another pleasure by drinking I thought not of, — I shall loose his acquaintance, because he cannot drink: and you know 'tis a very hard thing to be rid of him; for he's one of those nauseous offerers at wit, who, like the worst fidlers, run themselves into all companies.

289 *wine makes us*, Q5 omits *us*.

Har. One that, by being in the company of men of sense, wou'd pass for one.

Horn. And may so to the short-sigh[t]ed world; as a false jewel amongst true ones is not discern'd at a distance. His company is as trouble-some to us as a cuckolds when you have a mind to his wife's.

Har. No, the rogue will not let us enjoy one another, but ravishes our conversation; though he signifies no more to't than Sir Martin Mar-all's gaping, and auker'd thrumming upon the lute, does to his man's voice and musick.

Dor. And to pass for a wit in town shewes himself a fool every night to us, that are guilty of the plot.

Horn. Such wits as he are, to a company of reasonable men, like rooks to the gamesters; who only fill a room at the table, but are so far from contributing to the play, that they only serve to spoil the fancy of those that do.

Dor. Nay, they are us'd like rooks too, snub'd, check'd, and abus'd; yet the rogues will hang on.

Horn. A pox on 'em, and all that force nature, and wou'd be still what she forbids 'em! Affectation is her greatest monster.

Har. Most men are the contraries to that they

313 *short-sigh[t]ed*, Qq. 2–5, O, short-sighted.

wou'd seem. Your bully, you see, is a coward with a long sword; the little humbly fawning physician, with his ebony cane, is he that destroys men.

Dor. The usurer, a poor rogue, possess'd of moldy bonds and mortgages; and we they call spend-thrifts, are only wealthy, who lay out his money upon daily new purchases of pleasure.

Horn. Ay, your errantest cheat is your trustee or executor; your jealous man, the greatest cuckhold; your church-man, the greatest atheist; and your noisy pert rogue of a wit, the greatest fop, dullest ass, and worst company, as you shall see; for here he comes.

Enter Sparkish to them.

Sparkish. How is't, sparks? how is't? Well, faith, Harry, I must railly thee a little, ha! ha! ha! upon the report in town of thee, ha! ha! ha! I can't hold, y faith; shall I speak?

Horn. Yes; but you'l be so bitter then.

Spark. Honest Dick and Franck here shall answer for me; I will not be extream bitter, by the univers.

Har. We will be bound in [a] ten thousand pound bond, he shall not be bitter at all.

Dor. Nor sharp, nor sweet.

Horn. What, not down right insipid?

360 [*a*], inserted by Hunt.

Spark. Nay then, since you are so brisk, and provoke me, take what follows. You must know, I was discoursing and raillying with some ladies yesterday, and they hapned to talk of the fine new signes in town —

Horn. Very fine ladies, I believe.

Spark. Said I, I know where the best new sign is. — Where? says one of the ladies. — In Covent-Garden, I reply'd. — Said another, In what street? — In Russel-street, answer'd I. — Lord, says another, I'm sure there was ne're a fine new sign there yesterday. — Yes, but there was, said I again; and it came out of France, and has been there a fortnight.

Dor. A pox! I can hear no more, prethee.

Horn. No, hear him out; let him tune his crowd a while.

Har. The worst musick, the greatest preparation.

Spark. Nay, faith, I'll make you laugh. — It cannot be, says a third lady. — Yes, yes, quoth I again. — Says a fourth lady —

Horn. Look to't, we'l have no more ladies.

Spark. No — then mark, mark, now. Said I to the fourth, Did you never see Mr. Horner? he lodges in Russel-street, and he's a sign of a man, you know, since he came out of France; heh! hah! he!

Horn. But the divel take me if thine be the sign of a jest.

Spark. With that they all fell a laughing, till they bepiss'd themselves. What, but it do's not move you, methinks? Well, [I] see one had as good go to law without a witness, as break a jest without a laugher on ones side. — Come, come, sparks, but where do we dine? I have left at Whitehal an earl, to dine with you.

Dor. Why, I thought thou hadst lov'd a man with a title, better than a suit with a French trimming to't.

Har. Go to him again.

Spark. No, sir, a wit to me is the greatest title in the world.

Horn. But go dine with your earl, sir; he may be exceptious. We are your friends, and will not take it ill to be left, I do assure you.

Har. Nay, faith, he shall go to him.

Spark. Nay, pray, gentlemen.

Dor. We'l thrust you out, if you wo'not; what, disappoint any body for us?

Spark. Nay, dear gentlemen, hear me.

Horn. No, no, sir, by no means; pray go, sir.

Spark. Why, dear rogues —

Dor. No, no. *They all thrust him out of the room.*

All. Ha! ha! ha!

396 [I], Q1, Q2, Q4, Q5, omit.
398 *laugher*, Qq. 2–5, O, laughter. 404 *Go to*, Q1, Go, to.

Spar[kish] returns.

Spark. But sparks, pray hear me. What, d'ye think I'll eat then with gay, shallow fops and silent coxcombs? I think wit as necessary at dinner as a glass of good wine; and that's the reason I never have any stomach when I eat alone. — Come, but where do we dine?

Horn. Ev'n where you will.

Spark. At Chateline's?

Dor. Yes, if you will.

Spark. Or at the Cock?

Dor. Yes, if you please.

Spark. Or at the Dog and Partridg?

Horn. Ay, if you have [a] mind to't; for we shall dine at neither.

Spark. Pshaw! with your fooling we shall loose the new play; and I wou'd no more miss seing a new play the first day, than I wou'd miss setting in the wits row. Therefore I'll go fetch my mistriss, and away. *Exit Sparkish.*

Manent Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant; enter to them Mr. Pinchwife.

Horn. Who have we here? Pinchwife?

Pinchwife. Gentlemen, your humble servant.

Horn. Well, Jack, by thy long absence from the town, the grumness of thy countenance, and

431 [*a*] Qq. 2–5, O, a.
436 *setting*, Q3, sitting.

the slovenlyness of thy habit, I shou'd give thee joy, shou'd I not, of marriage?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Death! does he know I'm married too? I thought to have conceal'd it from him at least. — My long stay in the country will excuse my dress; and I have a suit of law that brings me up to town, that puts me out of humour. Besides, I must give Sparkish to morrow five thousand pound to lye with my sister.

Horn. Nay, you country gentlemen, rather than not purchase, will buy any thing; and he is a crackt title, if we may quibble. Well, but am I to give thee joy? I heard thou wert marry'd.

Pinch. What then?

Horn. Why, the next thing that is to be heard, is, thou'rt a cuckold.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Insupportable name!

Horn. But I did not expect marriage from such a whoremaster as you; one that knew the town so much, and women so well.

Pinch. Why, I have marry'd no London wife.

Horn. Pshaw! that's all one. That grave circumspection in marrying a country wife, is like refusing a deceitful pamper'd Smithfield jade, to go and be cheated by a friend in the country.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) A pox on him and his simile! — At least we are a little surer of the breed

457 *thou'rt*, Q5, thou art. 468 *a*, Qq. 2–5, O, omit.

there, know what her keeping has been, whether foyl'd or unsound.

Horn. Come, come, I have known a clap gotten in Wales ; and there are cozens, justices clarks, and chaplains in the country, I won't say coach-men. But she's handsome and young?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I'll answer as I shou'd do.—No, no ; she has no beauty but her youth, no attraction but her modesty : wholesome, homely, and huswifely ; that's all.

Dor. He talks as like a grasier as he looks.

Pinch. She's too auker'd, ill favour'd, and silly to bring to town.

Har. Then methinks you shou'd bring her, to be taught breeding.

Pinch. To be taught! no, sir, I thank you. Good wives and private souldiers shou'd be ignorant. [*Aside.*] I'll keep her from your instructions, I warrant you.

Har. (*Aside.*) The rogue is as jealous as if his wife were not ignorant.

Horn. Why, if she be ill favour'd, there will be less danger here for you than by leaving her in the country. We have such variety of dainties that we are seldom hungry.

472–473 *justices clarks*, Q1, justices, clarks.

486 [*Aside.*], not in Qq. or O, but all indicate an aside by beginning the speech *I'll keep* . . . with a half bracket.

(*Dor.* But they have alwayes coarse, constant, swinging stomachs in the country.)

Har. Foul feeders indeed!

Dor. And your hospitality is great there.

Har. Open house; every man's welcome.

Pinch. So, so, gentlemen.

Horn. But prethee, why woud'st thou marry her? If she be ugly, ill-bred, and silly, she must be rich then.

Pinch. As rich as if she brought me twenty thousand pound out of this town; for she'l be as sure not to spend her moderate portion, as a London baggage wou'd be to spend hers, let it be what it wou'd: so 'tis all one. Then, because shes ugly, she's the likelyer to be my own; and being ill-bred, she'l hate conversation; and since silly and innocent, will not know the difference betwixt a man of one and twenty and one of forty.

Horn. Nine — to my knowledge. But if she be silly, she'l expect as much from a man of forty nine, as from him of one and twenty. But methinks wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreable without it.

(*Pinch.* 'Tis my maxime, he's a fool that marrys, but he's a greater that does not marry a fool.) What is wit in a wife good for, but to make a man a cuckold?

Horn. Yes, to keep it from his knowledge.

Pinch. A fool cannot contrive to make her husband a cuckold.

Horn. No, but she'l club with a man that can; and what is worse, if she cannot make her husband a cuckold, she'l make him jealous, and pass for one, and then 'tis all one.

Pinch. Well, well, I'll take care, for one, my wife shall make me no cuckold, though she had your help, Mr. Horner. I understand the town, sir.

Dor. (*Aside.*) His help!

Har. (*Aside.*) He's come newly to town, it seems, and has not heard how things are with him.

Horn. But tell me, has marriage cured thee of whoring, which it seldom does?

Har. 'Tis more than age can do.

Horn. No, the word is, I'll marry and live honest: but a marriage vow is like a penitent gamesters oath, and entring into bonds and penalties to stint himself to such a particular small sum at play for the future, which makes him but the more eager; and not being able to hold out, looses his money again, and his forfeit to boot.

Dor. Ay, ay, a gamester will be a gamester whilst his money lasts; and a whoremaster, whilst his vigour.

Har. Nay, I have known 'em, when they are broke and can loose no more, keep a fumbling with the box in their hands to fool with only, and hinder other gamesters.

Dor. That had wherewithal to make lusty stakes.

Pinch. Well, gentlemen, you may laugh at me; but you shall never lye with my wife: I know the town.

Horn. But prethee, was not the way you were in better? is not keeping better than marriage?

Pinch. A pox on't! the jades wou'd jilt me, I cou'd never keep a whore to my self.

Horn. So, then you only marry'd to keep a whore to your self. Well, but let me tell you, women, as you say, are like souldiers, made constant and loyal by good pay, rather than by oaths and covenants. Therefore I'd advise my friends to keep rather than marry: since too I find, by your example, it does not serve ones turn; for I saw you yesterday in the eighteen penny place with a pretty country-wench.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) How the divel! did he see my wife then? I sate there that she might not be seen. But she shall never go to a play again.

Horn. What! dost thou blush, at nine and forty, for having been seen with a wench?

Dor. No, faith, I warrant 'twas his wife,

which he seated there out of sight; for he's a cunning rogue, and understands the town.

Har. He blushes. Then 'twas his wife; for men are now more ashamed to be seen with them in publick than with a wench.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Hell and damnation! I'm undone, since Horner has seen her, and they know 'twas she.

Horn. But prethee, was it thy wife? She was exceedingly pretty: I was in love with her at that distance.

Pinch. You are like never to be nearer to her. Your servant, gentlemen. *Offers to go.*

Horn. Nay, prethee stay.

Pinch. I cannot; I will not.

Horn. Come, you shall dine with us.

Pinch. I have din'd already.

Horn. Come, I know thou hast not: I'll treat thee, dear rogue; thou sha't spend none of thy Hampshire money to day.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Treat me! So he uses me already like his cuckold!

Horn. Nay, you shall not go.

Pinch. I must; I have business at home.

Exit Pinchwife.

Har. To beat his wife. He's as jealous of her, as a Cheapside husband of a Covent-garden wife.

Horn. Why, 'tis as hard to find an old whore-master without jealousy and the gout, as a young one without fear, or the pox: —

As gout in age from pox in youth proceeds,
So wenching past, then jealousy succeeds;
The worst disease that love and wenching breeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

[*A Room in Pinchwife's House.*]

Mrs. Margery Pinchwife and Alithea. Mr. Pinchwife peeping behind at the door.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Pray, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in, in London?

Alithea. A pretty question! Why, sister, Mulberry Garden and St. James's Park; and for close walks the New Exchange.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, sister, tell me why my husband looks so grum here in town? and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday?

Alith. O, he's jealous, sister.

Mrs. Pinch. Jealous! what's that?

Alith. He's afraid you shou'd love another man.

Mrs. Pinch. How shou'd he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

Alith. Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

Mrs. Pinch. Ay; but we sate amongst ugly people. He wou'd not let me come near the

gentry, who sate under us, so that I cou'd not see 'em. He told me, none but naughty women sate there, whom they tous'd and mous'd. But I wou'd have ventur'd, for all that.

Alith. But how did you like the play?

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed I was aweary of the play; but I lik'd hugeously the actors. They are the goodlyest, proper'st men, sister!

Alith. O, but you must not like the actors, sister.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, how shou'd I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a walking?

Alith. (*Aside.*) A walking! hah! ha! Lord, a country gentlewomans [p]leasure is the drudgery of a foot-post; and she requires as much airing as her husbands horses. — But here comes your husband: I'll ask, though I'm sure he 'l not grant it.

Mrs. Pinch. He says he won't let me go abroad, for fear of catching the pox.

Alith. Fye! the small pox you shou'd say.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife to them.

Mrs. Pinch. O my dear, dear bud, welcome

26 *aweary*, Qq. 2–5, O, weary.

35 [*p*] *leasure*, Qq. 2–5, O, pleasure.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife . . . in the originals follows *horses*, in the speech of Alithea, above.

home! Why dost thou look so fropish? who has nanger'd thee?

Pinchwife. Your a fool.

Mrs. Pinch[wife] goes aside, & cryes.

Alith. Faith, so she is, for crying for no fault, poor, tender creature!

Pinch. What, you wou'd have her as impudent as your self, as errant a jilflirt, a gadder, a magpy; and to say all, a meer notorious town-woman?

Alith. Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honour of your family shall sooner suffer in your wife there than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the town.

Pinch. Hark you, mistriss, do not talk so before my wife. — "The innocent liberty of the town!"

Alith. Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigue with me? what lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill women frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any women of scandalous reputations.

Pinch. No, you keep the men of scandalous reputations company.

Alith. Where? wou'd you not have me civil? answer 'em in a box at the plays? in the drawing room at Whitehal? in St. James's Park? Mulberry-garden? or —

Pinch. Hold, hold! Do not teach my wife where the men are to be found: I believe she's the worse for your town documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance, as I do.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed, be not angry with her, bud, she will tell me nothing of the town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

Pinch. Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pinch. Not I indeed, dear; I hate London. Our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of't: wou'd I were there again!

Pinch. So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? — [*To Alithea.*] You are her encourager in such discourses.

Mrs. Pinch. No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now for liking the player men.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her likeing them, there is no hurt in't. — Come, my poor rogue, but thou lik'st none better then me?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, but I do. The player men are finer folks.

Pinch. But you love none better then me?

Mrs. Pinch. You are mine own dear bud, and I know you. I hate a stranger.

96 *mine*, Qq. 2–5, O, my.

Pinch. Ay, my dear, you must love me only; and not be like the naughty town women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine cloaths, fidles, balls, treates, and so lead a wicked town-life.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

Pinch. How! if you love me, you must hate London.

Alith. [*Aside.*] The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her a gog upon them himself.

Mrs. Pinch. But, husband, do the town-women love the player men too?

Pinch. Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, I warrant you.

Pinch. Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pinch. No, no, bud. But why have we no player-men in the country?

Pinch. Ha!—Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, why, love? I did not care for going; but when you forbid me, you make me, as't were, desire it.

109 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.
122–123 *make me*, Q2, Q4, Q5, omit *me*.

Alith. (*Aside.*) So 'twill be in other things, I warrant.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, let me go to a play, dear.

Pinch. Hold your peace, I wo' not.

Mrs. Pinch. Why, love?

Pinch. Why, I'll tell you.

Alith. (*Aside.*) Nay, if he tell her, she'l give him more cause to forbid her that place.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, why, dear?

Pinch. First, you like the actors; and the gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pinch. What, a homely country girl? No, bud, no body will like me.

Pinch. I tell you yes, they may.

Mrs. Pinch. No, no, you jest — I won't believe you: I will go.

Pinch. I tell you then, that one of the lewdest fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed! who, who, pray, who wast?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I've gone too far, and slipt before I was aware; how overjoy'd she is!

Mrs. Pinch. Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbours? I promise you, I am beholding to him.

Pinch. I promise you, you lye; for he wou'd but ruin you, as he has done hundreds. He has

no other love for women but that; such as he look upon women, like basilicks, but to destroy 'em.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, but if he loves me, why shou'd he ruin me? answer me to that. Methinks he shou'd not, I wou'd do him no harm.

Alith. Hah! ha! ha!

Pinch. 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either. But here comes company; get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pinch. But, pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

Pinch. In, baggage, in.

Thrusts her in: shuts the door.

Enter Sparkish and Harcourt.

What, all the lewd libertines of the town brought to my lodging by this easie coxcomb! S'death, I'll not suffer it.

Sparkish. Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice? — [*To Alithea.*] Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits and — *Harcourt salutes her.*

Pinch. Ay, they shall know her, as well as you your self will, I warrant you.

Spark. This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to morrow;

Enter Sparkish . . . in the originals follows *me either*, in Pinchwife's speech, above.

and him you must bid welcom ever, to what you and I have.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Monstrous!

Spark. Harcourt, how dost thou like her, faith? Nay, dear, do not look down; I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at any thing.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] Wonderful!

Spark. Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost thou like her? Thou hast star'd upon her enough, to resolve me.

Harcourt. So infinitely well, that I cou'd wish I had a mistriss too, that might differ from her in nothing but her love and engagement to you.

Alith. Sir, Master Sparkish has often told me that his acquaintance were all wits and raillieurs, and now I find it.

Spark. No, by the universe, madam, he does not railly now; you may believe him. I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthyest, true hearted gentleman — a man of such perfect honour, he wou'd say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] Praising another man to his mistriss!

Har. Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that —

183 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt. 199 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Spark. Nay, I gad, I am sure you do admire her extreamly; I see't in your eyes. — He does admire you, madam. — By the world, don't you?

Har. Yes, above the world, or the most glorious part of it, her whole sex: and till now I never thought I shou'd have envy'd you, or any man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for marriage I ever knew.

Alith. Nay, now, sir, I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits and raillieurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage, — for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad wine.

Har. Truly, madam, I never was an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

Alith. But why, sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you look upon a friend married, as one gone into a monastery, that is, dead to the world.

Har. 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, madam, you can guess my meaning. I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens, I wou'd.

Spark. Poor Franck!

217 *never was*, O, was never.

Alith. Wou'd you be so unkind to me?

Har. No, no, 'tis not because I wou'd be unkind to you.

Spark. Poor Franck! no, gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Great kindness to you indeed! Insensible fop, let a man make love to his wife to his face!

Spark. Come, dear Franck, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue. By my honour, we men of wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, Harcourt? — But come, Franck, be not melancholy for me.

Har. No, I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Spark. Prethee, Frank, dost think my wife that shall be there, a fine person?

Har. I cou'd gaze upon her till I became as blind as you are.

Spark. How as I am? how?

Har. Because you are a lover, and true lovers are blind, stockblind.

Spark. True, true; but by the world, she has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and trye if she has wit; talk to her any thing, she's bashful before me.

Har. Indeed, if a woman wants wit in a corner, she has it no where.

Alith. (*Aside to Sparkish.*) Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time —

Spark. Nay, nay, madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or — go, go, madam —

Harcourt courts Alithea aside.

Pinch. How, sir! if you are not concern'd for the honour of a wife, I am for that of a sister; he shall not debauch her. Be a pander to your own wife! bring men to her! let 'em make love before your face! thrust 'em into a corner together, then leav 'em in private! is this your town wit and conduct?

Spark. Hah! ha! ha! a silly wise rogue, wou'd make one laugh more then a stark fool, hah! ha! I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the world.

Struggles with Pinch[wife] to keep him from Harc[ourt] and Alith[ea].

Alith. The writings are drawn, sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, sir, and past all revocation.

Har. Then so is my death.

Alith. I wou'd not be unjust to him.

Har. Then why to me so?

Alith. I have no obligation to you.

Har. My love.

Alith. I had his before.

Har. You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousie, the only infallible sign of it.

Alith. Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue: besides, he loves me, or he wou'd not marry me.

Har. Marrying you is no more sign of his love then bribing your woman, that he may marry you, is a sign of his generosity. Marriage is rather a sign of interest then love; and he that marries a fortune covets a mistress, not loves her. But if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alith. No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation wou'd suffer in the world else.

Har. No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, madam, your reputation suffers in the world, and you wou'd be thought in necessity for a cloak.

Alith. Nay, now you are rude, sir.—Mr. Sparkish, pray come hither, your friend here is very troublesom, and very loving.

Har. (*Aside to Alithea.*) Hold! hold!—

Pinch. D'ye hear that?

Spark. Why, d'ye think I'll seem to be jealous, like a country bumpkin?

Pinch. No, rather be a cuckold, like a credulous cit.

Har. Madam, you wou'd not have been so little generous as to have told him?

Alith. Yes, since you cou'd be so little generous as to wrong him.

Har. Wrong him! no man can do't, he's beneath an injury: a bubble, a coward, a sensless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that—

Alith. Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be my husband, I am resolv'd to like him: nay, I think I am oblig'd to tell him you are not his friend. — Master Sparkish, Master Sparkish!

Spark. What, what? — [*To Harcourt.*] Now, dear rogue, has not she wit?

Har. (*Speaks surlily.*) Not so much as I thought, and hoped she had.

Alith. Mr. Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you?

Har. Madam —

Spark. How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant: what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alith. He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him; besides, he has been making love to me.

Har. (*Aside.*) True damn'd tell-tale-woman!

Spark. Pshaw! to shew his parts — we wits rail and make love often, but to shew our parts: as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we —

Alith. He said you were a wretch, below an injury —

Spark. Pshaw!

Har. [*Aside.*] Damn'd, sensless, impudent, virtuous jade! Well, since she won't let me have her, she'l do as good, she'l make me hate her.

Alith. A common bubble —

Spark. Pshaw!

Alith. A coward —

Spark. Pshaw, pshaw!

Alith. A sensless, driveling idiot —

Spark. How! did he disparage my parts? Nay, then, my honour's concern'd, I can't put up that, sir; by the world, brother, help me to kill him. — (*Aside.*) I may draw now, since we have the odds of him: — 'tis a good occasion, too, before my mistriss — *Offers to draw.*

Alith. Hold, hold!

Spark. What, what?

Alith. (*Aside.*) I must not let 'em kill the

346 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

363 (*Aside.*), in the originals at the end of the speech, and apparently applied only to *Nay, if my honour*, which is introduced by a half bracket. Applied to the whole speech by Hunt.

gentleman neither, for his kindness to me: I am so far from hating him, that I wish my gallant had his person and understanding. Nay, if my honour —

Spark. I'll be thy death.

Alith. Hold, hold! Indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said after all, that what he spoke was but out of friendship to you.

Spark. How! say I am, I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me?

Alith. Yes, to try whether I was concern'd enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfy'd of my virtue, for your sake.

Har. (*Aside.*) Kind, however.

Spark. Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why wou'd not you tell me so, faith?

Har. Because I did not think on't, faith.

Spark. Come, Horner does not come, Harcourt; let's be gone to the new play. — Come, madam.

Alith. I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

Spark. Pshaw! I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box to entertain you, and that's as good; if I sate in the box, I shou'd be thought no judge

372–373 *that is, no wit, out,* Q5, that is no whit out.

but of trimmings. — Come away, Harcourt, lead her down. *Exeunt Sparkish, Harcourt, and Alithea.*

Pinch. Well, go thy wayes, for the flower of the true town fops, such as spend their estates before they come to 'em, and are cuckolds before they'r married. But let me go look to my own free-hold. — How!

Enter my Lady Fidget, Mistriss Dainty Fidget, and Mistriss Squeamish.

Lady Fidget. Your servant, sir: where is your lady? We are come to wait upon her to the new play.

Pinch. New play!

Lady Fid. And my husband will wait upon you presently.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Damn your civility. — Madam, by no means; I will not see Sir Jaspar here, till I have waited upon him at home; nor shall my wife see you, till she has waited upon your ladyship at your lodgings.

Lady Fid. Now we are here, sir —

Pinch. No, madam.

Mrs. Dainty. Pray, let us see her.

Mrs. Squeamish. We will not stir till we see her.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) A pox on you all! — (*Goes to the door, and returns.*) She has lock'd the door, and is gone abroad.

Lady Fid. No, you have lock'd the door, and she's within.

Mrs. Dain. They told us below she was here.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] Will nothing do? — Well, it must out then. To tell you the truth, ladies, which I was afraid to let you know before, least it might endanger your lives, my wife has just now the small pox come out upon her; do not be frighten'd; but pray be gone, ladies; you shall not stay here in danger of your lives; pray get you gone, ladies.

Lady Fid. No, no, we have all had 'em.

Mrs. Squeam. Alack, alack!

Mrs. Dain. Come, come, we must see how it goes with her; I understand the disease.

Lady Fid. Come!

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Well, there is no being too hard for women at their own weapon, lying, therefore I'll quit the field. *Exit Pinchwife.*

Mrs. Squeam. Here's an example of jealousy!

Lady Fid. Indeed, as the world goes, I wonder there are no more jealous, since wives are so neglected.

Mrs. Dain. Pshaw! as the world goes, to what end shou'd they be jealous?

Lady Fid. Foh! 'tis a nasty world.

420 [*Aside.*], the originals omit, but indicate an aside by including *Will . . . do* within brackets.

Mrs. Squeam. That men of parts, great acquaintance, and quality, shou'd take up with and spend themselves and fortunes in keeping little play-house creatures, foh!

Lady Fid. Nay, that women of understanding, great acquaintance, and good quality, shou'd fall a keeping too of little creatures, foh!

Mrs. Squeam. Why, 'tis the men of qualities fault; they never visit women of honour and reputation as they us'd to do; and have not so much as common civility for ladies of our rank, but use us with the same indifferency and ill breeding as if we were all marry'd to 'em.

Lady Fid. She says true; 'tis an errant shame women of quality shou'd be so slighted; methinks birth, birth shou'd go for something; I have known men admired, courted, and followed for their titles only.

Mrs. Squeam. Ay, one wou'd think men of honour shou'd not love, no more than marry, out of their own rank.

Mrs. Dain. Fye, fye, upon 'em! they are come to think cross breeding for themselves best, as well as for their dogs and horses.

Lady Fid. They are dogs and horses for't.

Mrs. Squeam. One wou'd think, if not for love, for vanity a little.

451 *women*, Q5, woman.

Mrs. Dain. Nay, they do satisfy their vanity upon us sometimes; and are kind to us in their report, tell all the world they lye with us.

Lady Fid. Damn'd rascals, that we shou'd be only wrong'd by 'em! To report a man has had a person, when he has not had a person, is the greatest wrong in the whole world that can be done to a person.

Mrs. Squeam. Well, 'tis an errant shame noble persons shou'd be so wrong'd and neglected.

Lady Fid. But still 'tis an erranter shame for a noble person to neglect her own honour, and defame her own noble person with little inconsiderable fellows, foh!

Mrs. Dain. I suppose the crime against our honour is the same with a man of quality as with another.

Lady Fid. How! no, sure, the man of quality is likest one's husband, and therefore the fault shou'd be the less.

Mrs. Dain. But then the pleasure shou'd be the less.

Lady Fid. Fye, fye, fye, for shame, sister! whither shall we ramble? Be continent in your discourse, or I shall hate you.

Mrs. Dain. Besides, an intrigue is so much the more notorious for the man's quality.

Mrs. Squeam. 'Tis true, no body takes notice of a private man, and therefore with him 'tis more secret; and the crime's the less when 'tis not known.

Lady Fid. You say true; y faith, I think you are in the right on't: 'tis not an injury to a husband, till it be an injury to our honours; so that a woman of honour looses no honour with a private person; and to say truth—

Mrs. Dain. (*Apart to* [*Mrs.*] *Squeamish.*) So, the little fellow is grown a private person—with her—

Lady Fid. But still my dear, dear honour—

Enter Sir Jaspar, Horner, Dorilant.

Sir Jaspar. Ay, my dear, dear of honour, thou hast still so much honour in thy mouth—

Horner. (*Aside.*) That she has none elsewhere.

Lady Fid. Oh, what d'ye mean to bring in these upon us?

Mrs. Dain. Foh! these are as bad as wits.

Mrs. Squeam. Foh!

Lady Fid. Let us leave the room.

Sir Jasp. Stay, stay; faith, to tell you the naked truth—

Lady Fid. Fye, Sir Jaspar! do not use that word naked.

Sir Jasp. Well, well, in short I have busi-

504 *our honours*, Q5, our honour. 521 *that*, Q5, the.

ness at Whitehal, and cannot go to the play with you, therefore wou'd have you go —

Lady Fid. With those two to a play?

Sir Jasp. No, not with t'other, but with Mr. Horner; there can be no more scandal to go with him than with Mr. Tatle, or Master Limberham.

Lady Fid. With that nasty fellow! no — no.

Sir Jasp. Nay, prethee, dear, hear me.

Whispers to Lady Fid [*get*].

Horn. Ladies —

Horner, Dorilant drawing near [*Mrs.*] *Squeamish and* [*Mrs.*] *Daint*[*y Fidget*].

Mrs. Dain. Stand off.

Mrs. Squeam. Do not approach us.

Mrs. Dain. You heard with the wits, you are obscenity all over.

Mrs. Squeam. And I wou'd as soon look upon a picture of Adam and Eve, without fig leaves, as any of you, if I cou'd help it; therefore keep off, and do not make us sick.

Dorilant. What a divel are these?

Horn. Why, these are pretenders to honour, as criticks to wit, only by censuring others; and as every raw, peevish, out-of-humour'd, affected, dull, tea-drinking, arithmetical fop, sets up for a wit by railing at men of sence, so these for

536 *heard*, Q3, herd.

honour, by railing at the court, and ladies of as great honour as quality.

Sir Jasp. Come, Mr. Horner, I must desire you to go with these ladies to the play, sir.

Horn. I, sir?

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, come, sir.

Horn. I must beg your pardon, sir, and theirs; I will not be seen in womens company in publick again for the world.

Sir Jasp. Ha, ha, strange aversion!

Mrs. Squeam. No, he's for womens company in private.

Sir Jasp. He — poor man — he! hah! ha! ha!

Mrs. Dain. 'Tis a greater shame amongst lew'd fellows to be seen in virtuous womens company, than for the women to be seen with them.

Horn. Indeed, madam, the time was I only hated virtuous women, but now I hate the other too; I beg your pardon, ladies.

Lady Fid. You are very obliging, sir, because we wou'd not be troubled with you.

Sir Jasp. In sober sadness, he shall go.

Dor. Nay, if he wo' not, I am ready to wait upon the ladies; and I think I am the fitter man.

Sir Jasp. You, sir! no, I thank you for that.

Master Horner is a privileg'd man amongst the virtuous ladies, 'twill be a great while before you are so; heh! he! he! he's my wive's gallant; heh! he! he! No, pray withdraw, sir, for as I take it, the virtuous ladies have no business with you.

Dor. And I am sure he can have none with them. 'Tis strange a man can't come amongst virtuous women now, but upon the same terms as men are admitted into the Great Turks seraglio. But heavens keep me from being an hombre player with 'em! — But where is Pinchwife? *Exit Dorilant.*

Sir Jasp. Come, come, man; what, avoid the sweet society of woman-kind? that sweet, soft, gentle, tame, noble creature, woman, made for man's companion —

Horn. So is that soft, gentle, tame, and more noble creature, a spaniel, and has all their tricks; can fawn, lye down, suffer beating, and fawn the more; barks at your friends when they come to see you; makes your bed hard, gives you fleas, and the mange sometimes. And all the difference is, the spaniel's the more faithful animal, and fawns but upon one master.

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he!

Mrs. Squeam. O the rude beast!

Mrs. Dain. Insolent brute!

Lady Fid. Brute! stinking, mortify'd, rotten French weather, to dare —

Sir Jasp. Hold, an't please your ladyship. — For shame, Master Horner! your mother was a woman — (*Aside.*) Now shall I never reconcile 'em. — [*Aside to Lady Fidget.*] Hark you, madam, take my advice in your anger. You know you often want one to make up your droling pack of hombre players; and you may cheat him easily, for he's an ill gamester, and consequently loves play. Besides, you know, you have but two old civil gentlemen (with stinking breaths too) to wait upon you abroad; take in the third into your service. The other are but crazy; and a lady shou'd have a supernumerary gentleman-usher as a supernumerary coach-horse, least sometimes you shou'd be forc'd to stay at home.

Lady Fid. But are you sure he loves play, and has money?

Sir Jasp. He loves play as much as you, and has money as much as I.

Lady Fid. Then I am contented to make him pay for his scurrility. Money makes up in a measure all other wants in men. — (*Aside.*) Those whom we cannot make hold for gallants, we make fine.

Sir Jasp. (*Aside.*) So, so; now to mollify,

to wheedle him. — [*Aside to Horner.*] Master Horner, will you never keep civil company? methinks 'tis time now, since you are only fit for them. Come, come, man, you must e'en fall to visiting our wives, eating at our tables, drinking tea with our virtuous relations after dinner, dealing cards to 'em, reading plays and Gazets to 'em, picking fleas out of their shocks for 'em, collecting receipts, new songs, women, pages, and footmen for 'em.

Horn. I hope they'l afford me better employment, sir.

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he! 'tis fit you know your work before you come into your place. And since you are unprovided of a lady to flatter, and a good house to eat at, pray frequent mine, and call my wife mistriss, and she shall call you gallant, according to the custom.

Horn. Who, I?

Sir Jasp. Faith, thou sha't for my sake; come, for my sake only.

Horn. For your sake —

Sir Jasp. [*To Lady Fidget.*] Come, come, here's a gamester for you; let him be a little familiar sometimes; nay, what if a little rude? Gamesters may be rude with ladies, you know.

Lady Fid. Yes; losing gamesters have a privilege with women.

Horn. I alwayes thought the contrary, that the winning gamester had most privilege with women; for when you have lost your money to a man, you'l loose any thing you have, all you have, they say, and he may use you as he pleases.

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he! well, win or loose, you shall have your liberty with her.

Lady Fid. As he behaves himself; and for your sake I'll give him admittance and freedom.

Horn. All sorts of freedom, madam?

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, ay, all sorts of freedom thou can'st take. And so go to her, begin thy new employment; wheedle her, jest with her, and be better acquainted one with another.

Horn. (*Aside.*) I think I know her already; therefore may venter with her my secret for hers.

Horner and Lady Fidget whisper.

Sir Jasp. [*To Mrs. Dainty Fidget and Mrs. Squeamish.*] Sister, Cuz, I have provided an innocent play-fellow for you there.

Mrs. Dain. Who, he?

Mrs. Squeam. There's a play-fellow, indeed!

Sir Jasp. Yes, sure. — What, he is good enough to play at cards, blind-mans buff, or the fool with, sometimes!

Mrs. Squeam. Foh! we'l have no such play-fellows.

Mrs. Dain. No, sir; you shan't choose playfellows for us, we thank you.

Sir Jasp. Nay, pray hear me.

Whispering to them.

Lady Fid. But, poor gentleman, cou'd you be so generous, so truly a man of honour, as for the sakes of us women of honour, to cause your self to be reported no man? No man! and to suffer your self the greatest shame that cou'd fall upon a man, that none might fall upon us women by your conversation? but, indeed, sir, as perfectly, perfectly the same man as before your going into France, sir? as perfectly, perfectly, sir?

Horn. As perfectly, perfectly, madam. Nay, I scorn you shou'd take my word; I desire to be try'd only, madam.

Lady Fid. Well, that's spoken again like a man of honour: all men of honour desire to come to the test. But, indeed, generally you men report such things of your selves, one does not know how or whom to believe; and it is come to that pass, we dare not take your words, no more than your taylors, without some staid servant of yours be bound with you. But I have so strong a faith in your honour, dear, dear, noble sir, that I'd forfeit mine for yours, at any time, dear sir.

Horn. No, madam, you shou'd not need to forfeit it for me; I have given you security already to save you harmless, my late reputation being so well known in the world, madam.

Lady Fid. But if upon any future falling out, or upon a suspition of my taking the trust out of your hands, to employ some other, you your self shou'd betray your trust, dear sir? I mean, if you'l give me leave to speak obscenely, you might tell, dear sir.

Horn. If I did, no body wou'd believe me. The reputation of impotency is as hardly recover'd again in the world as that of cowardise, dear madam.

Lady Fid. Nay, then, as one may say, you may do your worst, dear, dear sir.

Sir Jasp. Come, is your ladyship reconciled to him yet? have you agreed on matters? for I must be gone to Whitehal.

Lady Fid. Why, indeed, Sir Jaspar, Master Horner is a thousand, thousand times a better man than I thought him. Cosen Squeamish, sister Dainty, I can name him now. Truly, not long ago, you know, I thought his very name obscenity; and I wou'd as soon have lain with him as have nam'd him.

Sir Jasp. Very likely, poor madam.

Mrs. Dain. I believe it.

Mrs. Squeam. No doubt on't.

Sir Jasp. Well, well — that your ladyship is as virtuous as any she, I know, and him all the town knows — heh! he! he! therefore, now you like him, get you gone to your business together, go, go to your business, I say, pleasure, whilst I go to my pleasure, business.

Lady Fid. Come than, dear gallant.

Horn. Come away, my dearest mistriss.

Sir Jasp. So, so; why, 'tis as I'd have it.

Exit S[i]r Jaspar.

Horn. And as I'd have it.

Lady Fid. Who for his business from his wife will run,
Takes the best care to have her bus'ness done.

Exeunt omnes.

749 *than*, Qq. 2–5, O, then.

ACT III. SCENE I.

[*A Room in Pinchwife's House.*]

Alithea and Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alithea. Sister, what ailes you? you are grown melancholy.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Wou'd it not make any one melancholy to see you go every day fluttering about abroad, whil'st I must stay at home like a poor lonely, sullen bird in a cage?

Alith. Ay, sister; but you came young, and just from the nest to your cage: so that I thought you lik'd it, and cou'd be as chearful in't as others that took their flight themselves early, and are hopping abroad in the open air.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, I confess I was quiet enough till my husband told me what pure lives the London ladies live abroad, with their dancing, meetings, and junketings, and drest every day in their best gowns; and I warrant you, play at nine pins every day of the week, so they do.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Pinchwife. Come, what's here to do? you are putting the town pleasures in her head, and setting her a longing.

Alith. Yes, after nine-pins. You suffer none

to give her those longings you mean but your self.

Pinch. I tell her of the vanities of the town like a confessor.

Alith. A confessor! just such a confessor as he that, by forbidding a silly oastler to grease the horses teeth, taught him to do't.

Pinch. Come, Mistriss Flippant, good precepts are lost when bad examples are still before us: the liberty you take abroad makes her hanker after it, and out of humour at home. Poor wretch! she desired not to come to London; I wou'd bring her.

Alith. Very well.

Pinch. She has been this week in town, and never desired till this afternoon to go abroad.

Alith. Was she not at a play yesterday?

Pinch. Yes; but she ne'er ask'd me; I was my self the cause of her going.

Alith. Then if she ask you again, you are the cause of her asking, and not my example.

Pinch. Well, to morrow night I shall be rid of you; and the next day, before 'tis light, she and I'll be rid of the town, and my dreadful apprehensions. — Come, be not melancholly; for thou sha't go into the country after to morrow, dearest.

Alith. Great comfort!

Mrs. Pinch. Pish! what d'ye tell me of the country for?

Pinch. How's this! what, pish at the country?

Mrs. Pinch. Let me alone; I am not well.

Pinch. O, if that be all — what ailes my dearest?

Mrs. Pinch. Truly, I don't know: but I have not been well since you told me there was a gallant at the play in love with me.

Pinch. Ha! —

Alith. That's by my example too!

Pinch. Nay, if you are not well, but are so concern'd, because a lew'd fellow chanc'd to lye, and say he lik'd you, you'l make me sick too.

Mrs. Pinch. Of what sickness?

Pinch. O, of that which is worse than the plague, jealousy.

Mrs. Pinch. Pish, you jear! I'm sure there's no such disease in our receipt-book at home.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) No, thou never met'st with it, poor innocent. — Well, if thou cuckold me, 'twill be my own fault, for cuckolds and bastards are generally makers of their own fortune.

Mrs. Pinch. Well, but pray, bud, let's go to a play to night.

Pinch. 'Tis just done, she comes from it. But why are you so eager to see a play?

Mrs. Pinch. Faith, dear, not that I care one

pin for their talk there; but I like to look upon the player-men, and wou'd see, if I cou'd, the gallant you say loves me: that's all, dear bud.

Pinch. Is that all, dear bud?

Alith. This proceeds from my example!

Mrs. Pinch. But if the play be done, let's go abroad, however, dear bud.

Pinch. Come, have a little patience, and thou shalt go into the country on Friday.

Mrs. Pinch. Therefore I wou'd see first some sights, to tell my neighbours of. Nay, I will go abroad, that's once.

Alith. I'm the cause of this desire too!

Pinch. But now I think on't, who was the cause of Horners coming to my lodging to day? That was you.

Alith. No, you, because you wou'd not let him see your handsome wife out of your lodging.

Mrs. Pinch. Why, O Lord! did the gentleman come hither to see me indeed?

Pinch. No, no. — You are not cause of that damn'd question too, Mistriss Alithea? — (*Aside.*) Well, she's in the right of it. He is in love with my wife — and comes after her — 'tis so — but I'll nip his love in the bud; least he should follow us into the country, and break his

91 *who*, Qq. 2–5, O, who, who.
98 *not cause*, Q4, Q5, O, not the cause.

chariot-wheel near our house, on purpose for an excuse to come to't. But I think I know the town.

Mrs. Pinch. Come, pray, bud, let's go abroad before 'tis late; for I will go, that's flat and plain.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So! the obstinacy already of a town-wife; and I must, whilst she's here, humour her like one. — Sister, how shall we do, that she may not be seen, or known?

Alith. Let her put on her mask.

Pinch. Pshaw! a mask makes people but the more inquisitive, and is as ridiculous a disguise as a stage-beard: her shape, stature, habit will be known. And if we shou'd meet with Horner, he wou'd be sure to take acquaintance with us, must wish her joy, kiss her, talk to her, leer upon her, and the devil and all. No, I'll not use her to a mask, 'tis dangerous; for masks have made more cuckolds than the best faces that ever were known.

Alith. How will you do then?

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, shall we go? The Exchange will be shut, and I have a mind to see that.

Pinch. So — I have it — I'll dress her up in the suit we are to carry down to her brother, little Sir James; nay, I understand the town tricks. Come, let's go dress her. A mask! no — a woman mask'd, like a cover'd dish, gives a

109 *a*, Qq. 2–5, O, the.

man curiosity, and appetite; when, it may be, uncover'd, 'twou'd turn his stomack: no, no.

Alith. Indeed your comparison is something a greasie one: but I had a gentle gallant us'd to say, "A beauty mask'd, like the sun in eclipse, gathers together more gazers than if it shin'd out."

Exeunt.

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to the New Exchange.

[*Discovered, Clasp, a bookseller, in his stall.*]

Enter Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant.

Dorilant. Engag'd to women, and not sup with us?

Horner. Ay, a pox on 'em all!

Harcourt. You were much a more reasonable man in the morning, and had as noble resolutions against 'em, as a widdower of a weeks liberty.

Dor. Did I ever think to see you keep company with women in vain?

Horn. In vain! no — 'tis, since I can't love 'em, to be reveng'd on 'em.

Har. Now your sting is gone, you look'd in the box amongst all those women like a drone in the hive; all upon you, shov'd and ill-us'd by 'em all, and thrust from one side to t'other.

135 *like*, Q1 misprints lik'd. 4 *a more*, Q5, more a.

Dor. Yet he must be buzzing amongst 'em still, like other old beetle-headed lycorish drones. Avoid 'em, and hate 'm, as they hate you.

Horn. Because I do hate 'em, and wou'd hate 'em yet more, I'll frequent 'em. You may see by marriage, nothing makes a man hate a woman more than her constant conversation. In short, I converse with 'em, as you do with rich fools, to laugh at 'em and use 'em ill.

Dor. But I wou'd no more sup with women, unless I cou'd lye with 'em, than sup with a rich coxcomb, unless I cou'd cheat him.

Horn. Yes, I have known thee sup with a fool for his drinking; if he cou'd set out your hand that way only, you were satisfy'd, and if he were a wine-swallowing mouth, 'twas enough.

Har. Yes, a man drink's often with a fool, as he tosses with a marker, only to keep his hand in ure. But do the ladies drink?

Horn. Yes, sir; and I shall have the pleasure at least of laying 'em flat with a bottle, and bring as much scandal that way upon 'em as formerly t'other.

Har. Perhaps you may prove as weak a brother amongst 'em that way as t'other.

26 *than*, Q5, then.
41 *that way as t'other*, Q5, as formerly t'other.

Dor. Foh! drinking with women is as unnatural as scolding with 'em. But 'tis a pleasure of decay'd fornicators, and the basest way of quenching love.

Har. Nay, 'tis drowning love, instead of quenching it. But leave us for civil women too!

Dor. Ay, when he can't be the better for 'em. We hardly pardon a man that leaves his friend for a wench, and that's a pretty lawful call.

Horn. Faith, I wou'd not leave you for 'em, if they wou'd not drink.

Dor. Who wou'd disappoint his company at Lewis's for a gossiping?

Har. Foh! Wine and women, good apart, together as nauseous as sack and sugar. But hark you, sir, before you go, a little of your advice; an old maim'd general, when unfit for action, is fittest for counsel. I have other designs upon women than eating and drinking with them: I am in love with Sparkish's mistriss, whom he is to marry to morrow; now how shall I get her?

Enter Sparkish, looking about.

Horn. Why, here comes one will help you to her.

Har. He! he, I tell you, is my rival, and will hinder my love.

56 *together as nauseous*, Hunt and Ward read, together are as nauseous.

Horn. No; a foolish rival and a jealous husband assist their rivals designs; for they are sure to make their women hate them, which is the first step to their love for another man.

Har. But I cannot come near his mistriss but in his company.

Horn. Still the better for you; for fools are most easily cheated when they themselves are accessaries: and he is to be bubled of his mistriss, as of his money, the common mistriss, by keeping him company.

Sparkish. Who is that that is to be bubled? Faith, let me snack; I han't met with a buble since Christmas. Gad, I think bubles are like their brother woodcocks, go out with the cold weather.

Har. (*Apart to Horner.*) A pox! he did not hear all, I hope.

Spark. Come, you bubling rogues you, where do we sup? — Oh, Harcourt, my mistriss tells me you have been making fierce love to her all the play long: hah! ha! — But I —

Har. I make love to her?

Spark. Nay, I forgive thee, for I think I know thee, and I know her; but I am sure I know my self.

Har. Did she tell you so? I see all women are like these of the Exchange; who, to enhance

the price of their commodities, report to their fond customers offers which were never made 'em.

Horn. Ay, women are as apt to tell before the intrigue, as men after it, and so shew themselves the vainer sex. But hast thou a mistriss, Sparkish? 'Tis as hard for me to believe it, as that thou ever hadst a buble, as you brag'd just now.

Spark. O, your servant, sir: are you at your raillery, sir? But we were some of us beforehand with you to day at the play. The wits were something bold with you, sir; did you not hear us laugh?

Horn. Yes; but I thought you had gone to plays to laugh at the poets wit, not at your own.

Spark. Your servant, sir: no, I thank you. Gad, I go to a play as to a country-treat; I carry my own wine to one, and my own wit to t'other, or else I'm sure I shou'd not be merry at either. And the reason why we are so often lowder than the players, is, because we think we speak more wit, and so become the poets rivals in his audience: for to tell you the truth, we hate the silly rogues; nay, so much, that we find fault even with their bawdy upon the stage, whilst we talk nothing else in the pit as lowd.

Horn. But why should'st thou hate the silly

98 *as*, O omits. 105 *were*, Qq. 2–5, O, are.

poets? Thou hast too much wit to be one; and they, like whores, are only hated by each other: and thou dost scorn writing, I'm sure.

Spark. Yes; I'd have you to know I scorn writing: but women, women, that make men do all foolish things, make 'em write songs too. Every body does it. 'Tis ev'n as common with lovers, as playing with fans; and you can no more help rhyming to your Phyllis, than drinking to your Phyllis.

Har. Nay, poetry in love is no more to be avoided than jealousy.

Dor. But the poets damn'd your songs, did they?

Spark. Damn the poets! they turn'd 'em into burlesque, as they call it. That burlesque is a *hocus-pocus*-trick they have got, which, by the virtue of *Hictius doctius*, *topsey turvey*, they make a wise and witty man in the world, a fool upon the stage, you know not how: and 'tis therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own case; for they'l put a man into a play for looking a squint. Their predecessors were contented to make serving-men only their stage-fools: but these rogues must have gentlemen, with a pox to 'em, nay, knights; and, indeed,

124 *I'm*, Q1 misprints I'am; Qq. 2–5, O, I'm.
136 *turn'd*, O, have turn'd.

you shall hardly see a fool upon the stage but he's a knight. And to tell you the truth, they have kept me these six years from being a knight in earnest, for fear of being knighted in a play, and dubb'd a fool.

Dor. Blame 'em not, they must follow their copy, the age.

Har. But why should'st thou be afraid of being in a play, who expose your self every day in the play-houses, and at publick places?

Horn. 'Tis but being on the stage, instead of standing on a bench in the pit.

Dor. Don't you give money to painters to draw you like? and are you afraid of your pictures at length in a play-house, where all your mistresses may see you?

Spark. A pox! painters don't draw the small pox or pimples in ones face. Come, damn all your silly authors whatever, all books and booksellers, by the world; and all readers, courteous or uncourteous!

Har. But who comes here, Sparkish?

Enter Mr. Pinchwife and his wife in mans cloaths, Alithea, Lucy, her maid.

Spark. Oh, hide me! There's my mistriss too.

Sparkish hides himself behind Harcourt.

153 *follow their*, Q5, follow in their.
157 *at*, Q1, Q2, misprint as.

Har. She sees you.

Spark. But I will not see her. 'Tis time to go to Whitehal, and I must not fail the drawing room.

Har. Pray, first carry me, and reconcile me to her.

Spark. Another time. Faith, the king will have sup't.

Har. Not with the worse stomach for thy absence. Thou art one of those fools that think their attendance at the king's meals as necessary as his physicians, when you are more troublesom to him than his doctors or his dogs.

Spark. Pshaw! I know my interest, sir. Prethee hide me.

Horn. Your servant, Pinchwife. — What, he knows us not!

Pinchwife. (*To his wife aside.*) Come along.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Pray, have you any ballads? give me six-penny worth.

Clasp. We have no ballads.

Mrs. Pinch. Then give me Covent-garden-Drollery, and a play or two — Oh, here's Tarugos Wiles, and The Slighted Maiden; I'll have them.

Pinch. (*Apart to her.*) No; playes are not for your reading. Come along; will you discover your self?

Horn. Who is that pretty youth with him, Sparkish?

Spark. I believe his wife's brother, because he's something like her: but I never saw her but once.

Horn. Extreamly handsom; I have seen a face like it too. Let us follow 'em.

Exeunt Pinchwife, Mistriss Pinchwife; Alithea, Lucy, Horner, Dorilant following them.

Har. Come, Sparkish, your mistriss saw you, and will be angry you go not to her. Besides, I wou'd fain be reconcil'd to her, which none but you can do, dear friend.

Spark. Well, that's a better reason, dear friend. I wou'd not go near her now for her's or my own sake; but I can deny you nothing: for though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance.

Har. I am oblig'd to you indeed, dear friend. I wou'd be well with her, only to be well with thee still; for these tyes to wives usually dissolve all tyes to friends. I wou'd be contented she shou'd enjoy you a nights, but I wou'd have you to my self a dayes as I have had, dear friend.

Spark. And thou shalt enjoy me a dayes, dear, dear friend, never stir: and I'll be divorced from her, sooner than from thee. Come along.

220–221 *dear, dear,* Q3, Q5, dear.

Har. (*Aside.*) So, we are hard put to't, when we make our rival our procurer; but neither she nor her brother wou'd let me come near her now. When all's done, a rival is the best cloak to steal to a mistress under, without suspicion; and when we have once got to her as we desire, we throw him off like other cloaks.

Exit Sparkish, and Harcourt following him.

Re-enter Mr. Pinchwife, Mistress Pinchwife in man's cloaths.

Pinch. (*To Alithea.*) Sister, if you will not go, we must leave you — (*Aside.*) The fool her gallant and she will muster up all the young santerers of this place, and they will leave their dear seamstresses to follow us. What a swarm of cuckolds and cuckold-makers are here! — Come, let's be gone, Mistriss Margery.

Mrs. Pinch. Don't you believe that; I han't half my belly full of sights yet.

Pinch. Then walk this way.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what a power of brave signs are here! stay — the Bull's-Head, the Rams-Head, and the Stags-Head, dear —

Pinch. Nay, if every husbands proper sign here were visible, they wou'd be all alike.

Mrs. Pinch. What d'ye mean by that, bud?

Pinch. 'Tis no matter — no matter, bud.

225 *near*, Q4 misprints wear.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray tell me: nay, I will know.

Pinch. They wou'd be all Bulls, Stags, and Rams heads.

Exeunt Mr. Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.

Re-enter Sparkish, Harcourt, Alithea, Lucy, at t'other door.

Spark. Come, dear madam, for my sake you shall be reconciled to him.

Alithea. For your sake I hate him.

Har. That's something too cruel, madam, to hate me for his sake.

Spark. Ay indeed, madam, too, too cruel to me, to hate my friend for my sake.

Alith. I hate him because he is your enemy; and you ought to hate him too, for making love to me, if you love me.

Spark. That's a good one! I hate a man for loving you? If he did love you, 'tis but what he can't help; and 'tis your fault, not his, if he admires you. I hate a man for being of my opinion? I'll ne'er do't, by the world.

Alith. Is it for your honour, or mine, to suffer a man to make love to me, who am to marry you to morrow?

Spark. Is it for your honour, or mine, to have me jealous? That he makes love to you, is a sign you are handsome; and that I am not jealous, is

a sign you are virtuous. That, I think, is for your honour.

Alith. But 'tis your honour too I am concerned for.

Har. But why, dearest madam, will you be more concern'd for his honour than he is himself? Let his honour alone, for my sake and his. He! he has no honour —

Spark. How's that?

Har. But what my dear friend can guard himself.

Spark. O ho! — that's right again.

Har. Your care of his honour argues his neglect of it, which is no honour to my dear friend here. Therefore once more, let his honour go which way it will, dear madam.

Spark. Ay, ay; were it for my honour to marry a woman whose virtue I suspected, and cou'd not trust her in a friends hands?

Alith. Are you not afraid to loose me?

Har. He afraid to loose you, madam! No, no — you may see how the most estimable and most glorious creature in the world is valued by him. Will you not see it?

Spark. Right, honest Franck, I have that noble value for her that I cannot be jealous of her.

Alith. You mistake him. He means, you care not for me, nor who has me.

Spark. Lord, madam, I see you are jealous! Will you wrest a poor mans meaning from his words?

Alith. You astonish me, sir, with your want of jealousie.

Spark. And you make me guiddy, madam, with your jealousie and fears, and virtue and honour. Gad, I see virtue makes a woman as troublesome as a little reading or learning.

Alith. Monstrous!

Lucy. (*Behind.*) Well, to see what easie husbands these women of quality can meet with! a poor chamber-maid can never have such ladylike luck. Besides, he's thrown away upon her. She'l make no use of her fortune, her blessing, none to a gentleman, for a pure cuckold; for it requires good breeding to be a cuckold.

Alith. I tell you then plainly, he pursues me to marry me.

Spark. Pshaw!

Har. Come, madam, you see you strive in vain to make him jealous of me. My dear friend is the kindest creature in the world to me.

Spark. Poor fellow!

Har. But his kindness only is not enough for me, without your favour; your good opinion, dear madam, 'tis that must perfect my happiness. Good gentleman, he believes all I say: wou'd you

wou'd do so! Jealous of me! I wou'd not wrong him nor you for the world.

Spark. Look you there. Hear him, hear him, and do not walk away so.

Alithea walks carelessly to and fro.

Har. I love you, madam, so—

Spark. How's that? Nay, now you begin to go too far indeed.

Har. So much, I confess, I say, I love you, that I wou'd not have you miserable, and cast your self away upon so unworthy and inconsiderable a thing as what you see here.

Clapping his hand on his breast, points at Sparkish.

Spark. No, faith, I believe thou woud'st not, now his meaning is plain; but I knew before thou woud'st not wrong me, nor her.

Har. No, no, Heavens forbid the glory of her sex shou'd fall so low, as into the embraces of such a contemptible wretch, the l[e]ast of mankind — my dear friend here — I injure him!

Embracing Sparkish.

Alith. Very well.

Spark. No, no, dear friend, I knew it. — Madam, you see he will rather wrong himself than me, in giving himself such names.

Alith. Do not you understand him yet?

344 l[e]ast, Qq. 2–5, O, least.

Spark. Yes: how modestly he speaks of himself, poor fellow!

Alith. Methinks he speaks impudently of your self, since — before your self too; insomuch that I can no longer suffer his scurrilous abusiveness to you, no more than his love to me. *Offers to go.*

Spark. Nay, nay, madam, pray stay — his love to you! Lord, madam, has he not spoke yet plain enough?

Alith. Yes, indeed, I shou'd think so.

Spark. Well then, by the world, a man can't speak civilly to a woman now, but presently she says, he makes love to her. Nay, madam, you shall stay, with your pardon, since you have not yet understood him, till he has made an eclaircisment of his love to you, that is, what kind of love it is. Answer to thy catechisme: friend, do you love my mistress here?

Har. Yes, I wish she wou'd not doubt it.

Spark. But how do you love her?

Har. With all my soul.

Alith. I thank him, methinks he speaks plain enough now.

Spark. (*To Alithea.*) You are out still. — But with what kind of love, Harcourt?

Har. With the best and truest love in the world.

376 *truest*, O, the truest.

Spark. Look you there then, that is with no matrimonial love, I'm sure.

Alith. How's that? do you say matrimonial love is not best?

Spark. Gad, I went too far e're I was aware. But speak for thy self, Harcourt, you said you wou'd not wrong me nor her.

Har. No, no, madam, e'n take him for Heaven's sake—

Spark. Look you there, madam.

Har. Who shou'd in all justice be yours, he that loves you most. *Claps his hand on his breast.*

Alith. Look you there, Mr. Sparkish, who's that?

Spark. Who should it be?—Go on, Harcourt.

Har. Who loves you more than women titles, or fortune fools. *Points at Sparkish.*

Spark. Look you there, he means me stil, for he points at me.

Alith. Ridiculous!

Har. Who can only match your faith and constancy in love.

Spark. Ay.

Har. Who knows, if it be possible, how to value so much beauty and virtue.

Spark. Ay.

Har. Whose love can no more be equall'd in the world, than that heavenly form of yours.

403 *no more be*, Q5, be no more.

Spark. No.

Har. Who cou'd no more suffer a rival, than your absence, and yet cou'd no more suspect your virtue, than his own constancy in his love to you.

Spark. No.

Har. Who, in fine, loves you better than his eyes, that first made him love you.

Spark. Ay — Nay, madam, faith, you shan't go till —

Alith. Have a care, lest you make me stay too long.

Spark. But till he has saluted you; that I may be assur'd you are friends, after his honest advice and declaration. Come, pray, madam, be friends with him.

[*Re-*]*enter Master Pinchwife, Mistriss Pinchwife.*

Alith. You must pardon me, sir, that I am not yet so obedient to you.

Pinch. What, invite your wife to kiss men? Monstrous! are you not asham'd? I will never forgive you.

Spark. Are you not asham'd, that I shou'd have more confidence in the chastity of your family than you have? You must not teach me;

417 *he*, Q5 misprints she.

423 *Pinch. What, invite . . .* Q2, Q3, assign this speech to Mrs. Pinchwife.

I am a man of honour, sir, though I am frank and free; I am frank, sir—

Pinch. Very frank, sir, to share your wife with your friends.

Spark. He is an humble, menial friend, such as reconciles the differences of the marriage-bed; you know man and wife do not alwayes agree; I design him for that use, therefore wou'd have him well with my wife.

Pinch. A menial friend! — you will get a great many menial friends, by shewing your wife as you do.

Spark. What then? It may be I have a pleasure in't, as I have to shew fine clothes at a playhouse, the first day, and count money before poor rogues.

Pinch. He that shews his wife or money, will be in danger of having them borrowed sometimes.

Spark. I love to be envy'd, and wou'd not marry a wife that I alone cou'd love; loving alone is as dull as eating alone. Is it not a frankage? and I am a frank person; and to tell you the truth, it may be I love to have rivals in a wife, they make her seem to a man still but as a kept mistriss; and so good night, for I must to Whitehal. — Madam, I hope you are now reconcil'd to my friend; and so I wish you a good

night, madam, and sleep if you can: for to morrow you know I must visit you early with a canonical gentleman. Good night, dear Harcourt.

Exit Sparkish.

Har. Madam, I hope you will not refuse my visit to morrow, if it shou'd be earlyer with a canonical gentleman than Mr. Sparkish's.

Pinch. This gentle-woman is yet under my care, therefore you must yet forbear your freedom with her, sir.

Coming between Alithea and Harcourt.

Har. Must, sir?

Pinch. Yes, sir, she is my sister.

Har. 'Tis well she is, sir — for I must be her servant, sir. — Madam —

Pinch. Come away, sister, we had been gone, if it had not been for you, and so avoided these lewd rakehells, who seem to haunt us.

[*Re-*]*enter Horner, Dorilant to them.*

Horn. How now, Pinchwife!

Pinch. Your servant.

Horn. What! I see a little time in the country makes a man turn wild and unsociable, and only fit to converse with his horses, dogs, and his herds.

Pinch. I have business, sir, and must mind

467 *she is*, Q5, she's. 472 *lewd*, Q5 omits.
478 *herds*, Q5, herd.

it; your business is pleasure, therefore you and I must go different wayes.

Horn. Well, you may go on, but this pretty young gentleman —

Takes hold of Mrs. Pinchwife.

Har. The lady —

Dor. And the maid —

Horn. Shall stay with us; for I suppose their business is the same with ours, pleasure.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath, he knows her, she carries it so sillily! yet if he does not, I shou'd be more silly to discover it first.

Alith. Pray, let us go, sir.

Pinch. Come, come —

Horn. (*To Mrs. Pinchwife.*) Had you not rather stay with us? — Prethee, Pinchwife, who is this pretty young gentleman?

Pinch. One to whom I'm a guardian. — (*Aside.*) I wish I cou'd keep her out of your hands.

Horn. Who is he? I never saw any thing so pretty in all my life.

Pinch. Pshaw! do not look upon him so much, he's a poor bashful youth, you'l put him out of countenance. — Come away, brother.

Offers to take her away.

495 *this*, Q5, that.
496 *I'm a guardian*, Q5, I am guardian.

Horn. O, your brother!

Pinch. Yes, my wifes brother. — Come, come, she'l stay supper for us.

Horn. I thought so, for he is very like her I saw you at the play with, whom I told you I was in love with.

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) O jeminy! is this he that was in love with me? I am glad on't, I vow, for he's a curious fine gentleman, and I love him already too. — (*To Mr. Pinchwife.*) Is this he, bud?

Pinch. (*To his wife.*) Come away, come away.

Horn. Why, what hast are you in? why wont you let me talk with him?

Pinch. Because you'l debauch him; he's yet young and innocent, and I wou'd not have him debauch'd for any thing in the world. — (*Aside.*) How she gazes on him! the divel!

Horn. Harcourt, Dorilant, look you here, this is the likeness of that dowdey he told us of, his wife; did you ever see a lovelyer creature? The rogue has reason to be jealous of his wife, since she is like him, for she wou'd make all that see her in love with her.

Har. And as I remember now, she is as like him here as can be.

510 *this*, Qq. 2–5, O, that. 511 *I am*, Q5, I'm.

Dor. She is indeed very pretty, if she be like him.

Horn. Very pretty? a very pretty commendation!—she is a glorious creature, beautiful beyond all things I ever beheld.

Pinch. So, so.

Har. More beautiful than a poets first mistriss of imagination.

Horn. Or another mans last mistriss of flesh and blood.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, now you jeer, sir; pray don't jeer me.

Pinch. Come, come.—(*Aside.*) By Heavens, she'l discover her self!

Horn. I speak of your sister, sir.

Pinch. Ay, but saying she was handsom, if like him, made him blush.—(*Aside.*) I am upon a wrack!

Horn. Methinks he is so handsom he shou'd not be a man.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] O, there 'tis out! he has discovered her! I am not able to suffer any longer.—(*To his wife.*) Come, come away, I say.

Horn. Nay, by your leave, sir, he shall not go yet.—([*Aside*] *to them.*) Harcourt, Dorilant, let us torment this jealous rogue a little.

Har. Dor. How?

Horn. I'll shew you.

Pinch. Come, pray let him go, I cannot stay fooling any longer; I tell you his sister stays supper for us.

Horn. Do's she? Come then, we'l all go sup with her and thee.

Pinch. No, now I think on't, having staid so long for us, I warrant she's gone to bed. — (*Aside.*) I wish she and I were well out of their hands. — [*To his wife.*] Come, I must rise early to morrow, come.

Horn. Well then, if she be gone to bed, I wish her and you a good night. But pray, young gentleman, present my humble service to her.

Mrs. Pinch. Thank you heartily, sir.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) S'death, she will discover her self yet in spight of me. — He is something more civil to you, for your kindness to his sister, than I am, it seems.

Horn. Tell her, dear, sweet little gentleman, for all your brother there, that you have reviv'd the love I had for her at first sight in the play-house.

Mrs. Pinch. But did you love her indeed, and indeed?

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So, so. — Away, I say.

Horn. Nay, stay. — Yes, indeed, and indeed; pray do you tell her so, and give her this kiss from me. *Kisses her.*

Pinch. (*Aside.*) O Heavens! what do I suffer? Now 'tis too plain he knows her, and yet —

Horn. And this, and this —

Kisses her again.

Mrs. Pinch. What do you kiss me for? I am no woman.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So, there, 'tis out. — Come, I cannot, nor will stay any longer.

Horn. Nay, they shall send your lady a kiss too. Here, Harcourt, Dorilant, will you not?

They kiss her.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) How! do I suffer this? Was I not accusing another just now for this rascally patience, in permitting his wife to be kiss'd before his face? Ten thousand ulcers gnaw away their lips! — Come, come.

Horn. Good night, dear little gentleman; madam, good night; farewel, Pinchwife. — (*Apart to Harcourt and Dorilant.*) Did not I tell you I wou'd raise his jealous gall?

Exeunt Horner, Harcourt and Dorilant.

Pinch. So, they are gone at last; stay, let me see first if the coach be at this door. *Exit.*

Horner, Harcourt, Dorilant return.

Horn. What, not gone yet? Will you be sure to do as I desired you, sweet sir?

Mrs. Pinch. Sweet sir, but what will you give me then?

Horn. Any thing. Come away into the next walk.

Exit Horner, haling away Mrs. Pinchwife.

Alith. Hold! hold! what d'ye do?

Lucy. Stay, stay, hold —

Har. Hold, madam, hold! let him present him — he'l come presently; nay, I will never let you go till you answer my question.

Lucy. For God's sake, sir, I must follow 'em.

Alithea, Lucy, strugling with Harcourt and Dorilant.

Dor. No, I have something to present you with too, you shan't follow them.

Pinchwife returns.

Pinch. Where? — how? — what's become of? — gone! — whither?

Lucy. He's only gone with the gentleman, who will give him something, an't please your worship.

Pinch. Something! — give him something, with a pox! — where are they?

Alith. In the next walk only, brother.

Pinch. Only, only! where, where?

Exit Pinchwife and returns presently, then goes out again.

Har. What's the matter with him? why so much concern'd? But, dearest madam —

623 *gentleman*, Q4, Q5, O, gentlemen.

Alith. Pray let me go, sir; I have said and suffer'd enough already.

Har. Then you will not look upon, nor pitty, my sufferings?

Alith. To look upon 'em, when I cannot help 'em, were cruelty, not pitty; therefore I will never see you more.

Har. Let me then, madam, have my priviledge of a banished lover, complaining or railing, and giving you but a farewell reason why, if you cannot condescend to marry me, you shou'd not take that wretch, my rival.

Alith. He only, not you, since my honour is engag'd so far to him, can give me a reason why I shou'd not marry him; but if he be true, and what I think him to me, I must be so to him. Your servant, sir.

Har. Have women only constancy when 'tis a vice, and [are], like Fortune, only true to fools?

Dor. (*To Lucy, who struggles to get from him.*) Thou sha't not stir, thou robust creature; you see I can deal with you, therefore you shou'd stay the rather, and be kind.

[*Re-*]*enter Pinchwife.*

Pinch. Gone, gone, not to be found! quite gone! ten thousand plagues go with 'em! Which way went they?

650 [*are*], Qq. 1–3 omit.

Alith. But into t'other walk, brother.

Lucy. Their business will be done presently, sure, an't please your worship; it can't be long in doing, I'm sure on't.

Alith. Are they not there?

Pinch. No, you know where they are, you infamous wretch, eternal shame of your family, which you do not dishonour enough your self, you think, but you must help her to do it too, thou legion of bawds!

Alith. Good brother—

Pinch. Damn'd, damn'd sister!

Alith. Look you here, she's coming.

[*Re-*]*enter Mistriss Pinchwife in mans cloaths, running, with her hat under her arm, full of oranges and dried fruit, Horner following.*

Mrs. Pinch. O dear bud, look you here what I have got, see!

Pinch. (*Aside, rubbing his forehead.*) And what I have got here too, which you can't see.

Mrs. Pinch. The fine gentleman has given me better things yet.

Pinch. Ha's he so? — (*Aside.*) Out of breath and colour'd! — I must hold yet.

Horn. I have only given your little brother an orange, sir.

Pinch. (*To Horner.*) Thank you, sir. —

674 *I have*, Q5, have I.

(*Aside.*) You have only squeez'd my orange, I suppose, and given it me again; yet I must have a city-patience.— (*To his wife.*) Come, come away.

Mrs. Pinch. Stay, till I have put up my fine things, bud.

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sir Jaspar. O, Master Horner, come, come, the ladies stay for you; your mistriss, my wife, wonders you make not more hast to her.

Horn. I have staid this half hour for you here, and 'tis your fault I am not now with your wife.

Sir Jasp. But, pray, don't let her know so much; the truth on't is, I was advancing a certain project to his majesty, about — I'll tell you.

Horn. No, let's go, and hear it at your house. Good night, sweet little gentleman; one kiss more, you'l remember me now, I hope. *Kisses her.*

Dor. What, Sir Jaspar, will you separate friends? He promis'd to sup with us, and if you take him to your house, you'l be in danger of our company too.

Sir Jasp. Alas! gentlemen, my house is not fit for you; there are none but civil women there, which are not for your turn. He, you know, can bear with the society of civil women now, ha! ha! ha! besides, he's one of my family — he's — heh! heh! heh!

Dor. What is he?

Sir Jasp. Faith, my eunuch, since you'l have it; heh! he! he! *Exit Sir Jaspar Fidget, and Horner.*

Dor. I rather wish thou wert his or my cuckold. Harcourt, what a good cuckold is lost there for want of a man to make him one! Thee and I cannot have Horners privilege, who can make use of it.

Har. Ay, to poor Horner 'tis like coming to an estate at threescore, when a man can't be the better for't.

Pinch. Come.

Mrs. Pinch. Presently, bud.

Dor. Come, let us go too. — (*To Alith*[*ea*].) Madam, your servant. — (*To Lucy.*) Good night, strapper.

Har. Madam, though you will not let me have a good day or night, I wish you one; but dare not name the other half of my wish.

Alith. Good night, sir, for ever.

Mrs. Pinch. I don't know where to put this here, dear bud, you shall eat it; nay, you shall have part of the fine gentlemans good things, or treat, as you call it, when we come home.

Pinch. Indeed, I deserve it, since I furnish'd the best part of it. *Strikes away the orange.*

The gallant treates presents, and gives the ball;
But 'tis the absent cuckold pays for all.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT 4. SCENE I.

In Pinchwife's House in the morning.

Lucy, Alithea dress'd in new cloths.

Lucy. Well — madam, now have I dress'd you, and set you out with so many ornaments, and spent upon you ounces of essence and pulvilio; and all this for no other purpose but as people adorn and perfume a corps for a stinking second-hand-grave: such, or as bad, I think Master Sparkish's bed.

Alithea. Hold your peace.

Lucy. Nay, madam, I will ask you the reason why you wou'd banish poor Master Harcourt for ever from your sight; how cou'd you be so hard-hearted?

Alith. 'Twas because I was not hard-hearted.

Lucy. No, no; 'twas stark love and kindness, I warrant.

Alith. It was so; I wou'd see him no more because I love him.

Lucy. Hey day, a very pretty reason!

Alith. You do not understand me.

Lucy. I wish you may your self.

Alith. I was engag'd to marry, you see, an-

other man, whom my justice will not suffer me to deceive or injure.

Lucy. Can there be a greater cheat or wrong done to a man than to give him your person without your heart? I shou'd make a conscience of it.

Alith. I'll retrieve it for him after I am married a while.

Lucy. The woman that marries to love better, will be as much mistaken as the wencher that marries to live better. No, madam, marrying to encrease love is like gaming to become rich; alas! you only loose what little stock you had before.

Alith. I find by your rhetorick you have been brib'd to betray me.

Lucy. Only by his merit, that has brib'd your heart, you see, against your word and rigid honour. But what a divel is this honour? 'tis sure a disease in the head, like the megrim, or falling-sickness, that alwayes hurries people away to do themselves mischief. Men loose their lives by it; women, what's dearer to 'em, their love, the life of life.

Alith. Come, pray talk you no more of honour, nor Master Harcourt; I wish the other wou'd come, to secure my fidelity to him and his right in me.

Lucy. You will marry him then?

Alith. Certainly, I have given him already my word, and will my hand too, to make it good, when he comes.

Lucy. Well, I wish I may never stick pin more, if he be not an errant natural, to t'other fine gentleman.

Alith. I own he wants the wit of Harcourt, which I will dispense withal for another want he has, which is want of jealousie, which men of wit seldom want.

Lucy. Lord, madam, what shou'd you do with a fool to your husband? You intend to be honest, don't you? then that husbandly virtue, credulity, is thrown away upon you.

Alith. He only that could suspect my virtue shou'd have cause to do it; 'tis Sparkish's confidence in my truth that obliges me to be so faithful to him.

Lucy. You are not sure his opinion may last.

Alith. I am satisfied, 'tis impossible for him to be jealous, after the proofs I have had of him. Jealousie in a husband — Heaven defend me from it! it begets a thousand plagues to a poor woman, the loss of her honour, her quiet, and her —

Lucy. And her pleasure.

Alith. What d'ye mean, impertinent?

Lucy. Liberty is a great pleasure, madam.

Alith. I say, loss of her honour, her quiet, nay, her life sometimes; and what's as bad almost, the loss of this town; that is, she is sent into the country, which is the last ill usage of a husband to a wife, I think.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) O, do's the wind lye there?— Then of necessity, madam, you think a man must carry his wife into the country, if he be wise. The country is as terrible, I find, to our young English ladies, as a monastery to those abroad; and on my virginity, I think they wou'd rather marry a London-goaler, than a high sheriff of a county, since neither can stir from his employment. Formerly women of wit married fools for a great estate, a fine seat, or the like; but now 'tis for a pretty seat only in Lincoln's Inn-fields, St. James's-fields, or the Pall-mall.

Enter to them Sparkish, and Harcourt, dress'd like a Parson.

Sparkish. Madam, your humble servant, a happy day to you, and to us all.

Harcourt. Amen.

Alith. Who have we here?

Spark. My chaplain, faith — O madam, poor Harcourt remembers his humble service to you; and, in obedience to your last commands, refrains coming into your sight.

89 *than*, Q5, then.

Alith. Is not that he?

Spark. No, fye, no; but to shew that he ne're intended to hinder our match, has sent his brother here to joyn our hands. When I get me a wife, I must get her a chaplain, according to the custom; this is his brother, and my chaplain.

Alith. His brother?

Lucy. (*Aside.*) And your chaplain, to preach in your pulpit then —

Alith. His brother!

Spark. Nay, I knew you wou'd not believe it. — I told you, sir, she wou'd take you for your brother Frank.

Alith. Believe it!

Lucy. (*Aside.*) His brother! hah! ha! he! he has a trick left still, it seems.

Spark. Come, my dearest, pray let us go to church before the canonical hour is past.

Alith. For shame, you are abus'd still.

Spark. By the world, 'tis strange now you are so incredulous.

Alith. 'Tis strange you are so credulous.

Spark. Dearest of my life, hear me. I tell you this is Ned Harcourt of Cambridge, by the world; you see he has a sneaking colledg look. 'Tis true he's something like his brother Frank; and

111 (*Aside.*), Q5 omits.

they differ from each other no more than in their age, for they were twins.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] Hah! ha! he!

Alith. Your servant, sir; I cannot be so deceiv'd, though you are. But come, let's hear, how do you know what you affirm so confidently?

Spark. Why, I'll tell you all. Frank Harcourt coming to me this morning, to wish me joy, and present his service to you, I ask'd him if he cou'd help me to a parson. Whereupon he told me, he had a brother in town who was in orders; and he went straight away, and sent him you see there to me.

Alith. Yes, Frank goes and puts on a black-coat, then tell's you he is Ned; that's all you have for't.

Spark. Pshaw! pshaw! I tell you, by the same token, the midwife put her garter about Frank's neck, to know 'em asunder, they were so like.

Alith. Frank tell's you this too?

Spark. Ay, and Ned there too: nay, they are both in a story.

Alith. So, so; very foolish.

Spark. Lord, if you won't believe one, you had best trye him by your chamber-maid there; for chamber-maids must needs know chaplains from other men, they are so us'd to 'em.

156 *so us'd to*, Q5, so us'd so to.

Lucy. Let's see: nay, I'll be sworn he has the canonical smirk, and the filthy, clammy palm of a chaplain.

Alith. Well, most reverend Doctor, pray let us make an end of this fooling.

Har. With all my soul, divine, heavenly creature, when you please.

Alith. He speaks like a chaplain indeed.

Spark. Why, was there not soul, divine, heavenly, in what he said?

Alith. Once more, most impertinent black-coat, cease your persecution, and let us have a conclusion of this ridiculous love.

Har. (*Aside.*) I had forgot, I must sute my stile to my coat, or I wear it in vain.

Alith. I have no more patience left; let us make once an end of this troublesome love, I say.

Har. So be it, seraphick lady, when your honour shall think it meet and convenient so to do.

Spark. Gad, I'm sure none but a chaplain cou'd speak so, I think.

Alith. Let me tell you, sir, this dull trick will not serve your turn; though you delay our marriage, you shall not hinder it.

Har. Far be it from me, munificent patroness, to delay your marriage; I desire nothing more

than to marry you presently, which I might do, if you your self wou'd; for my noble, good-natur'd, and thrice generous patron here wou'd not hinder it.

Spark. No, poor man, not I, faith.

Har. And now, madam, let me tell you plainly no body else shall marry you; by Heavens! I'll die first, for I'm sure I shou'd die after it.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] How his love has made him forget his function, as I have seen it in real parsons!

Alith. That was spoken like a chaplain too! now you understand him, I hope.

Spark. Poor man, he takes it hainously to be refus'd; I can't blame him, 'tis putting an indignity upon him, not to be suffer'd; but you'l pardon me, madam, it shan't be; he shall marry us; come away, pray, madam.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] Hah! ha! he! more ado! 'tis late.

Alith. Invincible stupidity! I tell you, he wou'd marry me as your rival, not as your chaplain.

Spark. Come, come, madam. *Pulling her away.*

Lucy. I pray, madam, do not refuse this reverend divine the honour and satisfaction of marrying you; for I dare say, he has set his heart upon't, good Doctor.

Alith. What can you hope or design by this?

Har. [*Aside.*] I cou'd answer her, a reprieve for a day only often revokes a hasty doom. At worst, if she will not take mercy on me, and let me marry her, I have at least the lovers second pleasure, hindring my rivals enjoyment, though but for a time.

Spark. Come, madam, 'tis e'ne twelve a clock, and my mother charg'd me never to be married out of the canonical hours. Come, come; Lord, here's such a deal of modesty, I warrant, the first day.

Lucy. Yes, an't please your worship, married women shew all their modesty the first day, because married men shew all their love the first day. *Exeunt Sparkish, Alithea, Harcourt, and Lucy.*

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to a Bed-chamber [*in Pinchwife's House*], *where appear Pinchwife, Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Pinchwife. Come, tell me, I say.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Lord! han't I told it an hundred times over?

214 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt. 225 *an't*, Q5, and. 2 *an*, Q5, a.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I wou'd try, if in the repetition of the ungrateful tale, I cou'd find her altering it in the least circumstance; for if her story be false, she is so too. — Come, how was't, baggage?

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what pleasure you take to hear it, sure!

Pinch. No, you take more in telling it, I find; but speak, how was't?

Mrs. Pinch. He carried me up into the house next to the Exchange.

Pinch. So, and you two were only in the room!

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, for he sent away a youth that was there, for some dryed fruit, and China oranges.

Pinch. Did he so? Damn him for it — and for —

Mrs. Pinch. But presently came up the gentlewoman of the house.

Pinch. O, 'twas well she did; but what did he do whilest the fruit came?

Mrs. Pinch. He kiss'd me an hundred times, and told me he fancied he kiss'd my fine sister, meaning me, you know, whom he said he lov'd with all his soul, and bid me be sure to tell her so, and to desire her to be at her window, by

13 *the*, Q5, a. 26 *an*, O, a.

eleven of the clock this morning, and he wou'd walk under it at that time.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) And he was as good as his word, very punctual; a pox reward him for't.

Mrs. Pinch. Well, and he said if you were not within, he wou'd come up to her, meaning me, you know, bud, still.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So — he knew her certainly; but for this confession, I am oblig'd to her simplicity. — But what, you stood very still when he kiss'd you?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, I warrant you; wou'd you have had me discover'd my self?

Pinch. But you told me he did some beastliness to you, as you call'd it; what was't?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, he put —

Pinch. What?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, he put the tip of his tongue between my lips, and so musl'd me — and I said, I'd bite it.

Pinch. An eternal canker seize it, for a dog!

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, you need not be so angry with him neither, for to say truth, he has the sweetest breath I ever knew.

Pinch. The devil! you were satisfied with it then, and wou'd do it again?

39 *this*, Q5, his.
42–43 *wou'd you have had*, Q5, you wou'd have had.
45 *call'd*, O, call.

Mrs. Pinch. Not unless he shou'd force me.

Pinch. Force you, changeling! I tell you, no woman can be forced.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, but she may sure, by such a one as he, for he's a proper, goodly, strong man; 'tis hard, let me tell you, to resist him.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] So, 'tis plain she loves him, yet she has not love enough to make her conceal it from me; but the sight of him will increase her aversion for me and love for him; and that love instruct her how to deceive me and satisfie him, all ideot as she is. Love! 'twas he gave women first their craft, their art of deluding. Out of Natures hands they came plain, open, silly, and fit for slaves, as she and Heaven intended 'em; but damn'd Love — well — I must strangle that little monster whilest I can deal with him. — Go fetch pen, ink, and paper out of the next room.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, bud. *Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Why should women have more invention in love than men? It can only be, because they have more desires, more soliciting passions, more lust, and more of the devil.

Mistris Pinchwife returns.

Come, minks, sit down and write.

63 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, dear bud, but I can't do't very well.

Pinch. I wish you cou'd not at all.

Mrs. Pinch. But what shou'd I write for?

Pinch. I'll have you write a letter to your lover.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, to the fine gentleman a letter!

Pinch. Yes, to the fine gentleman.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, you do but jeer: sure you jest.

Pinch. I am not so merry: come, write as I bid you.

Mrs. Pinch. What, do you think I am a fool?

Pinch. [*Aside.*] She's afraid I would not dictate any love to him, therefore she's unwilling. — But you had best begin.

Mrs. Pinch. Indeed, and indeed, but I won't, so I won't.

Pinch. Why?

Mrs. Pinch. Because he's in town; you may send for him if you will.

Pinch. Very well, you wou'd have him brought to you; is it come to this? I say, take the pen and write, or you'll provoke me.

Mrs. Pinch. Lord, what d'ye make a fool of me for? Don't I know that letters are never writ

97 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

but from the countrey to London, and from London into the countrey? Now he's in town, and I am in town too; therefore I can't write to him, you know.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) So, I am glad it is no worse; she is innocent enough yet. —Yes, you may, when your husband bids you, write letters to people that are in town.

Mrs. Pinch. O, may I so? then I'm satisfied.

Pinch. Come, begin: — (*Dictates.*) *Sir* —

Mrs. Pinch. Shan't I say, *Dear Sir?* — You know one says always something more than bare *Sir.*

Pinch. Write as I bid you, or I will write whore with this penknife in your face.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, good bud — *Sir* —

She writes.

Pinch. Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd kisses and embraces — Write!

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, why shou'd I say so? You know I told you he had a sweet breath.

Pinch. Write!

Mrs. Pinch. Let me but put out *loath'd.*

Pinch. Write, I say!

Mrs. Pinch. Well then. *Writes.*

Pinch. Let's see, what have you writ? —(*Takes the paper and reads.*) *Though I suffer'd last night*

114 *I am*, Q5, I'm. 118 *I'm*, Q5, I am.

your kisses and embraces — Thou impudent creature! where is *nauseous* and *loath'd?*

Mrs. Pinch. I can't abide to write such filthy words.

Pinch. Once more write as I'd have you, and question it not, or I will spoil thy writing with this. I will stab out those eyes that cause my mischief. *Holds up the penknife.*

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord! I will.

Pinch. So — so — let's see now. — (*Reads.*) *Though I suffer'd last night your nauseous, loath'd kisses and embraces* — go on — *yet I would not have you presume that you shall ever repeat them* — so — *She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. I have writ it.

Pinch. On, then — *I then conceal'd my self from your knowledge, to avoid your insolencies.* — *She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. So —

Pinch. The same reason, now I am out of your hands, — *She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. So —

Pinch. Makes me own to you my unfortunate, though innocent frolick, of being in man's cloths — *She writes.*

Mrs. Pinch. So —

Pinch. That you may for ever more cease to pursue her, who hates and detests you — *She writes on.*

Mrs. Pinch. So — h — *Sighs.*

Pinch. What, do you sigh? — *detests you — as much as she loves her husband and her honour —*

Mrs. Pinch. I vow, husband, he'll ne'er believe I shou'd write such a letter.

Pinch. What, he'd expect a kinder from you? Come, now your name only.

Mrs. Pinch. What, shan't I say *Your most faithful, humble servant till death?*

Pinch. No, tormenting fiend! — (*Aside.*) Her stile, I find, wou'd be very soft. — Come, wrap it up now, whilest I go fetch wax and a candle; and write on the back side, *For Mr. Horner.*

Exit Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. For Mr. Horner. — So, I am glad he has told me his name. Dear Mr. Horner! but why should I send thee such a letter, that will vex thee, and make thee angry with me? — Well, I will not send it. — Ay, but then my husband will kill me — for I see plainly, he won't let me love Mr. Horner — but what care I for my husband? — I won't, so I won't, send poor Mr. Horner such a letter — But then my husband — but oh — what if I writ at bottom, my husband made me write it? — Ay, but then my husband wou'd see't — Can one have no shift? ah, a London woman wou'd have had a hun-

185 *wou'd* Q5, will.

dred presently. Stay — what if I shou'd write a letter, and wrap it up like this, and write upon't too? Ay, but then my husband wou'd see't — I don't know what to do. — But yet y vads I'll try, so I will — for I will not send this letter to poor Mr. Horner, come what will on't.

Dear, sweet Mr. Horner — (*she writes and repeats what she hath writ*) — so — *my husband wou'd have me send you a base, rude, unmannerly letter; but I won't* — so — *and wou'd have me forbid you loving me; but I wont* — so — *and wou'd have me say to you, I hate you, poor Mr. Horner; but I won't tell a lye for him* — there — *for I'm sure if you and I were in the countrey at cards together* — so — *I cou'd not help treading on your toe under the table* — so — *or rubbing knees with you, and staring in your face, 'till you saw me* — very well — *and then looking down, and blushing for an hour together* — so — *but I must make haste before my husband come; and now he has taught me to write letters, you shall have longer ones from me, who am,*

Dear, dear, poor, dear Mr. Horner, your most
Humble friend and servant to command
'till death, Margery Pinchwife.

Stay, I must give him a hint at bottom — so — now wrap it up just like t'other — so — now write *For Mr. Horner* — But oh now,

205 *come,* Q4, Q5, O, comes.

what shall I do with it? for here comes my husband.

[*Re-*]*enter Pinchwife.*

Pinch. (*Aside.*) I have been detained by a sparkish coxcomb, who pretended a visit to me; but I fear 'twas to my wife — What, have you done?

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, ay, bud, just now.

Pinch. Let's see't: what d'ye tremble for? what, you wou'd not have it go?

Mrs. Pinch. Here — (*Aside.*) No, I must not give him that: so I had been served if I had given him this. *He opens and reads the first letter.*

Pinch. Come, where's the wax and seal?

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) Lord, what shall I do now? Nay, then, I have it — Pray let me see't. Lord, you think me so errand a fool, I cannot seal a letter; I will do't, so I will.

Snatches the letter from him, changes it for the other, seals it, and delivers it to him.

Pinch. Nay, I believe you will learn that, and other things too, which I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pinch. So, han't I done it curiously? — (*Aside.*) I think I have; there's my letter going to Mr. Horner, since he'll needs have me send letters to folks.

Pinch. 'Tis very well; but I warrant, you wou'd not have it go now?

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, but I wou'd, bud, now.

Pinch. Well, you are a good girl then. Come, let me lock you up in your chamber, 'till I come back; and be sure you come not within three strides of the window when I am gone, for I have a spye in the street. — (*Exit Mrs. Pin*[*ch-wife,*] *Pinchwife locks the door.*) At least, 'tis fit she think so. If we do not cheat women, they'll cheat us; and fraud may be justly used with secret enemies, of which a wife is the most dangerous; and he that has a handsome one to keep, and a frontier town, must provide against treachery, rather than open force. Now I have secur'd all within, I'll deal with the foe without, with false intelligence.

Holds up the letter. Exit Pinchwife.

[SCENE III.]

The Scene changes to Horner's Lodging.

Quack and Horner.

Quack. Well, sir, how fadges the new design? have you not the luck of all your brother projectors, to deceive only your self at last?

Horner. No, good *Domine* Doctor, I deceive

245 *Exit Mrs. Pin*, Q5 omits. 2 *you not*, Q5, not you.

you, it seems, and others too; for the grave matrons, and old, ridgid husbands think me as unfit for love as they are; but their wives, sisters, and daughters know, some of 'em, better things already.

Quack. Already!

Horn. Already, I say. Last night I was drunk with half a dozen of your civil persons, as you call 'em, and people of honour, and so was made free of their society and dressing rooms for ever hereafter; and am already come to the privileges of sleeping upon their pallats, warming smocks, tying shooes and garters, and the like, Doctor, already, already, Doctor.

Quack. You have made use of your time, sir.

Horn. I tell thee, I am now no more interruption to 'em, when they sing, or talk bawdy, than a little squab French page who speaks no English.

Quack. But do civil persons and women of honour drink, and sing bawdy songs?

Horn. O, amongst friends, amongst friends. For your bigots in honour are just like those in religion; they fear the eye of the world more than the eye of Heaven; and think there is no virtue, but railing at vice, and no sin, but giving scandal. They rail at a poor, little, kept player,

20 *more*, Q1 misprints nore.

and keep themselves some young, modest pulpit comedian to be privy to their sins in their closets, not to tell 'em of them in their chappels.

Quack. Nay, the truth on't is, priests, amongst the women now, have quite got the better of us lay confessors, physicians.

Horn. And they are rather their patients; but —

Enter my Lady Fidget, looking about her.

Now we talk of women of honour, here comes one. Step behind the screen there, and but observe, if I have not particular privileges with the women of reputation already, Doctor, already.

[*Quack retires.*]

Lady Fidget. Well, Horner, am not I a woman of honour? you see, I'm as good as my word.

Horn. And you shall see, madam, I'll not be behind hand with you in honour; and I'll be as good as my word too, if you please but to withdraw into the next room.

Lady Fid. But first, my dear sir, you must promise to have a care of my dear honour.

Horn. If you talk a word more of your honour, you'll make me incapable to wrong it. To talk of honour in the mysteries of love, is like talking of Heaven, or the Deity, in an operation of witchcraft, just when you are employing the devil: it makes the charm impotent.

Lady Fid. Nay, fie! let us not be smooty. But you talk of mysteries and bewitching to me; I don't understand you.

Horn. I tell you, madam, the word money in a mistresses mouth, at such a nick of time, is not a more disheartning sound to a younger brother, than that of honour to an eager lover like my self.

Lady Fid. But you can't blame a lady of my reputation to be chary.

Horn. Chary! I have been chary of it already, by the report I have caus'd of my self.

Lady Fid. Ay, but if you shou'd ever let other women know that dear secret, it would come out. Nay, you must have a great care of your conduct; for my acquaintance are so censorious, (oh, 'tis a wicked, censorious world, Mr. Horner!) I say, are so censorious, and detracting, that perhaps they'll talk to the prejudice of my honour, though you shou'd not let them know the dear secret.

Horn. Nay, madam, rather than they shall prejudice your honour, I'll prejudice theirs; and, to serve you, I'll lye with 'em all, make the secret their own, and then they'll keep it. I am a Machiavel in love, madam.

Lady Fid. O, no sir, not that way.

63 *disheartning*, O, dishearting.

Horn. Nay, the devil take me, if censorious women are to be silenc'd any other way.

Lady Fid. A secret is better kept, I hope, by a single person than a multitude; therefore pray do not trust any body else with it, dear, dear Mr. Horner. *Embracing him.*

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget.

Sir Jaspar. How now!

Lady Fid. (*Aside.*) O my husband! — prevented — and what's almost as bad, found with my arms about another man — that will appear too much — what shall I say? — Sir Jaspar, come hither: I am trying if Mr. Horner were ticklish, and he's as ticklish as can be. I love to torment the confounded toad; let you and I tickle him.

Sir Jasp. No, your ladyship will tickle him better without me, I suppose. But is this your buying china? I thought you had been at the china house.

Horn. (*Aside.*) China-house! that's my cue, I must take it. — A pox! can't you keep your impertinent wives at home? Some men are troubled with the husbands, but I with the wives; but I'd have you to know, since I cannot be your journey-man by night, I will not

88–89 *therefore pray do not trust*, Q5, therefore don't trust.
90 *Embracing him*, Q4, Q5, O, omit.
108 *be*, in Q1 the *e* has been dropped in the press.

be your drudge by day, to squire your wife about, and be your man of straw, or scare-crow only to pyes and jays, that would be nibling at your forbidden fruit; I shall be shortly the hackney gentleman-usher of the town.

Sir Jasp. (*Aside.*) Heh! heh! he! poor fellow, he's in the right on't, faith. To squire women about for other folks is as ungrateful an employment, as to tell money for other folks. — Heh! he! he! ben't angry, Horner.

Lady Fid. No, 'tis I have more reason to be angry, who am left by you, to go abroad indecently alone; or, what is more indecent, to pin my self upon such ill bred people of your acquaintance as this is.

Sir Jasp. Nay, pr'ythee, what has he done?

Lady Fid. Nay, he has done nothing.

Sir Jasp. But what d'ye take ill, if he has done nothing?

Lady Fid. Hah! hah! hah! faith, I can't but laugh however; why, d'ye think, the unmannerly toad wou'd not come down to me to the coach! I was fain to come up to fetch him, or go without him, which I was resolved not to do; for he knows china very well, and has himself very good, but will not let me see it, lest

129–130 *Why, d'ye think, the unmannerly toad wou'd not come,* Q5, Why, d'ye think the unmannerly toad wou'd come.

I should beg some; but I will find it out, and have what I came for yet.

Horn. (*Apart to Lady Fidget.*) Lock the door, madam. —

Exit Lady Fidget, and locks the door, followed by Horner to the door.

So, she has got into my chamber and lock'd me out. Oh the impertinency of woman-kind! Well, Sir Jaspar, plain dealing is a jewel; if ever you suffer your wife to trouble me again here, she shall carry you home a pair of horns, by my lord major she shall; though I cannot furnish you my self, you are sure, yet I'll find a way.

Sir Jasp. Hah! ha! he! — (*Aside.*) At my first coming in, and finding her arms about him, tickling him it seems, I was half jealous, but now I see my folly. — Heh! he! he! poor Horner.

Horn. Nay, though you laugh now, 'twill be my turn e're long. Oh women, more impertinent, more cunning, and more mischievous than their monkeys, and to me almost as ugly! — Now is she throwing my things about and rifling all I have; but I'll get in to her the back way, and so rifle her for it.

Exit Lady Fidget . . . in the originals follows Lady Fidget's speech above, l. 136.

144 *major*, Q5, O, mayor.

156 *in to*, Q1, into, Qq. 2–5, O, in to.

Sir Jasp. Hah! ha! ha! poor angry Horner.

Horn. Stay here a little, I'll ferret her out to you presently, I warrant.

Exit Horner at t'other door.

Sir Jaspar calls through the door to his wife, she answers from within.

Sir Jasp. Wife! my Lady Fidget! wife! he is coming in to you the back way.

Lady Fid. Let him come, and welcome, which way he will.

Sir Jasp. He'll catch you, and use you roughly, and be too strong for you.

Lady Fid. Don't you trouble your self, let him if he can.

Quack. (*Behind.*) This indeed I cou'd not have believ'd from him, nor any but my own eyes.

Enter Mistris Squeamish.

Mrs. Squeamish. Where's this woman-hater, this toad, this ugly, greasie, dirty sloven?

Sir Jasp. [*Aside.*] So, the women all will have him ugly: methinks he is a comely person, but his wants make his form contemptible to 'em; and 'tis e'en as my wife said yesterday, talking of him, that a proper handsome eunuch was as ridiculous a thing as a gigantick coward.

162 *in to*, Qq., O, into. 174 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.
175 *he is*, Q5, he's.

Mrs. Squeam. Sir Jaspar, your servant: where is the odious beast?

Sir Jasp. He's within in his chamber, with my wife; she's playing the wag with him.

Mrs. Squeam. Is she so? and he's a clownish beast, he'll give her no quarter, he'll play the wag with her again, let me tell you: come, let's go help her — What, the door's lock't?

Sir Jasp. Ay, my wife lock't it.

Mrs. Squeam. Did she so? let us break it open then.

Sir Jasp. No, no, he'll do her no hurt.

Mrs. Squeam. No — (*Aside.*) But is there no other way to get in to 'em? whither goes this? I will disturb 'em.

Exit [*Mrs.*] *Squeamish at another door.*

Enter Old Lady Squeamish.

L. Squeamish. Where is this harlotry, this impudent baggage, this rambling tomrigg? O Sir Jaspar, I'm glad to see you here; did you not see my vil'd grandchild come in hither just now?

Sir Jasp. Yes.

L. Squeam. Ay, but where is she then? where is she? Lord, Sir Jaspar, I have e'ne ratled my self to pieces in pursuit of her: but can you tell what she makes here? they say below, no woman lodges here.

193 *in to*, Q1, Q3, Q5, into.

Sir Jasp. No.

L. Squeam. No — what does she here then? say, if it be not a womans lodging, what makes she here? But are you sure no woman lodges here?

Sir Jasp. No, nor no man neither; this is Mr. Horners lodging.

L. Squeam. Is it so, are you sure?

Sir Jasp. Yes, yes.

L. Squeam. So; then there's no hurt in't, I hope. But where is he?

Sir Jasp. He's in the next room with my wife.

L. Squeam. Nay, if you trust him with your wife, I may with my Biddy. They say, he's a merry, harmless man now, e'ne as harmless a man as ever came out of Italy with a good voice, and as pretty, harmless company for a lady, as a snake without his teeth.

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, poor man.

[*Re-*]*enter Mrs. Squeamish.*

Mrs. Squeam. I can't find 'em. — Oh, are you here, grandmother? I follow'd, you must know, my Lady Fidget hither; 'tis the prettyest lodging, and I have been staring on the prettyest pictures —

[*Re-*]*enter Lady Fidget with a piece of china in her hand, and Horner following.*

Lady Fid. And I have been toyling and moy-
ling for the pretti'st piece of china, my dear.

Horn. Nay, she has been too hard for me, do what I cou'd.

Mrs. Squeam. Oh, lord, I'le have some china too. Good Mr. Horner, don't think to give other people china, and me none; come in with me too.

Horn. Upon my honour, I have none left now.

Mrs. Squeam. Nay, nay, I have known you deny your china before now, but you shan't put me off so. Come.

Horn. This lady had the last there.

Lady Fid. Yes indeed, madam, to my certain knowledge, he has no more left.

Mrs. Squeam. O, but it may be he may have some you could not find.

Lady Fid. What, d'y think if he had had any left, I would not have had it too? for we women of quality never think we have china enough.

Horn. Do not take it ill, I cannot make china for you all, but I will have a rol-waggon for you too, another time.

Mrs. Squeam. Thank you, dear toad.

Lady Fid. (*To Horn*[*er*] *aside.*) What do you mean by that promise?

Horn. (*Apart to Lady Fidget.*) Alas, she has an innocent, literal understanding.

L. Squeam. Poor Mr. Horner! he has enough to doe to please you all, I see.

Horn. Ay, madam, you see how they use me.

L. Squeam. Poor gentleman, I pitty you.

Horn. I thank you, madam: I could never find pitty, but from such reverend ladies as you are; the young ones will never spare a man.

Mrs. Squeam. Come, come, beast, and go dine with us; for we shall want a man at hombre after dinner.

Horn. That's all their use of me, madam, you see.

Mrs. Squeam. Come, sloven, I'le lead you, to be sure of you. *Pulls him by the crevat.*

L. Squeam. Alas, poor man, how she tuggs him! Kiss, kiss her; that's the way to make such nice women quiet.

Horn. No, madam, that remedy is worse than the torment; they know I dare suffer any thing rather than do it.

L. Squeam. Prythee kiss her, and I'le give you her picture in little, that you admir'd so last night; prythee do.

256 (*To Horn*[*er*] *aside*), in the originals follows the speech of Mrs. Squeamish, above. Transferred by Hunt.

Horn. Well, nothing but that could bribe me: I love a woman only in effigie, and good painting as much as I hate them. — I'le do 't, for I cou'd adore the devil well painted.

Kisses Mrs. Squeam[ish].

Mrs. Squeam. Foh, you filthy toad! nay, now I've done jesting.

L. Squeam. Ha! ha! ha! I told you so.

Mrs. Squeam. Foh! a kiss of his —

Sir Jasp. Has no more hurt in't than one of my spaniels.

Mrs. Squeam. Nor no more good neither.

Quack. (*Behind.*) I will now believe any thing he tells me,

Enter Mr. Pinchwife.

Lady Fid. O lord, here's a man! Sir Jaspar, my mask, my mask! I would not be seen here for the world.

Sir Jasp. What, not when I am with you?

Lady Fid. No, no, my honour — let's be gone.

Mrs. Squeam. Oh grandmother, let us be gone; make hast, make hast, I know not how he may censure us.

Lady Fid. Be found in the lodging of any thing like a man! — Away.

Exeunt Sir Jas[par Fidget,] La[dy] Fid[get,] Old La[dy] Squeam[ish,] Mrs. Squeamish.

Quack. (*Behind.*) What's here? another cuckold? he looks like one, and none else sure have any business with him.

Horn. Well, what brings my dear friend hither?

Pinchwife. Your impertinency.

Horn. My impertinency! — why, you gentlemen that have got handsome wives, think you have a privilege of saying any thing to your friends, and are as brutish as if you were our creditors.

Pinch. No, sir, I'le ne're trust you any way.

Horn. But why not, dear Jack? why diffide in me thou knowst so well?

Pinch. Because I do know you so well.

Horn. Han't I been always thy friend, honest Jack, always ready to serve thee, in love or battle, before thou wert married, and am so still?

Pinch. I believe so; you wou'd be my second now, indeed.

Horn. Well then, dear Jack, why so unkind, so grum, so strange to me? Come, prythee kiss me, deare rogue: gad, I was always, I say, and am still as much thy servant as —

Pinch. As I am yours, sir. What, you wou'd send a kiss to my wife, is that it?

Horn. So, there 'tis — a man can't shew his

315 *our*, Q5 omits.

friendship to a married man, but presently he talks of his wife to you. Prythee, let thy wife alone, and let thee and I be all one, as we were wont. What, thou art as shye of my kindness, as a Lumbard-street alderman of a courtiers civility at Lockets!

Pinch. But you are over kind to me, as kind as if I were your cuckold already; yet I must confess you ought to be kind and civil to me, since I am so kind, so civil to you, as to bring you this: look you there, sir.

Delivers him a letter.

Horn. What is't?

Pinch. Only a love letter, sir.

Horn. From whom? — how! this is from your wife — (*Reads.*) hum — and hum —

Pinch. Even from my wife, sir: am I not wondrous kind and civil to you now too? — (*Aside.*) But you'l not think her so.

Horn. (*Aside.*) Ha! is this a trick of his or hers?

Pinch. The gentleman's surpriz'd, I find. — What, you expected a kinder letter?

Horn. No faith, not I, how cou'd I?

Pinch. Yes, yes, I'm sure you did. A man so well made as you are, must needs be disappointed, if the women declare not their passion at first sight or opportunity.

Horn. [*Aside.*] But what should this mean? Stay, the postscript. — (*Reads aside.*) *Be sure you love me, whatsoever my husband says to the contrary, and let him not see this, lest he should come home and pinch me, or kill my squirrel.* — (*Aside.*) It seems he knows not what the letter contains.

Pinch. Come, ne're wonder at it so much.

Horn. Faith, I can't help it.

Pinch. Now, I think I have deserv'd your infinite friendship and kindness, and have shewed my self sufficiently an obliging kind friend and husband; am I not so, to bring a letter from my wife to her gallant?

Horn. Ay, the devil take me, art thou, the most obliging, kind friend and husband in the world, ha! ha!

Pinch. Well, you may be merry, sir; but in short I must tell you, sir, my honour will suffer no jesting.

Horn. What do'st thou mean?

Pinch. Does the letter want a comment? Then know, sir, though I have been so civil a husband as to bring you a letter from my wife, to let you kiss and court her to my face, I will not be a cuckold, sir, I will not.

Horn. Thou art mad with jealousie. I never

360 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

saw thy wife in my life but at the play yesterday, and I know not if it were she or no. I court her, kiss her!

Pinch. I will not be a cuckold, I say; there will be danger in making me a cuckold.

Horn. Why, wert thou not well cur'd of thy last clap?

Pinch. I weare a sword.

Horn. It should be taken from thee, lest thou should'st do thy self a mischiefe with it; thou art mad, man.

Pinch. As mad as I am, and as merry as you are, I must have more reason from you e're we part. I say again, though you kiss'd and courted last night my wife in man's clothes, as she confesses in her letter —

Horn. (*Aside.*) Ha!

Pinch. Both she and I say, you must not design it again, for you have mistaken your woman, as you have done your man.

Horn. (*Aside.*) Oh — I understand something now — Was that thy wife? Why would'st thou not tell me 'twas she? Faith, my freedome with her was your fault, not mine.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Faith, so 'twas.

Horn. Fye! I'de never do't to a woman before her husbands face, sure.

Pinch. But I had rather you should do't to

my wife before my face, than behind my back; and that you shall never doe.

Horn. No — you will hinder me.

Pinch. If I would not hinder you, you see by her letter she wou'd.

Horn. Well, I must e'ne acquiess then, and be contented with what she writes.

Pinch. I'le assure you 'twas voluntarily writ; I had no hand in't, you may believe me.

Horn. I do believe thee, faith.

Pinch. And believe her too, for she's an innocent creature, has no dissembling in her: and so fare you well, sir.

Horn. Pray, however, present my humble service to her, and tell her, I will obey her letter to a tittle, and fulfill her desires, be what they will, or with what difficulty soever I do't; and you shall be no more jealous of me, I warrant her, and you.

Pinch. Well then, fare you well; and play with any mans honour but mine, kiss any mans wife but mine, and welcome.

Exit Mr. Pinch [*wife*].

Horn. Ha! ha! ha! Doctor.

Quack. It seems, he has not heard the report of you, or does not believe it.

Horn. Ha! ha! — now, Doctor, what think you?

416 *shall*, Q5, shou'd.

Quack. Pray let's see the letter — (*Reads the letter.*) — hum — *for* — *deare* — *love you* —

Horn. I wonder how she cou'd contrive it! What say'st thou to't? 'tis an original.

Quack. So are your cuckolds too originals: for they are like no other common cuckolds, and I will henceforth believe it not impossible for you to cuckold the Grand Signior amidst his guards of eunuchs, that I say.

Horn. And I say for the letter, 'tis the first love letter that ever was without flames, darts, fates, destinies, lying and dissembling in't.

Enter Sparkish pulling in Mr. Pinchwife.

Sparkish. Come back, you are a pretty brother-in-law, neither go to church nor to dinner with your sister bride!

Pinch. My sister denies her marriage, and you see is gone away from you dissatisfy'd.

Spark. Pshaw! upon a foolish scruple, that our parson was not in lawful orders, and did not say all the common prayer; but 'tis her modesty only, I believe. But let women be never so modest the first day, they'l be sure to come to themselves by night, and I shall have enough of her then. In the mean time, Harry Horner, you must dine with me: I keep my wedding at my aunts in the Piazza.

Horn. Thy wedding! what stale maid has

liv'd to despaire of a husband, or what young one of a gallant?

Spark. O, your servant, sir — this gentlemans sister then, — no stale maid.

Horn. I'm sorry for't.

Pinch. (*Aside*). How comes he so concern'd for her?

Spark. You sorry for't? why, do you know any ill by her?

Horn. No, I know none but by thee; 'tis for her sake, not yours, and another mans sake that might have hop'd, I thought —

Spark. Another man! another man! what is his name?

Horn. Nay, since 'tis past, he shall be nameless. — (*Aside.*) Poor Harcourt! I am sorry thou hast mist her.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) He seems to be much troubled at the match.

Spark. Prythee, tell me — Nay, you shan't go, brother.

Pinch. I must of necessity, but I'le come to you to dinner. *Exit Pinchwife.*

Spark. But, Harry, what, have I a rival in my wife already? But with all my heart, for he may be of use to me hereafter; for though my

490 *to dinner*, Q5, at dinner.
492 *with all*, Qq., O, withal.

hunger is now my sawce, and I can fall on heartily without, but the time will come, when a rival will be as good sawce for a married man to a wife, as an orange to veale.

Horn. O thou damn'd rogue! thou hast set my teeth on edge with thy orange.

Spark. Then let's to dinner — there I was with you againe. Come.

Horn. But who dines with thee?

Spark. My friends and relations, my brother Pinchwife, you see, of your acquaintance.

Horn. And his wife?

Spark. No, gad, he'l nere let her come amongst us good fellows; your stingy country coxcomb keeps his wife from his friends, as he does his little firkin of ale, for his own drinking, and a gentleman can't get a smack on't; but his servants, when his back is turn'd, broach it at their pleasures, and dust it away, ha! ha! ha! — gad, I am witty, I think, considering I was married to day, by the world; but come —

Horn. No, I will not dine with you, unless you can fetch her too.

Spark. Pshaw! what pleasure can'st thou have with women now, Harry?

Horn. My eyes are not gone; I love a good prospect yet, and will not dine with you unless

510 *smack*, Q5, snack.

she does too; go fetch her, therefore, but do not tell her husband 'tis for my sake.

Spark. Well, I'le go try what I can do; in the mean time, come away to my aunts lodging, 'tis in the way to Pinchwifes.

Horn. The poor woman has call'd for aid, and stretch'd forth her hand, Doctor; I cannot but help her over the pale out of the bryars.

Exeunt Sparkish, Horner, Quack.

[Scene IV.]

The Scene changes to [a Room in] Pinchwifes House.

Mrs. Pinchwife alone, leaning on her elbow. A table, pen, ink, and paper.

Mrs. Pinchwife. Well, 'tis 'ene so, I have got the London disease they call love; I am sick of my husband, and for my gallant. I have heard this distemper call'd a feaver, but methinks 'tis liker an ague; for when I think of my husband, I tremble, and am in a cold sweat, and have inclinations to vomit; but when I think of my gallant, dear Mr. Horner, my hot fit comes, and I am all in a feaver indeed; &, as in other feavers, my own chamber is tedious to me, and I would fain be remov'd to his, and then methinks I shou'd be well. Ah, poor Mr. Horner! Well,

I cannot, will not stay here; therefore I'le make an end of my letter to him, which shall be a finer letter than my last, because I have studied it like any thing. O sick, sick!

Takes the pen and writes.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, who, seeing her writing, steales softly behind her, and looking over her shoulder, snatches the paper from her.

Pinchwife. What, writing more letters?

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, budd, why d'ye fright me so?

She offers to run out; he stops her, and reads.

Pinch. How's this! nay, you shall not stir, madam. — *Deare, deare, deare Mr. Horner* — very well — I have taught you to write letters to good purpose — but let's see't. — *First, I am to beg your pardon for my boldness in writing to you, which I'de have you to know I would not have done, had not you said first you lov'd me so extreamly, which if you doe, you will never suffer me to lye in the arms of another man, whom I loath, nauseate, and detest.* — Now you can write these filthy words. But what follows? — *Therefore, I hope you will speedily find some way to free me from this unfortunate match, which was never, I assure you, of my choice, but I'm afraid 'tis already too far gone; however, if you love me, as I do you, you will try what you can do; but you must help me away be-*

fore to morrow, or else, alass! I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our —
(*The letter concludes.*)
our — What is to follow *our?* — speak, what? — our journey into the country, I suppose — Oh woman, damn'd woman! and Love, damn'd Love, their old tempter! for this is one of his miracles; in a moment he can make those blind that cou'd see, and those see that were blind, those dumb that could speak, and those prattle who were dumb before; nay, what is more than all, make these dow-bak'd, sensless, indocile animals, women, too hard for us their politick lords and rulers, in a moment. But make an end of your letter, and then I'le make an end of you thus, and all my plagues together.
Draws his sword.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, O Lord, you are such a passionate man, budd!

Enter Sparkish.

Sparkish. How now, what's here to doe?

Pinch. This fool here now!

Spark. What! drawn upon your wife? You shou'd never do that, but at night in the dark, when you can't hurt her. This is my sister in law, is it not? (*Pulls aside her handkercheife.*) ay, faith, e'ne our country Margery; one may know

55 *drawn*, Q5, draw.

her. Come, she and you must go dine with me; dinner's ready, come. But where's my wife? is she not come home yet? where is she?

Pinch. Making you a cuckold; 'tis that they all doe, as soon as they can.

Spark. What, the wedding day? no, a wife that designs to make a cully of her husband will be sure to let him win the first stake of love, by the world. But come, they stay dinner for us: come, I'le lead down our Margery.

Mrs. Pinch. No — sir, go, we'l follow you.

Spark. I will not wag without you.

Pinch. [*Aside.*] This coxcomb is a sensible torment to me amidst the greatest in the world.

Spark. Come, come, Madam Margery.

Pinch. No; I'le lead her my way: what, wou'd you treat your friends with mine, for want of your own wife? — (*Leads her to t'other door, and locks her in, and returns.*) (*Aside.*) I am contented my rage shou'd take breath —

Spark. I told Horner this.

Pinch. Come now.

Spark. Lord, how shye you are of your wife! but let me tell you, brother, we men of wit have

60 *go dine*, Q5, go to dine. 64 *all*, Q5, also.
66 *cully*, Q5, cuckold.
70 *Mrs. Pinch.* Hunt and Ward transfer this speech to Pinch-wife.
72 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

amongst us a saying, that cuckolding, like the small pox, comes with a fear; and you may keep your wife as much as you will out of danger of infection, but if her constitution incline her to't, she'l have it sooner or later, by the world, say they.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) What a thing is a cuckold, that every fool can make him ridiculous! — Well, sir — but let me advise you, now you are come to be concern'd, because you suspect the danger, not to neglect the means to prevent it, especially when the greatest share of the malady will light upon your own head, for

How'sere the kind wife's belly comes to swell,
The husband breeds for her, and first is ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

88 *later*, Q2, Q4, latter.

ACT 5. SCENE I.

[*A Room in*] *Mr. Pinchwifes House.*

Enter Mr. Pinchwife and Mrs. Pinchwife. A table and candle.

Pinchwife. Come, take the pen and make an end of the letter, just as you intended; if you are false in a tittle, I shall soon perceive it, and punish you with this as you deserve. (*Lays his hand on his sword.*) Write what was to follow — let's see — *You must make haste, and help me away before to morrow, or else I shall be for ever out of your reach, for I can defer no longer our* — What follows *our?*

Mrs. Pinchwife. Must all out, then, budd? (*Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*] *takes the pen and writes.*) Look you there, then.

Pinch. Let's see — *for I can defer no longer our — wedding — Your slighted Alithea.* — What's the meaning of this? my sisters name to't? speak, unriddle.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, indeed, budd.

Pinch. But why her name to't? speak — speak, I say.

Mrs. Pinch. Ay, but you'l tell her then again. If you wou'd not tell her again —

Pinch. I will not: — I am stunn'd, my head turns round. — Speak.

Mrs. Pinch. Won't you tell her, indeed, and indeed?

Pinch. No; speak, I say.

Mrs. Pinch. She'l be angry with me; but I had rather she should be angry with me than you, budd. And, to tell you the truth, 'twas she made me write the letter, and taught me what I should write.

Pinch. Ha! [*Aside.*] I thought the stile was somewhat better than her own. — But how cou'd she come to you to teach you, since I had lock'd you up alone?

Mrs. Pinch. O, through the key hole, budd.

Pinch. But why should she make you write a letter for her to him, since she can write her self?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, she said because — for I was unwilling to do it —

Pinch. Because what — because?

Mrs. Pinch. Because, lest Mr. Horner should be cruel, and refuse her; or vaine afterwards, and shew the letter, she might disown it, the hand not being hers.

32 [*Aside.*], Qq. 1–3 omit, Q4, Q5, O, have [Aside and bracket [I thought . . . own], indicating that *Ha!* is not included in the aside.

33 *But how*, Q4, Q5, O, omit.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) How's this? Ha! — then I think I shall come to my self again. — This changeling cou'd not invent this lye: but if she cou'd, why should she? she might think I should soon discover it. — Stay — now I think on't too, Horner said he was sorry she had married Sparkish; and her disowning her marriage to me makes me think she has evaded it for Horner's sake: yet why should she take this course? But men in love are fools; women may well be so. — But hark you, madam, your sister went out in the morning, and I have not seen her within since.

Mrs. Pinch. A lack a day, she has been crying all day above, it seems, in a corner.

Pinch. Where is she? let me speak with her.

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) O Lord, then he'l discover all! — Pray hold, budd; what, d'y mean to discover me? she'l know I have told you then. Pray, budd, let me talk with her first.

Pinch. I must speak with her, to know whether Horner ever made her any promise; and whether she be married to Sparkish or no.

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, dear budd, don't, till I have spoken with her, and told her that I have told you all; for she'll kill me else.

Pinch. Go then, and bid her come out to me.

Mrs. Pinch. Yes, yes, budd.

62 *he'l*, Qq. 2–5, he'll, O, she'll.

Pinch. Let me see —

Mrs. Pinch. [*Aside.*] I'le go, but she is not within to come to him: I have just got time to know of Lucy her maid, who first set me on work, what lye I shall tell next; for I am e'ne at my wits end. *Exit Mrs. Pinchwife.*

Pinch. Well, I resolve it, Horner shall have her: I'd rather give him my sister than lend him my wife; and such an alliance will prevent his pretensions to my wife, sure. I'le make him of kinn to her, and then he won't care for her.

Mrs. Pin[*chwife*] *returns.*

Mrs. Pinch. O, Lord, budd! I told you what anger you would make me with my sister.

Pinch. Won't she come hither?

Mrs. Pinch. No, no. Alack a day, she's asham'd to look you in the face: and she says, if you go in to her, she'l run away down stairs, and shamefully go her self to Mr. Horner, who has promis'd her marriage, she says; and she will have no other, so she won't.

Pinch. Did he so? — promise her marriage! — then she shall have no other. Go tell her so; and if she will come and discourse with me a little concerning the means, I will about it immediately. Go. — (*Exit Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*].) His estate is equal to Sparkish's, and his extraction

75 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt. 81 *than*, Q5, then.

as much better than his, as his parts are; but my chief reason is, I'd rather be of kin to him by the name of brother-in-law than that of cuckold

[*Re-*]*enter Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*].

Well, what says she now?

Mrs. Pinch. Why, she says, she would only have you lead her to Horners lodging; with whom she first will discourse the matter before she talk with you, which yet she cannot doe; for alack, poor creature, she says she can't so much as look you in the face, therefore she'l come to you in a mask. And you must excuse her, if she make you no answer to any question of yours, till you have brought her to Mr. Horner; and if you will not chide her, nor question her, she'l come out to you immediately.

Pinch. Let her come: I will not speak a word to her, nor require a word from her.

Mrs. Pinch. Oh, I forgot: besides she says, she cannot look you in the face, though through a mask; therefore wou'd desire you to put out the candle.

Pinch. I agree to all. Let her make haste.—There, 'tis out—(*Exit Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*]. *Puts out the candle.*) My case is something better: I'd rather fight with Horner for not lying with my

[*Re-*]*enter Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*], Q4, Q5, O, omit.
107 *talk*, Q4, Q5, O, talks.

sister, than for lying with my wife; and of the two, I had rather find my sister too forward than my wife. I expected no other from her free education, as she calls it, and her passion for the town. Well, wife and sister are names which make us expect love and duty, pleasure and comfort; but we find 'em plagues and torments, and are equally, though differently, troublesome to their keeper; for we have as much a doe to get people to lye with our sisters as to keep 'em from lying with our wives.

[*Re-*]*enter Mrs. Pinchwife masked, and in hoods and scarves, and a night gown and petticoat of Alitheas, in the dark.*

What, are you come, sister? let us go then.— But first, let me lock up my wife. Mrs. Margery, where are you?

Mrs. Pinch. Here, budd.

Pinch. Come hither, that I may lock you up: get you in.—(*Locks the door.*) Come, sister, where are you now?

Mrs. Pin[*chwife*] *gives him her hand; but when he lets her go, she steals softly on t'other side of him, and is lead away by him for his sister, Alithea.*

After 135 *hoods and scarves*, Q5, a hood and scarf.

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to Horners Lodging.

Quack, Horner.

Quack. What, all alone? not so much as one of your cuckolds here, nor one of their wives! They use to take their turns with you, as if they were to watch you.

Horner. Yes, it often happens that a cuckold is but his wifes spye, and is more upon family duty when he is with her gallant abroad, hindring his pleasure, than when he is at home with her playing the gallant. But the hardest duty a married woman imposes upon a lover is keeping her husband company always.

Quack. And his fondness wearies you almost as soon as hers.

Horn. A pox! keeping a cuckold company, after you have had his wife, is as tiresome as the company of a country squire to a witty fellow of the town, when he has got all his mony.

Quack. And as at first a man makes a friend of the husband to get the wife, so at last you are faine to fall out with the wife to be rid of the husband.

12 *And*, Q1 misprints Aud.

Horn. Ay, most cuckold-makers are true courtiers; when once a poor man has crack'd his credit for 'em, they can't abide to come neer him.

Quack. But at first, to draw him in, are so sweet, so kind, so dear! just as you are to Pinchwife. But what becomes of that intrigue with his wife?

Horn. A pox! he's as surly as an alderman that has been bit; and since he's so coy, his wife's kindness is in vain, for she's a silly innocent.

Quack. Did she not send you a letter by him?

Horn. Yes; but that's a riddle I have not yet solv'd. Allow the poor creature to be willing, she is silly too, and he keeps her up so close—

Quack. Yes, so close that he makes her but the more willing, and adds but revenge to her love; which two, when met, seldome faile of satisfying each other one way or other.

Horn. What! here's the man we are talking of, I think.

Enter Mr. Pinchwife, leading in his wife masqued, muffled, and in her sisters gown.

Pshaw!

Quack. Bringing his wife to you is the next thing to bringing a love letter from her.

Horn. What means this?

Pinchwife. The last time, you know, sir, I brought you a love letter; now, you see, a mistress; I think you'l say I am a civil man to you.

Horn. Ay, the devil take me, will I say thou art the civillest man I ever met with; and I have known some. I fancy I understand thee now better than I did the letter. But, hark thee, in thy eare —

Pinch. What?

Horn. Nothing but the usual question, man: is she sound, on thy word?

Pinch. What, you take her for a wench, and me for a pimp?

Horn. Pshaw! wench and pimp, paw words; I know thou art an honest fellow, and hast a great acquaintance among the ladies, and perhaps hast made love for me, rather than let me make love to thy wife.

Pinch. Come, sir, in short, I am for no fooling.

Horn. Nor I neither: therefore, prythee, let's see her face presently. Make her show, man: art thou sure I don't know her?

Pinch. I am sure you doe know her.

Horn. A pox! why dost thou bring her to me then?

52 *will I*, Q5, I will. 56 *thy*, Q5, the.

Pinch. Because she's a relation of mine—

Horn. Is she, faith, man? then thou art still more civil and obliging, dear rogue.

Pinch. Who desir'd me to bring her to you.

Horn. Then she is obliging, dear rogue.

Pinch. You'l make her welcome for my sake, I hope.

Horn. I hope she is handsome enough to make her self wellcome. Prythee let her unmask.

Pinch. Doe you speak to her; she wou'd never be rul'd by me.

Horn. Madam —(*Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*] *whispers to Hor*[*ner*].) She says she must speak with me in private. Withdraw, prythee.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) She's unwilling, it seems, I shou'd know all her undecent conduct in this business— Well then, Ile leave you together, and hope when I am gone, you'l agree; if not, you and I shan't agree, sir.

Horn. [*Aside.*] What means the fool?—If she and I agree 'tis no matter what you and I do.

Whispers to Mrs. Pin[*chwife*], *who makes signs with her hand for him to be gone.*

Pinch. In the mean time I'le fetch a parson, and find out Sparkish, and disabuse him. You

82 *she is*, Q5, she 's. After 97 *hand*, Q5, hands.

wou'd have me fetch a parson, would you not? Well then — now I think I am rid of her, and shall have no more trouble with her — our sisters and daughters, like usurers money, are safest when put out; but our wifes, like their writings, never safe but in our closets under lock and key.

Exit Mr. Pin[*chwife*].

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir Jaspar Fidget, sir, is coming up.

[*Exit.*]

Horn. Here's the trouble of a cuckold now we are talking of. A pox on him! has he not enough to doe to hinder his wifes sport, but he must other women's too? — Step in here, madam.

Exit Mrs. Pin[*chwife*].

Enter Sir Jaspar [*Fidget*].

Sir Jaspar. My best and dearest friend.

Horn. [*Aside to Quack.*] The old stile, Doctor. — Well, be short, for I am busie. What would your impertinent wife have now?

Sir Jasp. Well guess'd, y' faith; for I do come from her.

Horn. To invite me to supper! Tell her, I can't come: go.

Sir Jasp. Nay, now you are out, faith; for

After 106 [*Exit.*], added by Hunt.
108 *has he not*, Q5, he has not.
113 [*Aside to Quack.*], added by Hunt.

my lady, and the whole knot of the virtuous gang, as they call themselves, are resolv'd upon a frolick of coming to you to night in a masquerade, and are all drest already.

Horn. I shan't be at home.

Sir Jasp. [*Aside.*] Lord, how churlish he is to women! — Nay, prythee don't disappoint 'em! they'l think 'tis my fault: prythee don't. I'le send in the banquet and the fiddles. But make no noise on't; for the poor virtuous rogues would not have it known, for the world, that they go a masquerading; and they would come to no mans ball but yours.

Horn. Well, well — get you gone; and tell 'em, if they come, 'twill be at the peril of their honour and yours.

Sir Jasp. Heh! he! he! — we'l trust you for that: farewell. *Exit Sir Jaspar.*

Horn. Doctor, anon you too shall be my guest,
But now I'm going to a private feast.
[*Exeunt.*]

123 *in a*, Q4, Q5, O, omit a.
126 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.
127 *Nay, prythee*, Q4, Q5, Nay, praythee.

[SCENE III.]

The Scene changes to the Piazza of Covent Garden.

Sparkish, Pinchwife.

Spar[kish] with the letter in his hand.

Sparkish. But who would have thought a woman could have been false to me? By the world, I could not have thought it.

Pinchwife. You were for giving and taking liberty: she has taken it only, sir, now you find in that letter. You are a frank person, and so is she, you see there.

Spark. Nay, if this be her hand — for I never saw it.

Pinch. 'Tis no matter whether that be her hand or no; I am sure this hand, at her desire, lead her to Mr. Horner, with whom I left her just now, to go fetch a parson to 'em at their desire too, to deprive you of her for ever; for it seems yours was but a mock marriage.

Spark. Indeed, she wou'd needs have it that 'twas Harcourt himself, in a parsons habit, that married us; but I'm sure he told me 'twas his brother Ned.

Spar[kish] with the letter in his hand, in the originals printed in the margin of Sparkish's first speech.

Pinch. O, there 'tis out; and you were deceiv'd, not she: for you are such a frank person. But I must be gone. — You'l find her at Mr. Horners. Goe, and believe your eyes.

Exit Mr. Pin[*chwife*].

Spark. Nay, I'le to her, and call her as many crocodiles, syrens, harpies, and other heathenish names, as a poet would do a mistress who had refus'd to heare his suit, nay more, his verses on her. — But stay, is not that she following a torch at t'other end of the Piazza? and from Horners certainly — 'tis so.

Enter Alithea following a torch, and Lucy behind.

You are well met, madam, though you don't think so. What, you have made a short visit to Mr. Horner, but I suppose you'l return to him presently; by that time the parson can be with him.

Alithea. Mr. Horner and the parson, sir!

Spark. Come, madam, no more dissembling, no more jilting; for I am no more a frank person.

Alith. How's this?

Lucy. (*Aside.*) So, 'twill work, I see.

Spark. Cou'd you find out no easie country fool to abuse? none but me, a gentleman of wit and pleasure about the town? But it was your pride to be too hard for a man of parts, unworthy false woman! false as a friend that lends

a man mony to lose; false as dice, who undoe those that trust all they have to 'em.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) He has been a great bubble, by his similes, as they say.

Alith. You have been too merry, sir, at your wedding dinner, sure.

Spark. What, d'y mock me too?

Alith. Or you have been deluded.

Spark. By you.

Alith. Let me understand you.

Spark. Have you the confidence, (I should call it something else, since you know your guilt,) to stand my just reproaches? you did not write an impudent letter to Mr. Horner? who I find now has club'd with you in deluding me with his aversion for women, that I might not, forsooth, suspect him for my rival.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) D'y think the gentleman can be jealous now, madam?

Alith. I write a letter to Mr. Horner!

Spark. Nay, madam, do not deny it. Your brother shew'd it me just now; and told me likewise, he left you at Horners lodging to fetch a parson to marry you to him: and I wish you joy, madam, joy, joy: and to him too, much joy; and to my self more joy, for not marrying you.

Alith. (*Aside.*) So, I find my brother would break off the match; and I can consent to't, since

I see this gentleman can be made jealous. — O Lucy, by his rude usage and jealousie, he makes me almost afraid I am married to him. Art thou sure 'twas Harcourt himself, and no parson, that married us?

Spark. No, madam, I thank you. I suppose that was a contrivance too of Mr. Horners and yours, to make Harcourt play the parson; but I would as little as you have him one now, no, not for the world. For, shall I tell you another truth? I never had any passion for you 'till now, for now I hate you. 'Tis true, I might have married your portion, as other men of parts of the town do sometimes: and so, your servant. And to shew my unconcernedness, I'le come to your wedding, and resign you with as much joy as I would a stale wench to a new cully; nay, with as much joy as I would after the first night, if I had been married to you. There's for you; and so your servant, servant. *Exit Spar*[*kish*].

Alith. How was I deceiv'd in a man!

Lucy. You'l believe then a fool may be made jealous now? for that easiness in him that suffers him to be led by a wife, will likewise permit him to be perswaded against her by others.

Alith. But marry Mr. Horner! my brother does not intend it, sure: if I thought he did, I would take thy advice, and Mr. Harcourt for

my husband. And now I wish, that if there be any over-wise woman of the town, who, like me, would marry a fool, for fortune, liberty, or title, first, that her husband may love play, and be a cully to all the town but her, and suffer none but Fortune to be mistress of his purse; then, if for liberty, that he may send her into the country, under the conduct of some housewifely mother-in law; and if for title, may the world give 'em none but that of cuckold.

Lucy. And for her greater curse, madam, may he not deserve it.

Alith. Away, impertinent! Is not this my old Lady Lanterlus?

Lucy. Yes, madam.—(*Aside.*) And here I hope we shall find Mr. Harcourt.

Exeunt Ali[*thea,*] *Lucy.*

[SCENE IV.]

The Scene changes again to Horner's Lodging.

Horner, Lady Fidget, Mrs. Daynty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish.

A table, banquet, and bottles.

Horner. (*Aside.*) A pox! they are come too soon—before I have sent back my new—mistress. All I have now to do is to lock her in, that they may not see her.

Lady Fidget. That we may be sure of our wellcome, we have brought our entertainment with us, and are resolv'd to treat thee, dear toad.

Mrs. Dainty. And that we may be merry to purpose, have left Sir Jaspar and my old Lady Squeamish, quarrelling at home at baggammon.

Mrs. Squeamish. Therefore let us make use of our time, lest they should chance to interrupt us.

Lady Fid. Let us sit then.

Horn. First, that you may be private, let me lock this door and that, and I'le wait upon you presently.

Lady Fid. No, sir, shut 'em only, and your lips for ever; for we must trust you as much as our women.

Horn. You know all vanity's kill'd in me; I have no occasion for talking.

Lady Fid. Now, ladies, supposing we had drank each of us our two bottles, let us speak the truth of our hearts.

Mrs. Dain. and Mrs. Squeam. Agreed.

Lady Fid. By this brimmer, for truth is no where else to be found — (*Aside to Hor*[*ner*].) not in thy heart, false man!

Horn. (*Aside to Lady Fid*[*get*].) You have found me a true man, I'm sure.

6 *our*, Q5, an.

Lady Fid. (*Aside to Hor*[*ner*].) Not every way. — But let us sit and be merry.

Lady Fidget sings.

1.

Why should our damn'd tyrants oblige us to live
On the pittance of pleasure which they only give?
We must not rejoyce
With wine and with noise:
In vaine we must wake in a dull bed alone,
Whilst to our warm rival the bottle they're gone.
Then lay aside charms,
*And take up these arms.** * The glasses.

2.

'Tis wine only gives 'em their courage and wit;
Because we live sober, to men we submit.
If for beauties you'd pass,
Take a lick of the glass,
'Twill mend your complexions, and when they are gone,
The best red we have is the red of the grape:
Then, sisters, lay't on,
And dam a good shape.

Mrs. Dain. Dear brimmer! Well, in token of our openness and plain dealing, let us throw our masques over our heads.

Horn. [*Aside.*] So, 'twill come to the glasses anon.

53 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Mrs. Squeam. Lovely brimmer! let me enjoy him first.

Lady Fid. No, I never part with a gallant till I've try'd him. Dear brimmer! that mak'st our husbands short sighted.

Mrs. Dain. And our bashful gallants bold.

Mrs. Squeam. And, for want of a gallant, the butler lovely in our eyes. — Drink, eunuch.

Lady Fid. Drink, thou representative of a husband. — Damn a husband!

Mrs. Dain. And, as it were a husband, an old keeper.

Mrs. Squeam. And an old grandmother.

Horn. And an English bawd, and a French chirurgion.

Lady Fid. Ay, we have all reason to curse 'em.

Horn. For my sake, ladies?

Lady Fid. No, for our own; for the first spoils all young gallants industry.

Mrs. Dain. And the others art makes 'em bold only with common women.

Mrs. Squeam. And rather run the hazard of the vile distemper amongst them, than of a denial amongst us.

Mrs. Dain. The filthy toads chuse mistresses

58 *I've*, Q5, I have.
69 *chirurgion*, Qq. 2–5, chirurgeon, O, surgeon.

now as they do stuffs, for having been fancy'd and worn by others.

Mrs. Squeam. For being common and cheap.

Lady Fid. Whilst women of quality, like the richest stuffs, lye untumbled, and unask'd for.

Horn. Ay, neat, and cheap, and new, often they think best.

Mrs. Dain. No, sir, the beasts will be known by a mistriss longer than by a suit.

Mrs. Squeam. And 'tis not for cheapness neither.

Lady Fid. No; for the vain fopps will take up druggets, and embroider 'em. But I wonder at the depraved appetites of witty men; they use to be out of the common road, and hate imitation. Pray tell me, beast, when you were a man, why you rather chose to club with a multitude in a common house for an entertainment, than to be the only guest at a good table.

Horn. Why, faith, ceremony and expectation are unsufferable to those that are sharp bent. People always eat with the best stomach at an ordinary, where every man is snatching for the best bit.

Lady Fid. Though he get a cut over the fingers. — But I have heard, people eat most heartily of another man's meat, that is, what they do not pay for.

Horn. When they are sure of their wellcome and freedome; for ceremony in love and eating is as ridiculous as in fighting: falling on briskly is all should be done in those occasions.

Lady Fid. Well then, let me tell you, sir, there is no where more freedome than in our houses; and we take freedom from a young person as a sign of good breeding; and a person may be as free as he pleases with us, as frolick, as gamesome, as wild as he will.

Horn. Han't I heard you all declaim against wild men?

Lady Fid. Yes; but for all that, we think wildness in a man as desireable a quality as in a duck or rabbet: a tame man! foh!

Horn. I know not, but your reputations frightned me as much as your faces invited me.

Lady Fid. Our reputation! Lord! why should you not think that we women make use of our reputation, as you men of yours, only to deceive the world with less suspicion? Our virtue is like the state-man's religion, the Quakers word, the gamesters oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat those that trust us.

Mrs. Squeam. And that demureness, coyness, and modesty, that you see in our faces in the

131 *state-man's*, Q3, states-man's, Q5, state-mens.

boxes at plays, is as much a sign of a kind woman, as a vizard-mask in the pit.

Mrs. Dain. For, I assure you, women are least mask'd when they have the velvet vizard on.

Lady Fid. You wou'd have found us modest women in our denyals only.

Mrs. Squeam. Our bashfulness is only the reflection of the men's.

Mrs. Dain. We blush, when they are shame-fac'd.

Horn. I beg your pardon, ladies, I was deceiv'd in you devilishly. But why that mighty pretence to honour?

Lady Fid. We have told you; but sometimes 'twas for the same reason you men pretend business often, to avoid ill company, to enjoy the better and more privately those you love.

Horn. But why wou'd you ne'er give a friend a wink then?

Lady Fid. Faith, your reputation frightned us, as much as ours did you, you were so notoriously lewd.

Horn. And you so seemingly honest.

Lady Fid. Was that all that deterr'd you?

Horn. And so expensive — you allow freedom, you say.

140 *modest*, Q5, honest. 143 *reflection*, Q5, reflections.
153 *ne'er*, Q5, never.

Lady Fid. Ay, ay.

Horn. That I was afraid of losing my little money, as well as my little time, both which my other pleasures required.

Lady Fid. Money! foh! you talk like a little fellow now: do such as we expect money?

Horn. I beg your pardon, madam; I must confess, I have heard that great ladies, like great merchants, set but the higher prizes upon what they have, because they are not in necessity of taking the first offer.

Mrs. Dain. Such as we make sale of our hearts?

Mrs. Squeam. We brib'd for our love? foh!

Horn. With your pardon, ladies, I know, like great men in offices, you seem to exact flattery and attendance only from your followers; but you have receivers about you, and such fees to pay, a man is afraid to pass your grants. Besides, we must let you win at cards, or we lose your hearts; and if you make an assignation, 'tis at a goldsmiths, jewellers, or china house; where for your honour you deposit to him, he must pawn his to the punctual citt, and so paying for what you take up, pays for what he takes up.

Mrs. Dain. Wou'd you not have us assur'd of our gallants love?

172 *offer*, Q5 omits.

Mrs. Squeam. For love is better known by liberality than by jealousie.

Lady Fid. For one may be dissembled, the other not. — (*Aside.*) But my jealousie can be no longer dissembled, and they are telling-ripe. — Come, here's to our gallants in waiting, whom we must name, and I'll begin. This is my false rogue. *Claps him on the back.*

Mrs. Squeam. How!

Horn. [*Aside.*] So, all will out now.

Mrs. Squeam. (*Aside to Horner.*) Did you not tell me, 'twas for my sake only you reported your self no man?

Mrs. Dain. (*Aside to Horner.*) Oh, wretch! did you not swear to me, 'twas for my love and honour you pass'd for that thing you do?

Horn. So, so.

Lady Fid. Come, speak, ladies: this is my false villain.

Mrs. Squeam. And mine too.

Mrs. Dain. And mine.

Horn. Well then, you are all three my false rogues too, and there's an end on't.

Lady Fid. Well then, there's no remedy; sister sharers, let us not fall out, but have a care of our honour. Though we get no presents, no jewels of him, we are savers of our honour, the

198 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

jewel of most value and use, which shines yet to the world unsuspected, though it be counterfeit.

Horn. Nay, and is e'en as good as if it were true, provided the world think so; for honour, like beauty now, only depends on the opinion of others.

Lady Fid. Well, Harry Common, I hope you can be true to three. Swear; but 'tis no purpose to require your oath, for you are as often forsworn as you swear to new women.

Horn. Come, faith, madam, let us e'en pardon one another; for all the difference I find betwixt we men and you women, we forswear our selves at the beginning of an amour, you, as long as it lasts.

Enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, and Old Lady Squeamish.

Sir Jaspar. Oh, my Lady Fidget, was this your cunning, to come to Mr. Horner without me? but you have been no where else, I hope.

Lady Fid. No, Sir Jaspar.

L. Squeamish. And you came straight hither, Biddy?

Mrs. Squeam. Yes, indeed, lady grandmother.

Sir Jasp. 'Tis well, 'tis well; I knew when once they were throughly acquainted with poor Horner, they'd ne'er be from him: you may let

218 *as if it were*, Q5, as 'twere.
223 *'tis no purpose*, Qq. 3–5, O, 'tis to no purpose.

her masquerade it with my wife and Horner, and I warrant her reputation safe.

Enter Boy.

Boy. O, sir, here's the gentleman come, whom you bid me not suffer to come up, without giving you notice, with a lady too, and other gentlemen.

Horn. Do you all go in there, whil'st I send 'em away; and, boy, do you desire 'em to stay below 'til I come, which shall be immediately.

Exeunt Sir Jaspar [*Fidget*], *Lad*[*y*] *Squeamish*], *Lad*[*y*] *Fidget, Mistris Dainty* [*Fidget*], [*Mrs.*] *Squeamish.*

Boy. Yes, sir. *Exit.*

Exit Horner at t'other door, and returns with Mistris Pinchwife.

Horn. You wou'd not take my advice, to be gone home before your husband came back, he'll now discover all; yet pray, my dearest, be perswaded to go home, and leave the rest to my management; I'll let you down the back way.

Mrs. Pinchwife. I don't know the way home, so I don't.

Horn. My man shall wait upon you.

Mrs. Pinch. No, don't you believe that I'll go at all; what, are you weary of me already?

Horn. No, my life, 'tis that I may love you long, 'tis to secure my love, and your reputation

with your husband; he'll never receive you again else.

Mrs. Pinch. What care I? d'ye think to frighten me with that? I don't intend to go to him again; you shall be my husband now.

Horn. I cannot be your husband, dearest, since you are married to him.

Mrs. Pinch. O, wou'd you make me believe that? Don't I see every day at London here, women leave their first husbands, and go and live with other men as their wives? pish, pshaw! you'd make me angry, but that I love you so mainly.

Horn. So, they are coming up — In again, in, I hear 'em. (*Exit Mistris Pinchwife.*) — Well, a silly mistriss is like a weak place, soon got, soon lost, a man has scarce time for plunder; she betrays her husband first to her gallant, and then her gallant to her husband.

Enter Pinchwife, Alithea, Harcourt, Sparkish, Lucy, and a Parson.

Pinchwife. Come, madam, 'tis not the sudden change of your dress, the confidence of your asseverations, and your false witness there, shall perswade me I did not bring you hither just now; here's my witness, who cannot deny it, since you must be confronted.— Mr. Horner, did not I bring this lady to you just now?

Horn. (*Aside.*) Now must I wrong one woman for anothers sake, — but that's no new thing with me, for in these cases I am still on the criminal's side against the innocent.

Alithea. Pray speak, sir.

Horn. (*Aside.*) It must be so. I must be impudent, and try my luck; impudence uses to be too hard for truth.

Pinch. What, you are studying an evasion or excuse for her! Speak, sir.

Horn. No, faith, I am something backward only to speak in womens affairs or disputes.

Pinch. She bids you speak.

Alith. Ay, pray, sir, do, pray satisfie him.

Horn. Then truly, you did bring that lady to me just now.

Pinch. O ho!

Alith. How, sir?

Harcourt. How, Horner?

Alith. What mean you, sir? I always took you for a man of honour.

Horn. (*Aside.*) Ay, so much a man of honour, that I must save my mistriss, I thank you, come what will on't.

Sparkish. So, if I had had her, she'd have made me believe the moon had been made of a Christmas pye.

300 *womens*, Q5, woman's.

Lucy. (*Aside.*) Now cou'd I speak, if I durst, and 'solve the riddle, who am the author of it.

Alith. O unfortunate woman! A combination against my honour, which most concerns me now, because you share in my disgrace, sir, and it is your censure, which I must now suffer, that troubles me, not theirs.

Har. Madam, then have no trouble, you shall now see 'tis possible for me to love too, without being jealous; I will not only believe your innocence my self, but make all the world believe it. — (*Apart to Horner.*) Horner, I must now be concern'd for this ladies honour.

Horn. And I must be concern'd for a ladies honour too.

Har. This lady has her honour, and I will protect it.

Horn. My lady has not her honour, but has given it me to keep, and I will preserve it.

Har. I understand you not.

Horn. I wou'd not have you.

Mrs. Pinch. What's the matter with 'em all?

Mistress Pinchwife peeping in behind.

Pinch. Come, come, Mr. Horner, no more disputing; here's the parson, I brought him not in vain.

317 '*solve*, Qq. 2–5, O, solve.

Har. No, sir, I'll employ him, if this lady please.

Pinch. How! what d'ye mean?

Spark. Ay, what does he mean?

Horn. Why, I have resign'd your sister to him, he has my consent.

Pinch. But he has not mine, sir; a womans injur'd honour, no more than a man's, can be repair'd or satisfied by any but him that first wrong'd it; and you shall marry her presently, or — *Lays his hand on his sword.*

Enter to them Mistress Pinchwife.

Mrs. Pinch. O Lord, they'll kill poor Mr. Horner! besides, he shan't marry her whilest I stand by, and look on; I'll not lose my second husband so.

Pinch. What do I see?

Alith. My sister in my cloaths!

Spark. Ha!

Mrs. Pinch. (*To Mr. Pinchwife.*) Nay, pray now don't quarrel about finding work for the parson, he shall marry me to Mr. Horner; for now, I believe, you have enough of me.

Horn. [*Aside.*] Damn'd, damn'd loving changeling!

Mrs. Pinch. Pray, sister, pardon me for telling so many lyes of you.

342 *Har.*, Qq. 1–4, O, misprint Hor.
363 [*Aside.*], added by Hunt.

Horn. I suppose the riddle is plain now.

Lucy. No, that must be my work. — Good sir, hear me.

Kneels to Mr. Pinchwife, who stands doggedly, with his hat over his eyes.

Pinch. I will never hear woman again, but make 'em all silent, thus —

Offers to draw upon his wife.

Horn. No, that must not be.

Pinch. You then shall go first, 'tis all one to me.

Offers to draw on Hor[ner], stopt by Harcourt.

Har. Hold!

[*Re-*]*enter Sir Jaspar Fidget, Lady Fidget, Lady Squeamish, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, Mrs. Squeamish.*

Sir Jasp. What's the matter? what's the matter? pray, what's the matter, sir? I beseech you communicate, sir.

Pinch. Why, my wife has communicated, sir, as your wife may have done too, sir, if she knows him, sir.

Sir Jasp. Pshaw, with him! ha! ha! he!

Pinch. D'ye mock me, sir? a cuckold is a kind of a wild beast; have a care, sir.

367 *Horn.*, Qq. and O assign this speech to Har[court]. Hunt made the change, without question, rightly.

Lady Fidget, Qq. 2–5, O, omit.

Sir Jasp. No, sure, you mock me, sir. He cuckold you! it can't be, ha! ha! he! why, I'll tell you, sir — *Offers to whisper.*

Pinch. I tell you again, he has whor'd my wife, and yours too, if he knows her, and all the women he comes near; 'tis not his dissembling, his hypocrisie, can wheedle me.

Sir Jasp. How! does he dissemble? is he a hypocrite? Nay, then — how — wife — sister, is he an hypocrite?

L. Squeam. An hypocrite! a dissembler! Speak, young harlotry, speak, how?

Sir Jasp. Nay, then — O my head too! — O thou libi[di]nous lady!

L. Squeam. O thou harloting harlotry! hast thou don't then?

Sir Jasp. Speak, good Horner, art thou a dissembler, a rogue? hast thou —

Horn. Soh!

Lucy. (*Apart to Hor*[*ner*].) I'll fetch you off, and her too, if she will but hold her tongue.

Horn. (*Apart to Luc*[*y*].) Canst thou? I'll give thee —

Lucy. (*To Mr. Pin*[*chwife*].) Pray have but patience to hear me, sir, who am the unfortunate cause of all this confusion. Your wife is inno-

392 *a*, Q5 omits. 397 *my*, Q4, Q5, O, my my.
398 *libi*[*di*]*nous*, Q1, Q2, Q4, libinous, Q3, Q5, O, libidinous.

cent, I only culpable; for I put her upon telling you all these lyes concerning my mistress, in order to the breaking off the match between Mr. Sparkish and her, to make way for Mr. Harcourt.

Spark. Did you so, eternal rotten-tooth? Then, it seems, my mistress was not false to me, I was only deceiv'd by you. Brother, that shou'd have been, now man of conduct, who is a frank person now, to bring your wife to her lover, ha?

Lucy. I assure you, sir, she came not to Mr. Horner out of love, for she loves him no more—

Mrs. Pinch. Hold, I told lyes for you, but you shall tell none for me, for I do love Mr. Horner with all my soul, and no body shall say me nay; pray, don't you go to make poor Mr. Horner believe to the contrary; 'tis spitefully done of you, I'm sure.

Horn. (*Aside to Mrs. Pin*[*chwife*].) Peace, dear ideot.

Mrs. Pinch. Nay, I will not peace.

Pinch. Not 'til I make you.

Enter Dorilant, Quack.

Dorilant. Horner, your servant; I am the Doctors guest, he must excuse our intrusion.

Quack. But what's the matter, gentlemen? for Heavens sake, what's the matter?

Horn. Oh, 'tis well you are come. 'Tis a censorious world we live in; you may have brought me a reprieve, or else I had died for a crime I never committed, and these innocent ladies had suffer'd with me; therefore, pray satisfie these worthy, honourable, jealous gentlemen — that — *Whispers.*

Quack. O, I understand you, is that all? — Sir Jasper, by Heavens, and upon the word of a physician, sir — *Whispers to Sir Jasper.*

Sir Jasp. Nay, I do believe you truly. — Pardon me, my virtuous lady, and dear of honour.

L. Squeam. What, then all's right again?

Sir Jasp. Ay, ay, and now let us satisfie him too. *They whisper with Mr. Pinch*[*wife.*]

Pinch. An eunuch! Pray, no fooling with me.

Quack. I'le bring half the chirurgions in town to swear it.

Pinch. They! — they'l sweare a man that bled to death through his wounds died of an apoplexy.

Quack. Pray, hear me, sir — why, all the town has heard the report of him.

Pinch. But does all the town believe it?

Quack. Pray, inquire a little, and first of all these.

Pinch. I'm sure when I left the town, he was the lewdest fellow in't.

Quack. I tell you, sir, he has been in France since; pray, ask but these ladies and gentlemen, your friend Mr. Dorilant. Gentlemen and ladies, han't you all heard the late sad report of poor Mr. Horner?

All the Ladies. Ay, ay, ay.

Dor. Why, thou jealous fool, do'st thou doubt it? he's an errant French capon.

Mrs. Pinch. 'Tis false, sir, you shall not disparage poor Mr. Horner, for to my certain knowledge —

Lucy. O, hold!

Mrs. Squeam. (*Aside to Lucy.*) Stop her mouth!

Lady Fid. (*To Pinch*[*wife*].) Upon my honour, sir, 'tis as true —

Mrs. Dain. D'y think we would have been seen in his company?

Mrs. Squeam. Trust our unspotted reputations with him?

Lady Fid. (*Aside to Hor*[*ner*].) This you get, and we too, by trusting your secret to a fool.

Horn. Peace, madam. — (*Aside to Quack.*) Well, Doctor, is not this a good design, that carryes a man on unsuspected, and brings him off safe?

479 *Lady Fid.* Qq., O, Old La. Fid.
485 *Lady Fid.*, Qq., O, Old La. Fid.

Pinch. (*Aside.*) Well, if this were true — but my wife —

Dorilant whispers with Mrs. Pinch[*wife*].

Alith. Come, brother, your wife is yet innocent, you see; but have a care of too strong an imagination, least, like an over-concern'd timerous gamester, by fancying an unlucky cast, it should come. Women and fortune are truest still to those that trust 'em.

Lucy. And any wild thing grows but the more fierce and hungry for being kept up, and more dangerous to the keeper.

Alith. There's doctrine for all husbands, Mr. Harcourt.

Har. I edifie, madam, so much, that I am impatient till I am one.

Dor. And I edifie so much by example, I will never be one.

Spark. And because I will not disparage my parts, I'le ne're be one.

Horn. And I, alass! can't be one.

Pinch. But I must be one — against my will to a country-wife, with a country-murrain to me!

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside.*) And I must be a country wife still too, I find; for I can't, like a city one, be rid of my musty husband, and doe what I list.

Horn. Now, sir, I must pronounce your wife innocent, though I blush whilst I do it; and I am the only man by her now expos'd to shame, which I will straight drown in wine, as you shall your suspition; and the ladies troubles we'l divert with a ballet. — Doctor, where are your maskers?

Lucy. Indeed, she's innocent, sir, I am her witness; and her end of coming out was but to see her sisters wedding; and what she has said to your face of her love to Mr. Horner, was but the usual innocent revenge on a husbands jealousie; — was it not, madam, speak?

Mrs. Pinch. (*Aside to Lucy and Horner.*) Since you'l have me tell more lyes — Yes, indeed, budd.

Pinch. For my own sake fain I wou'd all believe;
Cuckolds, like lovers, shou'd themselves deceive.
But — *Sighs.*
His honour is least safe (too late I find)
Who trusts it with a foolish wife or friend.

A Dance of Cuckolds.

Horn. Vain fopps but court, and dress, and keep a puther,

524 *ballet*, Q3, ballat, O, ballad.
537 Q1 misprints *But — sighs.*

To pass for womens men with one another;
But he who aimes by women to be priz'd,
First by the men, you see, must be despis'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Finis.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY [MRS. KNEP.]

Now you the vigorous, who dayly here
O're vizard-mask in publick domineer,
And what you'd doe to her, if in place where;
Nay, have the confidence to cry, Come out!
Yet when she says, Lead on! you are not stout;
But to your well-drest brother straight turn round,
And cry, Pox on her, Ned, *she can't be sound!*
Then slink away, a fresh one to ingage,
With so much seeming heat and loving rage,
You'd frighten listning actress on the stage;
Till she at last has seen you huffing come,
And talk of keeping in the tyreing-room,
Yet cannot be provok'd to lead her home:
Next, you Fallstaffs *of fifty, who beset*
Your buckram maidenheads, which your friends get;
And whilst to them you of atchievements boast,
They share the booty, and laugh at your cost;
In fine, you essens't boyes, both old and young,
Who wou'd be thought so eager, brisk, and strong,
Yet do the ladies, not their husbands, wrong;

[*Mrs. Knep.*], Q1 has, by error of the printer, probably, Mr. Hart.

Whose purses for your manhood make excuse,
And keep your Flanders mares for shew, not use;
Encourag'd by our womans man to day,
A Horners *part may vainly think to play;*
And may intreagues so bashfully disown
That they may doubted be by few or none;
May kiss the cards at picquet, hombre, lu,
And so be thought to kiss the lady too;
But, gallants, have a care, faith, what you do.
The world, which to no man his due will give,
You by experience know you can deceive,
And men may still believe you vigorous,
But then we women — there's no cous'ning us.

28 *thought*, Qq. 2–5, O, taught.

Finis.

Notes to The Country Wife

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

3, 5. **The late so bafled scribler.** A reference to the ill-success of *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*. Cf. *Intro.* xxv.

3, 10. **like Castril . . . lye.** Kastrill is "the angry boy" in Jonson's *The Alchemist*. Cf. especially *Alchem.* IV, 2.

3, 11. **Bayses.** Bays was originally the nickname of the laureate Dryden in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* (1671); here, the author.

7. **Horner's Lodging.** This was in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Cf. I, i, 373.

7, 17. **Whitehal.** The Royal Palace, near the present Trafalgar Square, in which Charles II held his court.

8, 26. **Annis-seed Robin.** Since his memory was so contemptible, it is perhaps as well that it seems to have perished.

11, 117. **Escole de Filles.** *L'Ecole des Filles, ou la Philosophie des Dames*, an extremely licentious book, attributed to Helot, first published in Paris, 1655. It was condemned by the authorities and the copies burnt, while the author, who saved himself from further penalty by flight, was hanged in effigy. Brunet, *Manuel du libraire* (1861), ii, p. 939. Later editions were published in 1671 and 1672.

15, 222. **probatum est.** It has been tried before.

16, 234. **drunken vizard mask.** For the character of the vizard-masks see Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, 11, and Doran, *Annals of the Stage* (1888), I, 265. Cf. *Country Wife*, V, iv, 138, and Etheredge, *She Would if She Could* (1668), II, i, "A good face is as seldom covered with a vizard-mask as a good hat with an oiled case."

17, 283–284. **love . . . chirurgeon's.** Cf. note on text, p. 17. Love brings tortures of its own, besides those which the surgeon causes by his treatment for venereal disease. Cf. for example of

these, the opening of Shadwell's *The Humourists* (1671), and this whole discussion of love and wine with the discussion there.

18, 294. love . . . uppermost. Love will always be uppermost, as the oil will be above the vinegar.

19, 320–322. Mar-all's . . . music. Sir Martin Mar-all, in Dryden's play of that name (1667), pretends to serenade his mistress, though the music is actually furnished by his man, as Sir Martin eventually reveals by his awkwardness.

21, 379. tune his crowd. Spend time in preliminaries. Cf. Glossary.

23, 426. Chateline's. Chateline's or Chatelain's was a fashionable ordinary in Covent Garden, frequented by the wits. Cf. Pepys, under Mar. 13, 1667–8, and Apr. 22, 1668. It is often referred to in the plays of the day, especially Shadwell's.

23, 428. the Cock. The Cock Tavern, even more famous than Chatelain's, was on the east side of Bow Street, Covent Garden, about the middle of the street, opposite to the house in which Wycherley lodged with the widow Hilton. Cf. Cunningham, *Handbook of London* (1850), p. 67.

23, 430. the Dog and Partridg. Cf. Shadwell, *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), II, iii, "we must go to the 'Setting-dog and Partridge' to supper . . . there will be the blades, and we shall have a ball." I have not discovered its location. It is not the same as Pepys's and Jonson's "Dog," in King Street, Westminster.

24, 465. Smithfield jade. Allusions are many to the famous horse-market of Smithfield and the tricks practiced there. Cf. epilogue of Dryden's *Mr. Limberham* (1678), "This town two bargains has, not worth one farthing, — A Smithfield horse, and wife of Covent Garden." In his note on this passage Saintsbury alludes to the "old proverb, that whoso goes to Westminster for a wife, to St. Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave and a jade." Cf. also *II Henry IV*, I, ii, 55–60.

26, 518–519. my maxime . . . fool. Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, I, i, 82, *Épouser une sotte est pour n'être point sot.*

27, 531. understand the town. Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, IV, 5, 8, *Enfin j'ai vu le monde et j'en sais les finesses.*

28, 570. the eighteen penny place. Cf. II, i, 19 *et seq.*

The theatre prices, as shown by the bill at the opening of Drury Lane, Apr. 6, 1663, were Boxes 4s., Pit 2s. 6d., Middle Gallery 1s. 6d., Upper Gallery 1s. Pinchwife and Margery sat in the Middle Gallery, whereas the usual place for those of the higher class was below, in the boxes, or the Pit. Ladies, especially if unaccompanied by men, generally sat in the boxes. Cf. Pepys, under Jan. 7, 1668, and Dec. 8, 1668. For descriptions of the Restoration theatre see H. B. Baker, *The London Stage* (1889); Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1903); Misson, *Mémoires et Observations faites par un voyageur en Angleterre* (1698), quoted by Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, pp. 6, 7.

29, 602–604. **jealous . . . wife.** I. e., as a London citizen who has had the fortune to marry a woman of the upper class — the vicinity of Covent Garden being a fashionable residence section at this time. Cf. Wycherley's *Gentleman Dancing-Master*, I, i (Ward's ed. p. 141), "like an ill-bred city-dame, whose husband is half-broke by living in Covent Garden."

Covent-garden. Originally the *Convent Garden* of the monks of Westminster. In 1640 it was converted by Inigo Jones for its owner, the Duke of Bedford, into a fine square, with the church of St. Paul on the west side and lines of houses upon arcades on the north and east. These were called *the Piazza*, having been built in imitation of the Piazza at Leghorn. On the south lay the gardens of Bedford House. The square was inhabited by people of rank and fashion till nearly the middle of the eighteenth century. It is now occupied by a famous market.

31, 4. **Mulberry Garden.** This occupied the present site of Buckingham Palace. In 1609, James I, in an endeavor to establish the silk-industry in England, enclosed four acres at the west end of St. James's Park, and planted mulberry-trees. The garden was sold in the time of the Commonwealth, but was restored to Charles II and by him thrown open to the public. It was a place of fashionable resort and intrigue until closed, about 1675. It is constantly referred to in the plays of the time, and gives the title to Sedley's *The Mulberry Garden* (1668).

St. James's Park. Originally a marshy piece of ground between St. James's Hospital and Thorney Island, enclosed as a garden by Henry VIII, and used for a menagerie by James I, and

subsequently as a private park. It was much improved by Charles II and thrown open to the public, with whom it became the most popular place of resort. Cf. Wycherley's *Love in a Wood or St. James's Park* (1671).

31, 5. **the New Exchange.** Erected by Robert, Earl of Salisbury, 1609, on the south side of the Strand, nearly opposite the present Bedford Street. It was built somewhat after the plan of the Royal Exchange, with vaulted cellars beneath, over which were an open paved arcade and walks with rows of shops occupied by perfumers and publishers, milliners and sempstresses. In Wycherley's day it was a fashionable lounging-place. "By the intrigues, assignations, and indecent licenses of the fops with the milliners, the place lost its character, was little resorted to after the death of Queen Anne, and in 1737 was taken down." Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, Rev. ed. (1877), p. 331.

46, 396–397. **my own free-hold.** I. e., Margery.

50, 498–501. **'Tis true . . . not known.** Very likely, as Klette (p. 59) suggests, a reminiscence of Molière's *Tartuffe*, IV, 5, 118–120:

> *Et le mal n'est jamais que dans l'éclat qu'on fait,*
> *Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offense,*
> *Et ce n'est pas pécher que pécher en silence.*

54, 619. **gentleman-usher.** In 1676 gentlemen-ushers were apparently going out of fashion. Cf. Etheredge, *The Man of Mode* (1676), I, i (*Plays and Poems*, ed. Verity, 1888, p. 246), "Bawds are as much out of fashion as gentlemen-ushers: none but old formal ladies use the one, and none but foppish old strangers employ the other."

55, 639. **shocks.** Cf. Glossary. Hunt's and Ward's unauthorized reading, *smocks*, is at least a gratuitous, if not an unfounded, charge against the cleanliness of the fine lady of the time.

56, 662–665. **For when . . . pleases.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, III, 2, 119–121:

> *Car le jeu, fort décevant,*
> *Pousse une femme souvent*
> *A jouer de tout son reste.*

62, 75. she comes from it. I. e., Alithea has just returned from the play. At this time the performance appears to have begun at three o'clock. Later in the century the play began at five and ended about nine. Cf. Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* (1697), II, I, 252–255 (ed. W. C. Ward, 1893).

66, 29–32. if he cou'd . . . enough. If he could supply your hand with a glass, instead of filling it with money at dice or cards, you were satisfied; and if he was a drinker, the character of his conversation did not matter.

68, 81. brother woodcocks. "Woodcock" was proverbially used for "fool," on account of the ease with which the bird was netted.

68, 94. like . . . Exchange. I. e., light women.

70, 139. Hictius doctius, topsey turvey. A juggling formula, of uncertain derivation (cf. *N. E. D.* and *Cent. Dict.*), in use akin to *presto*. Cf. Dryden, *Amphitryon* (1690), v, i (Saintsbury's *Dryden*, VIII, 102), "Here is nothing, and here is nothing; and then hiccius doccius, and they are both here again." According to Saintsbury, *hiccius doctius* = *hic est doctus*, "the usual cant phrase for a conjuror."

71, 148–149. You shall . . . a knight. Examples, as Sparkish declares, are numerous. Cf. Sir Jasper, in this play; Sir Positive At-All, in Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers* (1668), described in the Dramatis Personæ as "a foolish knight"; Sir Humphry Noddy, in Shadwell's *Bury Fair* (1689); Sir Nicholas Gimcrack, Sir Formal Trifle, Sir Samuel Harty, in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso* (1676); Sir Nicholas Cully, in Etheredge's *Love in a Tub* (1664); Sir Oliver Cockwood and Sir Joslin Jolley in Etheredge's *She Would if She Could* (1668); and "the very cock-fool of all those fools," Sir Fopling Flutter in Etheredge's *The Man of Mode* (1676). Klette (p. 59) suggests that the passage is a reminiscence of Molière, *L'Impromptu de Versailles*, sc. I, "*Le marquis aujourd'hui est le plaisant de la comédie; et comme dans toutes les comédies anciennes on voit toujours un valet bouffon qui fait rire les auditeurs, de même, dans toutes nos pièces de maintenant, il faut toujours un marquis ridicule qui divertisse la compagnie.*"

72, 192. Covent-garden-Drollery. "*Covent Garden Drollery*, or a Collection of all the choice Songs, Poems, Prologues

and Epilogues, sung and spoken at Courts and Theatres. Written by the Refinedst Wits of the Age; and collected by A. B. Printed for James Magnes in *Russell Street* in *Covent Garden*. 1672." Cf. Arber, *Term Catalogues*, I, 117 (Nov. 21, 1672). Arber does not interpret "A. B." Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual* (1856), i, 280, ascribes the book to Alexander Brome, but Bullen, *Dic. Nat. Biog. sub* Alexander Brome, disagrees. Ward, *William Wycherley*, p. 292, misprints "R. B." and ascribes the book to Richard Brome. Misled by this error, Klette, *Wycherley's Leben etc.*, p. 29, assumes the existence of two collections.

72, 193. **Tarugos Wiles.** "Tarugo's Wiles; or, the Coffee-House. A Comedy Written By Tho. St. Serfe, Gent. London. Printed for Henry Herringman . . . 1668." Ward, p. 292, calls the author Sir Thomas St. Serle. "In the verses by Lord Dorset (written in 1668, as the inscription bears, upon occasion of the representation of Tarugo's Wiles at the Duke's Theatre), St. Serfe is called 'Sir Thomas,' and upon this evidence only he is styled a knight in the Biographia Dramatica. That he may have subsequently received such a mark of Royal favour is possible enough, but most assuredly, at the time his play was acted and published, he was merely 'Thomas St. Serfe, Gent.' At a later date, viz. the month of June 1669, he still remained without such title, for in the indictment at his instance, he is termed 'Thomas Sydserff, brother-german to Dr. Sydserff.' We very much suspect that he was a knight only of the noble Lord's creation." *The Trial of Mingo Murray for Assaulting Thomas Sydserf, Comedian, iv and xi. June* M.DC.LXIV. [1840?], Intro., p. 6. Genest, I, 87, shares with Ward the mistake of calling St. Serfe, St. Serle. Sydserff appears to be the original form. He was the son of Thomas Sydserff, bishop of Galloway.

72, 194. **The Slighted Maiden.** "The Slighted Maid. A Comedy. London, 1663." By Sir Robert Stapleton.

73, 212. **never go.** I. e., may I never go. Cf. note on *P. D.*, 280, 1108.

74, 230–231. **Sister . . . leave you.** Pinchwife calls back to Alithea, who is following at some distance behind (invisible on the stage), and who has now been joined by Sparkish and Harcourt.

77, 314–316. **She'l make . . . a cuckold.** This seems to mean: She'll make no use of her good fortune, her blessing, which

is nothing for a gentleman to grant (for it requires good breeding to be a cuckold), all for the sake of an out and out cuckold (i. e., Sparkish). The clause "for . . . cuckold" explains "none to a gentleman."

80, 382. **Gad . . . aware.** It is quite possible that this should be marked [*Aside*].

83, 460. ***Har.*** **Madam, I hope, etc.** While Pinchwife has been talking to Sparkish, Harcourt and Alithea have been conversing aside. Pinchwife now interrupts them with the words, "This gentlewoman," etc., before Harcourt receives an answer from Alithea.

89, 617. **question.** I. e., whether he may come earlier than Sparkish with a canonical gentleman. Cf. preceding note.

91, 667. **legion.** To call Alithea simply "bawd" is not strong enough for Pinchwife.

93, 734–735. **The gallant . . . all.** Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, III, ii, 126, 127:

Le mari dans ces cadeaux,
Est toujours celui qui paye.

97, 93–94. **Lincoln's Inn-fields.** The fields west of Lincoln's Inn were in 1618 already partly surrounded by residences of noblemen and gentlemen, as well as meaner dwellings. Later they were laid out as a "square" according to the plans of Inigo Jones, who completed the west side, with fine residences. In 1657 agreement was made to complete the square and the other two sides were added. The gardens were not enclosed till 1735.

St. James's-fields. Formerly a part of the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, it was made a separate parish, with a church consecrated in 1685 to St. James, in honor of the reigning monarch. It contained about 3000 houses and by the time of Queen Anne was the court quarter. Cf. Addison, *Spectator*, No. 403 (1712).

Pall-mall. A broad street between the Haymarket and St. James's street, S.W., so named from the French game of *paille-maille*, which was played there, as early as the reign of James I. As a street the name occurs as early as 1656, though Porter's map, about 1660 (London: Topographical Society, 1898), shows

no houses there. Not long after, in the reign of Charles II, the game was transferred to the Mall in the Park, and the street became lined with fashionable residences.

98, 107–108. chaplain . . . custom. The domestic chaplain was found in all the households of persons of "quality." He had no social standing, however, and was the constant object of satire. Cf. Oldham, *A Satyr Address'd to a Friend that is about to leave the University*, ed. 1703; Gay, *Trivia*, Bk. II; *Tatler*, No. 255, *Guardian*, No. 163; and other references, in Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, pp. 122, 123.

98, 121. the canonical hour. The canonical hours, within which a marriage could be legally performed in a parish church, were at this time from 8 A.M. to 12, noon. At present they are from 8 A. M. to 3 P.M.

104, 39–40. but . . . simplicity. Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, II, v, 19, 20:

> *Cet aveu qu'elle fait avec sincérité,*
> *Me marque pour le moins son ingénuité.*

105, 71–72. slaves . . . intended 'em. Cf. Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, III, ii, 25: *Votre sexe n'est là que pour la dépendance.*

110, 211. hint at bottom. This is the postscript: see p. 127, ll. 361–364.

122, 250–251. china enough. Cf. *P.D.* II, i, 571.

126, 336–338. Shye . . . civility. Lombard Street was noted from the fourteenth century for its bankers and financiers. The courtier's civility means a purpose to borrow money.

126, 338. Lockets. A very famous tavern at Charing Cross, on the site of the present Drummond's Bank, started by Adam Locket and continued after his death in 1688 by his son Edward. It is constantly referred to in the plays of the time. Cf. Shadwell, *The Volunteers* (1693), III, i, "your swearing, drinking fine Fellows in lac'd coats, just such as you of the drawing Room and Lockets Fellows are now"; and Vanbrugh, *The Relapse* (1697), II, i, 249, 250, "Lacket's, where you are so nicely and delicately served, that, stap my vitals! they shall compose you a dish no bigger than a saucer, shall come to fifty shillings."

130, 466. **the Piazza.** Cf note on Covent Garden, 29, 602.

136, 70. ***Mrs. Pinch.*** **No — sir, . . . you.** Without authority from the texts, Hunt and Ward assign this speech to Pinchwife, to whom it may seem naturally to belong

150, scene heading. ***the letter.*** The letter which Margery has written to Horner and signed with Alithea's name Cf. v, iii, 67

152. 48–49. **He . . . similes.** He has been a great gull, been much cheated, to judge by the similes he uses

161, 180. **pass your grants.** I e., accept the privileges you bestow.

170, 397. **my head.** With reference to the cuckold's horns.

174, 498–499. **Women . . . trust em.** Cf Molière, *L'Ecole des Maris*, I, ii, 79, 80:

> *Toutes ces gardes-là sont visions de fous:*
> *Le plus sûr est, ma foi, de se fier en nous.*

178, 28. **thought.** Hunt and Ward, like Qq 2-5, O, read *taught*, but the reading of Q1 is certainly correct The idea of the whole Epilogue is that gallants seek by their actions to be thought what they are not. *Taught* gives no sense in the passage.

The Plain-Dealer was licensed for publication January 9, 1676/77, and three quarto versions bear the date 1677. Of these, Q1 is easily distinguished by the fact that it has 96 numbered pages, Q2 only 84, like the succeeding quartos. The third version that is dated 1677 is not, however, Q3 but Q4. That the 1678 version is, in spite of the date, Q3 is shown not only by the title "The Second Edition," while Q4, 1677, has "The Third Edition," but by the changes in the firm of publishers, and by internal evidences of its relation to Q2 and Q4. It was evidently printed from Q2. (Cf. the Bibliography.) Q5, 1681, likewise bears the title "The Third Edition." Quartos 6, 7, 8 and 9, entitled respectively the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh editions, followed in 1686, 1691, 1694 and 1700. Q10, 1709, like Q8, bears the title of "The Sixth Edition." O1 is dated 1710. The date of O2 it is impossible to determine. There is no date upon the title-page, and in the collection of plays in which it appears other plays bear dates ranging from 1710 to 1721, but in no order corresponding to the volumes. The readings of O2, however, show that it is much more closely related to O1 than to O3, and seem to render it certain that it did not follow the latter. O3 is the version in the collected edition of Wycherley's *Works*, 1713.

Of these thirteen versions that appeared during Wycherley's lifetime, Q1 and O3 are the most important. The latter is manifestly closer to Q1 than most of the intervening editions. But there is no evidence that Wycherley revised the collected edition, and there is plenty of internal evidence that O3 is in important points inferior to Q1. The present text therefore follows that of the first quarto. With it have been collated the other nine quartos and the three octavo editions. Q1 has been collated in the copy in the British Museum, Q2 in that of the Cambridge University Library, Q3 and Q4 in copies owned by the editor, Q5 in a copy owned by Beverly Chew, Esq., New York, Q6 in the copy of the British Museum, Q7 in the editor's copy, Q8 in the copy of the British Museum, Qq. 9 and 10 in the editor's copies, and the three octavo editions in the copies of the British Museum.

All the variants of these thirteen editions will be found in the footnotes, save for the exceptions called for by the plan of this series, as noted in the discussion of the text of *The Country Wife*. The editions of Hunt and Ward have likewise been collated, and they are here treated as in the case of the former play.

THE

PLAIN-DEALER.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

Written by Mr Wycherley.

HORAT.

—— *Ridiculum acre*
Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res.

Licensed *Jan.* 9. 1676.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. N.* for *James Magnes* and *Rich. Bentley* in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-garden* near the *Piazza's.*

M. DC. LXXVII.

SOURCES

The theme of *The Plain-Dealer*, and the groundwork of its chief characters, together with the idea of some of its most effective scenes, were found in Molière's *Le Misanthrope*. The conception of the Widow Blackacre seems to have been due to Racine's *Les Plaideurs*. The criticism of *The Country Wife* in Act ii, scene 1 was suggested by Molière's *La Critique de L'École des Femmes*. Fidelia is an imitation of Viola, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, from which the name of Olivia and her pursuit of Fidelia are also borrowed. Klette's suggestion that Wycherley borrowed directly from Bandello in the scene in which Vernish finds Fidelia in the society of his wife and discovers her sex is of doubtful worth. Of a little more value, possibly, is the same writer's suggestion that Wycherley may have obtained a hint for the duel between Manly and Vernish, and Olivia's attitude toward the victor, in the actual duel between Buckingham and Shrewsbury, January 16, 1668, at which Lady Shrewsbury was present, disguised as a man, and embraced her victorious lover while he was still stained with the blood of her fallen husband. For a fuller discussion of Wycherley's indebtedness to others, see the *Introduction*.

TO MY LADY B——.

Madam,—

Tho I never had the honour to receive a favour from you, nay, or be known to you, I take the confidence of an author to write to you a Billiet doux *Dedicatory. Which is no new thing, for by most dedications it appears that authors, though they praise their patrons from top to toe, and seem to turn 'em inside out, know 'em as little as sometimes their patrons their books, tho they read 'em out; and if the poetical daubers did not write the name of the man or woman on top of the picture, 't were impossible to guess whose it were. But you, madam, without the help of a poet, have made your self known and famous in the world; and because you do not want it, are therefore most worthy of an Epistle Dedicatory. And this play claims naturally your protection, since it has lost its reputation with the ladies of stricter lives in the play-house; and (you know) when mens endeavours are discountenanc'd and refus'd by the nice coy women of honour, they come to you: — to you, the great and noble patroness of rejected and bashful men, of which number I profess my self to*

2 *or*, Q9, nor. 8 *'em*, Qq. 2–10, Os, them.
14 *of*, Qq. 4–10, O1, O2, omit.

be one, though a poet, a dedicating poet,—to you, I say, madam, who have as discerning a judgment, in what's obscene or not, as any quick-sighted civil person of 'em all, and can make as much of a double meaning saying as the best of 'em; yet wou'd not, as some do, make nonsense of a poet's jest, rather than not make it baudy; by which they show, they as little value wit in a play as in a lover, provided they can bring t'other thing about. Their sense, indeed, lies all one way, and therefore are only for that in a poet which is moving, as they say. But what do they mean by that word moving? *Well, I must not put 'em to the blush, since I find I can do't. In short, madam, you wou'd not be one of those who ravish a poet's innocent words, and make 'em guilty of their own naughtiness (as 'tis term'd) in spight of his teeth. Nay, nothing is secure from the power of their imaginations, no, not their husbands, whom they cuckold with themselves, by thinking of other men; and so make the lawful matrimonial embraces adultery; wrong husbands and poets in thought and word, to keep their own reputations. But your ladyship's justice, I know, wou'd think a woman's arraigning and damning a poet for her own obscenity like her crying out a rape, and hanging a man for giving her pleasure, only that she might be thought not to consent to't; and so, to vindicate her honour, forfeits*

39 *imaginations*, Q8, Q9, imagination.

her modesty. But you, madam, have too much modesty to pretend to't, tho you have as much to say for your modesty as many a nicer she: for you never were seen at this play, no, not the first day; and 'tis no matter what peoples lives have been, they are unquestionably modest who frequent not this play. For, as Mr. Bays says of his, that it is the only touchstone of mens wit and understanding; mine is, it seems, the only touchstone of womens vertue and modesty. But hold, that touchstone is equivocal, and, by the strength of a lady's imagination, may become something that is not civil: but your ladyship, I know, scorns to misapply a touchstone.

And, madam, tho you have not seen this play, I hope (like other nice ladies) you will the rather read it. Yet, lest the chambermaid or page shou'd not be trusted, and their indulgence cou'd gain no further admittance for it than to their ladies lobbies or outward rooms, take it into your care and protection; for, by your recommendation and procurement, it may have the honour to get into their closets; for what they renounce in publick, often entertains 'em there, with your help especially. In fine, madam, for these and many other reasons, you are the fittest patroness or judge of this play; for you shew no partiality to

57 *womens*, Q9, womans.
65 *indulgence*, Qq. 4–10, O1, O2, indulgences.
66 *ladies*, O1, O2, lady's. 67 *rooms*, Qq. 6–10, Os, room.

this or that author. For from some many ladies will take a broad jeast as chearfully as from the watermen, and sit at some downright filthy plays (as they call 'em) as well satisfy'd, and as still, as a poet cou'd wish 'em elsewhere. Therefore it must be the doubtful obscenity of my plays alone they take exceptions at, because it is too bashful for 'em: and, indeed, most women hate men for attempting to halves on their chastity; and baudy, I find, like satyr, shou'd be home, not to have it taken notice of. But, now I mention satyr, some there are who say, 'Tis the plain-dealing of the play, not the obscenity; 'tis taking off the ladies masks, not offering at their pettycoats, which offends 'em: — and generally they are not the handsomest, or most innocent, who are the most angry at being discover'd: —

"Nihil est audacius illis
Deprehensis; iram atq; animos à crimine sumunt."

Pardon, madam, the quotation; for a dedication can no more be without ends of Latine, than flattery: and 'tis no matter whom it is writ to; for an author can as easily (I hope) suppose people to have more understanding and languages than they have, as well as more vertues. But why, the devil! should any of the

77 *a poet*, Q9, poet. 79 *plays*, O3, play.
80 *'em*, Q9, them.
81 *most women*, Q4, Q5, must woman. 81 *to*, O2, by.
83 *notice*, Q9, any notice.
91 *iram*, Q10, O3, misprint itam.

few modest and handsome be alarm'd? (*For some there are, who, as well as any, deserve those attributes, yet refrain not from seeing this play, nor think it any addition to their vertue to set up for it in a play-house, lest there it shou'd look too much like acting.*) *But why, I say, shou'd any at all of the truly vertuous be concern'd, if those who are not so are distinguish'd from 'em? For by that mask of modesty which women wear promiscuously in publick, they are all alike; and you can no more know a kept wench from a woman of honour by her looks than by her dress. For those who are of quality without honour* (*if any such there are*) *they have their quality to set off their false modesty, as well as their false jewels; and you must no more suspect their countenances for counterfeit than their pendants, tho, as the plain-dealer Montaigne says,* Els envoy leur conscience au bordel, & teinnent leur contenance en regle. *But those who act as they look, ought not to be scandaliz'd at the reprehension of others faults, lest they tax themselves with 'em, and by too delicate and quick an apprehension not only make that obscene which I meant innocent, but that satyr*

102 *there*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, omit.
114 *Els*, Q2, Q3, O1, O2, Elles, Qq. 4–10, Eles. 114 *envoy*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, envoyent.
115 *teinnent*, Q10, O1, O2, tiennent. 115 *contenance*, Q9, countenance, Q10, O3, continence, O1, O2, contenence.
117 *to*, Q2, Q3, omit.

on all, which was intended only on those who deserv'd it.

But, madam, I beg your pardon for this digression to civil women and ladies of honour, since you and I shall never be the better for 'em: for a comic poet and a lady of your profession make most of the other sort: and the stage and your houses, like our plantations, are propagated by the least nice women; and, as with the ministers of justice, the vices of the age are our best business. But now I mention publick persons, I can no longer defer doing you the justice of a dedication, and telling you your own, who are, of all publick-spirited people, the most necessary, most communicative, most generous and hospitable. Your house has been the house of the people; your sleep still disturb'd for the publick; and when you arose, 'twas that others might lye down, and you waked that others might rest. The good you have done is unspeakable. How many young unexperienc'd heirs have you kept from rash, foolish marriages, and from being jilted for their lives by the worst sort of jilts, wives! How many unbewitched widowers children have you preserv'd from the tyranny of stepmothers! How many old dotards from cuckoldage, and keeping other mens wenches and children! How many adulteries and unnatural sins have you prevented! In fine, you have been a

144 *dotards*, Q10, Os, doaters.

constant scourge to the old lecher, and often a terrour to the young: you have made concupiscence its own punishment, and extinguish'd lust with lust, like blowing up of houses to stop the fire.

Nimirum propter continentiam, incontinentia
Necessaria est, incendium ignibus extinguitur.

There's Latin for you again, madam: I protest to you, as I am an author, I cannot help it: nay, I can hardly keep my self from quoting Aristotle and Horace, and talking to you of the rules of writing (like the French authors), to shew you and my readers I understand 'em, in my epistle, lest neither of you should find it out by the play. And according to the rules of dedications, 'tis no matter whether you understand or no what I quote or say to you of writing; for an author can as easily make any one a judge or critick in an epistle, as an hero in his play. But, madam, that this may prove to the end a true Epistle Dedicatory, I'd have you know 'tis not without a design upon you, which is in the behalf of the fraternity of Parnassus; that songs and sonnets may go at your houses, and in your liberties, for guinneys and half guinneys; and that wit, at least with you, as of old, may be the price of beauty, and so you will prove a true encourager of poetry; for love is a better help to it than wine; and poets, like painters,

159 *readers*, Q9. 2–10, Os, reader.
164 *an hero*, Q10, O1, O2, a hero.

draw better after the life than by fancy. Nay, in justice, madam, I think a poet ought to be as free of your houses, as of the play-houses; since he contributes to the support of both, and is as necessary to such as you, as a ballad-singer to the pick-purse, in convening the cullies at the theatres, to be pick'd up and carry'd to supper and bed at your houses. And, madam, the reason of this motion of mine is, because poor poets can get no favour in the tiring rooms, for they are no keepers, you know; and folly and money, the old enemies of wit, are even too hard for it on its own dunghill: and for other ladies, a poet can least go to the price of them. Besides, his wit, which ought to recommend him to 'em, is as much an obstruction to his love, as to his wealth or preferment; for most women now adays apprehend wit in a lover, as much as in a husband; they hate a man that knows 'em, they must have a blind, easie fool, whom they can lead by the nose; and, as the Scythian women of old, must baffle a man, and put out his eyes, ere they will lye with him; aud then too, like thieves, when they have plunder'd and stript a man, leave him. But if there shou'd be one of an hundred of those ladies generous enough to give her self to a man that has more wit than money, (all things consider'd,) he

178 *the pick-purse*, Q10, Os, a pick-purse.
180 *supper*, Qq. 4–10, O1, O2, a supper.

wou'd think it cheaper coming to you for a mistress, though you made him pay his guinney; as a man in a journey (out of good husbandry) had better pay for what he has in an inn, than lye on free-cost at a gentlemans house.

In fine, madam, like a faithful dedicator, I hope I have done my self right in the first place: then you, and your profession, which in the wisest and most religious government of the world is honour'd with the publick allowance; and in those that are thought the most unciviliz'd and barbarous is protected and supported by the ministers of justice. And of you, madam, I ought to say no more here, for your vertues deserve a poem rather than an epistle, or a volume intire to give the world your memoirs, or life at large; and which (upon the word of an author that has a mind to make an end of his dedication) I promise to do, when I write the annals of our British love, which shall be dedicated to the ladies concern'd, if they will not think them something too obscene too; when your life, compar'd with many that are thought innocent, I doubt not, may vindicate you, and me, to the world, for the confidence I have taken in this address to you; which then may be thought neither impertinent nor immodest; and whatsoever your amorous misfortunes have been, none can charge you with that heinous, and worst of

203 *than*, Q10, O1, O2, then. 208 *of*, Q10, O8, in.

womens crimes, hypocrisie; nay, in spight of misfortunes or age, you are the same woman still; though most of your sex grow Magdalens at fifty, and as a solid French author has it —

Apres le plaisir, vien't la peine;
Apres la peine, la vertu.

But sure an old sinner's continency is much like a gamester's forswearing play, when he has lost all his money; and modesty is a kind of a youthful dress, which, as it makes a young woman more amiable, makes an old one more nauseous; a bashful old woman is like an hopeful old man; and the affected chastity of antiquated beauties is rather a reproach than an honour to 'em; for it shews the mens vertue only, not theirs. But you, in fine, madam, are no more an hypocrite than I am when I praise you; therefore I doubt not will be thought (even by your's and the play's enemies, the nicest ladies) to be the fittest patroness for,

Madam,

Your ladyship's most obedient,
faithful, humble servant, and
THE PLAIN-DEALER.

234 *has*, Qq. 4–10, Os, had.
238 *an hopeful*, O1, O2, a hopeful.
241 *an*, Q10, Os, a. 248 *and*, O1, O2, omit.
249 THE PLAIN-DEALER, Q9 omits.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE PLAIN-DEALER.

I the PLAIN-DEALER *am to act to day,*
And my rough part begins before the play.
First, you who scribble, yet hate all that write,
And keep each other company in spite,
As rivals in your common mistriss, fame,
And with faint praises one another damn;
'Tis a good play (we know) you can't forgive,
But grudge your selves the pleasure you receive:
Our scribler therefore bluntly bid me say,
He wou'd not have the wits pleas'd here to day.
Next, you, the fine, loud gentlemen o' th' pit,
Who damn all playes, yet, if y'ave any wit,
'Tis but what here you spunge and daily get;
Poets, like friends to whom you are in debt,
You hate; and so rooks laugh, to see undone
Those pushing gamesters whom they live upon.
Well, you are sparks, and still will be i' th' fashion
Rail then at playes, to hide your obligation.
Now, you shrewd judges, who the boxes sway,
Leading the ladies hearts and sense astray,
And, for their sakes, see all, and hear no play;
Correct your cravats, foretops, lock behind;
The dress and breeding of the play ne'r mind;
Plain-dealing *is, you'll say, quite out of fashion;*

9 *bluntly bid me*, Q10, O1, O2, bid me bluntly.
24 *you'll*, O3, you'ld.

You'll hate it here, as in a dedication:
And your fair neighbors, in a limning poet
No more than in a painter will allow it.
Pictures too like, the ladies will not please;
They must be drawn too here like goddesses.
You, as at Lely's *too, wou'd truncheon wield,*
And look like heroes, in a painted field.
But the course dauber of the coming scenes
To follow life and nature only means;
Displays you as you are; makes his fine woman
A mercenary jilt, and true to no man:
His men of wit and pleasure of the age
Are as dull rogues as ever cumber'd stage:
He draws a friend only to custom just,
And makes him naturally break his trust.
I, only, act a part like none of you,
And yet you'll say, it is a fool's part too:
An honest man; who, like you, never winks
At faults; but, unlike you, speaks what he thinks:
The onely fool who ne'r found patron yet,
For truth is now a fault, as well as wit.
And where else, but on stages, do we see
Truth pleasing, or rewarded honesty?
Which our bold poet does this day in me.
If not to th' honest, be to th' prosp'rous kind:
Some friends at court let the PLAIN-DEALER *find.*

33 *nature*, Q10, natures, O3, nature's, both with comma after *means*.

THE PERSONS

MANLY *Mr. Hart*	Of an honest, surly, nice humor, suppos'd first, in the time of the Dutch War, to have procur'd the command of a ship, out of honour, not interest; and choosing a sea-life, only to avoid the world.
FREEMAN *Mr. Kynaston*	Manly's Lieutenant, a gentleman well educated but of a broken fortune, a complyer with the age.
VERNISH *Mr. Griffin*	Manly's bosome and onely friend.
NOVELL *Mr. Clark*	A pert railing coxcomb, and an admirer of novelties, makes love to Olivia.
MAJOR OLDFOX *Mr. Cartwright*	An old impertinent fop, given to scribling, makes love to the Widow Blackacre.
MY LORD PLAUSIBLE *Mr. Haines*	A ceremonious, supple, commending coxcomb, in love with Olivia.
JERRY BLACKACRE *Mr. Charlton*	A true raw Squire, under age and his mothers government, bred to the law.
OLIVIA *Mrs. Marshall*	Manly's mistriss.

The Persons, Q10, O3, Actors Names, O1, O2, Dramatis Personae, with the male list headed Men, the female headed Women.

My Lord Plausible, Q10, Os, Lord Plausible.

FIDELIA
Mrs. Bouteli — In love with Manly, and follow'd him to sea in man's cloaths.

ELIZA
Mrs. Knep — Cousin to Olivia.

LETICE
Mrs. Knight — Olivia's woman.

THE WIDOW BLACKACRE
Mrs. Cory — A petulant, litigious widow, alwayes in law, and mother to Squire Jerry.

[Serjeant PLODDON, QUAINT, BLUNDER, PETULANT, BUTTONGOWN, SPLITCAUSE and other] lawyers, knights of the post, bayliffs, [a constable and his assistants], an alderman, a booksellers prentice, a footboy, sailors, waiters, and attendants.

THE SCENE,

LONDON.

The Widow Blackacre, Q10, O1, O2, Widow Blackacre, O3, Wid. Blackacre.

an alderman, Q4, Q5, and alderman, Qq. 6–10, Os, and aldermen.

The Plain-Dealer

ACT I. SCENE I.

Captain Manly's Lodging.

Enter Captain Manly, surlily, and my Lord Plausible, following him; and two sailors behind.

Manly. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your *decorums*, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

L. Plausible. Nay, i' faith, i' faith, you are too passionate; and I must humbly beg your pardon and leave to tell you, they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Man. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another slave may do the like to me.

and my Lord, O2 omits *and*.

L. Plau. What, will you be singular then, like no body? follow, love, and esteem no body?

Man. Rather then be general, like you; follow every body, court and kiss every body; though perhaps at the same time you hate every body.

L. Plau. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend —

Man. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn; call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whil'st you have him in your arms. — For such as you, like common whores and pickpockets, are onely dangerous to those you embrace.

L. Plau. Such as I! Heav'ns defend me! — upon my honour —

Man. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

L. Plau. Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Man. What, you were afraid?

L. Plau. No; but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing: no, faith, I speak well of all mankind.

17 *follow, love, and esteem*, Qq. and O3, follow Love, and esteem, O1, O2, follow, love and esteem.

18 *then*, Qq. 2–10, Os, than.

Man. I thought so: but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

L. Plau. Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'r mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own; I will not disparage any man, to disparage my self: for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour; and, truly, to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person. But if I did say or do an ill thing to any body, it shou'd be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Man. Very well; but I, that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people, (which is very seldom indeed,) it shou'd be sure to be behind their backs; and if I wou'd say or do ill to any, it shou'd be to their faces. I wou'd justle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me;

41 *speaking*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O3, the speaking.
56 *any body*, Qq. 2–10, O8, any.

wou'd frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turn'd; wou'd give fauning slaves the lye whil'st they embrace or commend me; cowards whil'st they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesom as they were at first impertinent.

L. Plau. I wou'd not have my visits troublesom.

Man. The onely way to be sure not to have 'em troublesom, is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. A pox! why shou'd any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another mans business?

L. Plau. I beg your pardon, my dear friend. What, you have business?

Man. If you have any, I wou'd not detain your lordship.

L. Plau. Detain me, dear sir! I can never have enough of your company.

Man. I'm afraid I shou'd be tiresom: I know not what you think.

84 *A pox*, Q10, O1, O3, pox.

L. Plau. Well, dear sir, I see you wou'd have me gone.

Man. (*Aside.*) But I see you won't.

L. Plau. Your most faithful—

Man. God be w'ye, my lord.

L. Plau. Your most humble—

Man. Farewel.

L. Plau. And eternally—

Man. And eternally ceremony— (*Aside.*) Then the devil take thee eternally.

L. Plau. You shall use no ceremony, by my life.

Man. I do not intend it.

L. Plau. Why do you stir then?

Man. Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em against more welcomes.

L. Plau. Nay, faith, that shan't pass upon your most faithful, humble servant.

Man. (*Aside.*) Nor this any more upon me.

L. Plau. Well, you are too strong for me.

Man. (*Aside.*) I'de sooner be visited by the plague; for that only wou'd keep a man from visits, and his doors shut.

Ex[*it*] *thrusting out my Lord Plausible.*

Manent Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* Here's a finical fellow, Jack!

95 *you wou'd*, Q10, Os, you'd.
111 *shan't*, Q6–10, Os, shall not.

What a brave fair weather captain of a ship he wou'd make!

2 *Sailor.* He a captain of a ship! it must be when she's in the dock then; for he looks like one of those that get the king's commissions for hulls to sell a kings ship, when a brave fellow has fought her almost to a long-boat.

1 *Sail.* On my conscience then, Jack, that 's the reason our bully tar sunk our ship; not only that the Dutch might not have her; but that the courtiers, who laugh at wooden legs, might not make her prize.

2 *Sail.* A pox of his sinking, Tom! we have made a base, broken, short voyage of it.

1 *Sail.* Ay, your brisk dealers in honour alwayes make quick returns with their ship to the dock, and their men to the hospitals. 'Tis, let me see, just a month since we set out of the river, and the wind was almost as cross to us as the Dutch.

2 *Sail.* Well, I forgive him sinking my own poor truck, if he wou'd but have given me time and leave to have sav'd black Kate of Wapping's small venture.

1 *Sail.* Faith, I forgive him, since, as the purser told me, he sunk the value of five or six

123 *get*, Q10, Os, gets. 133 *your*, Q9 misprints you.
140 *truck*, Q6, Q7, trunck, Qq. 8–10, Os, trunk.

thousand pound of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the Indies; for our merry lieutenant was to succeed him in his commission for the ship back; for he was resolved never to return again for England.

2 *Sail.* So it seemed, by his fighting.

1 *Sail.* No; but he was a weary of this side of the world here, they say.

2 *Sail.* Ay, or else he wou'd not have bid so fair for a passage into t'other.

1 *Sail.* Jack, thou think'st thy self in the forecastle, thou'rt so waggish. But I tell you, then, he had a mind to go live and bask himself on the sunny side of the globe.

2 *Sail.* What, out of any discontent? for he's alwayes as dogged as an old tarpaulin, when hindred of a voyage by a young pantaloon captain.

1 *Sail.* 'Tis true I never saw him pleas'd but in the fight; and then he look'd like one of us coming from the pay-table, with a new lining to our hats under our arms.

2 *Sail.* A pox! he's like the Bay of Biscay, rough and angry, let the wind blow where 'twill.

1 *Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the land in a storm, no near —

145 *pound*, O1, O2, pounds. 159 *he's*, Q9, he was.
164 *pay-table*, Q4, Q5, play-table.
167 *'twill*, O2, t'will, Q10, O1, it will.
169 *no near* —, Qq. 1–7, Q10, O1, O3, No-near —, Q8, Q9, No near —, O2, No near.

2 *Sail.* 'Tis a hurry-durry blade. Dost thou remember after we had tug'd hard the old leaky long-boat to save his life, when I welcom'd him ashore, he gave me a box on the ear, and call'd me fawning water-dog?

[*Re-*]*enter Manly, and Freeman.*

1 *Sail.* Hold thy peace, Jack, and stand by; the foul weather's coming.

Man. You rascals! dogs! how cou'd this tame thing get through you?

1 *Sail.* Faith, to tell your honour the truth, we were at hob in the hall, and whil'st my brother and I were quarrelling about a cast, he slunk by us.

2 *Sail.* He's a sneaking fellow, I warrant for't.

Man. Have more care for the future, you slaves. Go, and with drawn cutlaces stand at the stair foot and keep all that ask for me from coming up; suppose you were guarding the scuttle to the powder room. Let none enter here, at your and their peril.

1 *Sail.* No, for the danger wou'd be the same: you wou'd blow them and us up, if we shou'd.

2 *Sail.* Must no one come to you, sir?

Man. No man, sir.

170 *2 Sail.*, Q10, O1, 1 Sail. 175 *1 Sail.*, Q10, O1, 2 Sail.
177 *rascals*, Qq. 4–10, rascal. 180 *were*, Q9, are.
187 *were*, Qq. 4–10, Os, are.
188 *and*, Qq. 6–10, O1, or.

1 *Sail.* No man, sir; but a woman then, an't like your honour —

Man. No woman neither, you impertinent dog! Wou'd you be pimping? A sea pimp is the strangest monster she has.

2 *Sail.* Indeed, an't like your honour, 'twill be hard for us to deny a woman any thing, since we are so newly come on shore.

1 *Sail.* We'll let no old woman come up, though it were our trusting landlady at Wapping.

Man. Wou'd you be witty, you brandy casks you? you become a jest as ill as you do a horse. Be gone, you dogs! I hear a noise on the stairs.

Ex[eunt] Sailors.

Freeman. Faith, I am sorry you wou'd let the fop go, I intended to have had some sport with him.

Man. Sport with him! A pox! then why did you not stay? You shou'd have enjoy'd your coxcomb, and had him to your self, for me.

Free. No, I shou'd not have car'd for him without you neither; for the pleasure which fops afford is like that of drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a fool, like a bottle, which wou'd

202 *We'll*, Q4, Q5, Well (with no comma following); Qq. 6–9, Well (with comma following). 202 *woman*, Q9, women.
205 *casks*, Q8, Q9, cask.

make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the devil cou'd you turn a man of his quality down stairs? You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Man. A lord! What, thou art one of those who esteem men onely by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsick worth! but counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you may bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being rais'd by't.—Here again, you slaves?

[*Re-*]*enter Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your honour.—What if a man shou'd bring you money, shou'd we turn him back?

Man. All men, I say: must I be pester'd with you too?—You dogs, away!

2 *Sail.* Nay, I know one man your honour wou'd not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

Man. Who's that? speak quickly, slaves.

2 *Sail.* Why, a man that shou'd bring you a challenge. For though you refuse money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

230 *by't*, Q10, Os, by it.

Man. Rogue! rascal! dog!

Kicks the Sailors out.

Free. Nay, let the poor rogues have their fore-castle jests: they cannot help 'em in a fight, scarce when a ship's sinking.

Man. Dam their untimely jests! a servant's jest is more sauciness than his counsel.

Free. But what, will you see no body? not your friends?

Man. Friends!—I have but one, and he, I hear, is not in town; nay, can have but one friend, for a true heart admits but of one friendship, as of one love. But in having that friend, I have a thousand; for he has the courage of men in despair, yet the diffidency and caution of cowards; the secresie of the revengeful, and the constancy of martyrs; one fit to advise, to keep a secret, to fight and dye for his friend. Such I think him; for I have trusted him with my mistress in my absence: and the trust of beauty is sure the greatest we can shew.

Free. Well, but all your good thoughts are not for him alone, I hope? Pray, what d'ye think of me for a friend?

Man. Of thee! Why, thou art a *latitudinarian* in friendship, that is, no friend; thou dost side with all mankind, but wilt suffer for none.

246 *help 'em*, Q4, Q5, help 'm.

Thou art indeed like your Lord Plausible, the pink of courtesie, therefore hast no friendship: for ceremony and great professing renders friendship as much suspected as it does religion.

Free. And no professing, no ceremony at all in friendship, were as unnatural and as undecent as in religion: and there is hardly such a thing as an honest hypocrite, who professes himself to be worse than he is, unless it be your self; for though I cou'd never get you to say you were my friend, I know you'll prove so.

Man. I must confess, I am so much your friend, I wou'd not deceive you; therefore must tell you, not only because my heart is taken up, but according to your rules of friendship, I cannot be your friend.

Free. Why, pray?

Man. Because he that is, you'll say, a true friend to a man, is a friend to all his friends. But you must pardon me, I cannot wish well to pimps, flatterers, detractors, and cowards, stiff, nodding knaves, and supple, pliant, kissing fools. Now, all these I have seen you use like the dearest friends in the world.

Free. Hah! hah! hah! — What, you observ'd me, I warrant, in the galleries at Whitehall,

271 *courtesie, therefore*, O1, O2, courtesie & therefore.
281 *I am*, Q10, O8, I'm.

doing the business of the place! Pshaw! Court professions, like court promises, go for nothing, man. But, faith, cou'd you think I was a friend to all those I hugg'd, kiss'd, flatter'd, bow'd to? Hah! ha! —

Man. You told 'em so, and swore it too; I heard you.

Free. Ay, but when their backs were turn'd, did I not tell you they were rogues, villains, rascals, whom I despis'd and hated?

Man. Very fine! But what reason had I to believe you spoke your heart to me, since you profess'd deceiving so many?

Free. Why, don't you know, good captain, that telling truth is a quality as prejudicial to a man that wou'd thrive in the world, as square play to a cheat, or true love to a whore? Wou'd you have a man speak truth to his ruine? You are severer than the law, which requires no man to swear against himself. You wou'd have me speak truth against my self, I warrant, and tell my promising friend the courtier, he has a bad memory?

Man. Yes.

Free. And so make him remember to forget my business. And I shou'd tell the great lawyer too, that he takes oftner fees to hold his tongue, than to speak?

299 *bow'd to*, Qq. 1–3, Q7, O3, misprint too.

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. Ay, and have him hang or ruine me, when he shou'd come to be a judge, and I before him. And you wou'd have me tell the new officer, who bought his employment lately, that he is a coward?

Man. Ay.

Free. And so get my self cashiered, not him, he having the better friends, though I the better sword. And I shou'd tell the scribler of honour, that heraldry were a prettier and fitter study for so fine a gentleman than poetry?

Man. Certainly.

Free. And so find my self maul'd in his next hir'd lampoon. And you wou'd have me tell the holy lady too, she lies with her chaplain?

Man. No doubt on't.

Free. And so draw the clergy upon my back, and want a good table to dine at sometimes. And by the same reason too, I shou'd tell you that the world thinks you a mad-man, a brutal, and have you cut my throat, or worse, hate me! What other good success of all my *plain-dealing* cou'd I have, than what I've mentioned?

Man. Why, first, your promising courtier wou'd keep his word, out of fear of more re-

334 *heraldry*, Q4, Q5, Q10, heraldy.
345 *or worse*, O2, or yet worse.

proaches, or at least wou'd give you no more vain hopes: your lawyer wou'd serve you more faithfully; for he, having no honor but his interest, is truest still to him he knows suspects him: the new officer wou'd provoke thee to make him a coward, and so be cashier'd, that thou, or some other honest fellow, who had more courage than money, might get his place: the noble sonneteer wou'd trouble thee no more with his madrigals: the praying lady wou'd leave off railing at wenching before thee, and not turn away her chambermaid for her own known frailty with thee: and I, instead of hating thee, shou'd love thee for thy *plain-dealing*; and in lieu of being mortifi'd, am proud that the world and I think not well of one another.

Free. Well, doctors differ. You are for *plain-dealing*, I find: but against your particular notions, I have the practice of the whole world. Observe but any morning what people do when they get together on the Exchange, in Westminster-hall, or the galleries in Whitehall.

Man. I must confess, there they seem to rehearse Bays's grand dance. Here you see a bishop bowing low to a gaudy atheist; a judge to a door-keeper; a great lord to a fishmonger, or a scrivener with a jack-chain about his neck;

376 *a scrivener*, O2, scrivener.

a lawyer to a serjeant at arms; a velvet physician to a thredbare chymist; and a supple gentleman usher to a surly beef-eater: and so tread round in a preposterous huddle of ceremony to each other, whil'st they can hardly hold their solemn false countenances.

Free. Well, they understand the world.

Man. Which I do not, I confess.

Free. But, sir, pray believe the friendship I promise you real, whatsoever I have profest to others: try me, at least.

Man. Why, what wou'd you do for me?

Free. I wou'd fight for you.

Man. That you wou'd do for your own honour. But what else?

Free. I wou'd lend you money, if I had it.

Man. To borrow more of me another time. That were but putting your money to interest; a usurer wou'd be as good a friend.—But what other piece of friendship?

Free. I wou'd speak well of you to your enemies.

Man. To encourage others to be your friends, by a shew of gratitude.—But what else?

Free. Nay, I wou'd not hear you ill spoken of behind your back by my friend.

380 *round in a*, O1, round a, O2, rounds in a.
394 *but*, Q9 omits. 395 *a usurer*, Qq. 2–10, Os, an usurer.

Man. Nay, then thou'rt a friend, indeed.—But it were unreasonable to expect it from thee, as the world goes now, when new friends, like new mistresses, are got by disparaging old ones.

Enter Fidelia.

But here comes another, will say as much at least.—Dost not thou love me devilishly too, my little voluntier, as well as he or any man can?

Fidelia. Better than any man can love you, my dear captain.

Man. Look you there, I told you so.

Fid. As well as you do truth or honour, sir; as well.

Man. Nay, good young gentleman, enough, for shame! Thou hast been a page, by thy flattering and lying, to one of those praying ladies who love flattery so well they are jealous of it; and wert turn'd away for saying the same things to the old housekeeper for sweetmeats, as you did to your lady; for thou flatterest every thing and every body alike.

Fid. You, dear sir, shou'd not suspect the truth of what I say of you, though to you. Fame, the old lyar, is believ'd when she speaks wonders of you: you cannot be flatter'd, sir, your merit is unspeakable.

408 *not thou*, Q10, Os, thou not.
414 *as well.* O2 has . . . instead of period.
425 *she*, Q9, he.

Man. Hold, hold, sir, or I shall suspect worse of you, that you have been a cushion-bearer to some state hypocrite, and turn'd away by the chaplains, for out flattering their probation sermons for a benefice.

Fid. Suspect me for any thing, sir, but the want of love, faith, and duty to you, the bravest, worthiest of mankind; believe me, I cou'd dye for you, sir.

Man. Nay, there you lye, sir; did I not see thee more afraid in the fight than the chaplain of the ship, or the purser that bought his place?

Fid. Can he be said to be afraid, that ventures to sea with you?

Man. Fie! fie! no more; I shall hate thy flattery worse than thy cowardise, nay, than thy bragging.

Fid. Well, I own then I was afraid, mightily afraid; yet for you I wou'd be afraid again, an hundred times afraid. Dying is ceasing to be afraid, and that I cou'd do sure for you, and you'll believe me one day. *Weeps.*

Free. Poor youth! believe his eyes, if not his tongue: he seems to speak truth with them.

Man. What, does he cry? A pox on't! a maudlin flatterer is as nauseously troublesom as

431 *chaplains*, Q10, O1, O2, misprint chaplain.
437 *I not*, Q10, O8, not I. 442 *shall*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

a maudlin drunkard.—No more, you little milk-sop, do not cry, I'll never make thee afraid again; for of all men, if I had occasion, thou shou'dst not be my second; and when I go to sea again, thou shalt venture thy life no more with me.

Fid. Why, will you leave me behind then?—(*Aside.*) If you wou'd preserve my life, I'm sure you shou'd not.

Man. Leave thee behind! ay, ay, thou art a hopeful youth for the shore only. Here thou wilt live to be cherish'd by fortune and the great ones; for thou may'st easily come to out-flatter a dull poet, out-lye a coffee-house or Gazet-writer, out-swear a knight of the post, out-watch a pimp, out-fawn a rook, out-promise a lover, out-rail a wit, and out-brag a sea-captain:—all this thou canst do, because thou'rt a coward, a thing I hate; therefore thou'lt do better with the world than with me, and these are the good courses you must take in the world. There's good advice, at least, at parting; go, and be happy with't.

Fid. Parting, sir! O let me not hear that dismal word.

Man. If my words frighten thee, be gone the

456 *of*, Qq. 4–6 omit.
472 *thou'lt*, Qq. 2–6, thoul't, Q7, thou'l.

sooner; for, to be plain with thee, cowardice and I cannot dwell together.

Fid. And cruelty and courage never dwelt together, sure, sir. Do not turn me off to shame and misery, for I am helpless and friendless.

Man. Friendless! there are half a score friends for thee then — (*Offers her gold.*) I leave my self no more: they'll help thee a little. Be gone, go, I must be cruel to thee (if thou call'st it so) out of pity.

Fid. If you wou'd be cruelly pitiful, sir, let it be with your sword, not gold. *Exit.*

[*Re-*]*enter first Sailor.*

1 *Sail.* We have, with much ado, turn'd away two gentlemen, who told us, forty times over, their names were Mr. Novel and Major Oldfox.

Man. Well, to your post again.—(*Exit Sailor.*) But how come those puppies coupled alwayes together?

Free. O, the coxcombs keep each other company, to shew each other, as Novel calls it; or, as Oldfox sayes, like two knives, to whet one another.

Man. And set other peoples teeth an edge.

480 *cowardice*, Q9, cowardness. 482 *dwelt*, Qq. 7–9, dwell.
483 *sure, sir. Do*, O1 and O2 punctuate, sure; Sir, do.
491 *sword, not*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, sword and not.
501 *knives*, Q9, knaves. 503 *an*, O2, on.

[*Re-*]*enter second Sailor.*

2 *Sail.* Here is a woman, an't like your honour, scolds and bustles with us, to come in, as much as a seamans widow at the Navy-office: her name is Mrs. Blackacre.

Man. That fiend too!

Free. The Widow Blackacre, is it not? that litigious she-pettyfogger, who is at law and difference with all the world; but I wish I cou'd make her agree with me in the church. They say she has fifteen hundred pounds a year jointure, and the care of her son, that is, the destruction of his estate.

Man. Her lawyers, attornies, and solicitors, have fifteen hundred pound a year, whil'st she is contented to be poor, to make other people so. For she is as vexatious as her father was, the great attorney, nay, as a dozen Norfolk attornies, and as implacable an adversary as a wife suing for alimony, or a parson for his tithes; and she loves an Easter term, or any term, not as other countrey ladies do, to come up to be fine, cuckold their husbands, and take their pleasure; for she has no pleasure but in vexing others, and is usually cloath'd and dagled like a baud in disguise, pursu'd through alleys by serjeants. When she is in town, she lodges in one of the Inns of Chancery,

517 *pound*, Q9, pounds.

where she breeds her son, and is her self his tutoress in law-French; and for her countrey abode, tho' she has no estate there, she chooses Norfolk.—But, bid her come in, with a pox to her! she is Olivia's kinswoman, and may make me amends for her visit, by some discourse of that dear woman. *Exit Sailor.*

Enter Widow Blackacre, with a mantle and a green bag, and several papers in the other hand: Jerry Blackacre, her son, in a gown, laden with green bags, following her.

Widow. I never had so much to do with a judges doorkeeper, as with yours; but—

Man. But the incomparable Olivia, how does she since I went?

Wid. Since you went, my suit—

Man. Olivia, I say, is she well?

Wid. My suit, if you had not return'd—

Man. Dam your suit! how does your cousin Olivia?

Wid. My suit, I say, had been quite lost; but now—

Man. But now, where is Olivia? in town? for—

Wid. For to morrow we are to have a hearing.

Man. Wou'd you'd let me have a hearing to day!

534 *kinswoman*, Q9, kindswoman.
551 *Wou'd you'd*, Q10, Os, wou'd you wou'd.

Wid. But why won't you hear me?

Man. I am no judge, and you talk of nothing but suits; but, pray tell me, when did you see Olivia?

Wid. I am no visiter, but a woman of business; or if I ever visit, 'tis only the Chancery-lane ladies, ladies towards the law; and not any of your lazy, good-for-nothing flirts, who cannot read law-French, tho' a gallant writ it. But as I was telling you, my suit —

Man. Dam these impertinent, vexatious people of business, of all sexes! they are still troubling the world with the tedious recitals of their law-suits: and one can no more stop their mouths than a wit's when he talks of himself, or an intelligencer's when he talks of other people.

Wid. And a pox of all vexatious, impertinent lovers! they are still perplexing the world with the tedious narrations of their love-suits, and discourses of their mistresses! You are as troublesom to a poor widow of business, as a young coxcombly rithming lover.

Man. And thou art as troublesom to me, as a rook to a losing gamester, or a young putter of cases to his mistress and sempstress, who has love in her head for another.

574 *coxcombly*, Qq. 4–10, O1, coxcomb.
574 *rithming*, Qq. 6–9, riming, Q10, Os, rhiming.
577 *and*, Q10, Os, or.

Wid. Nay, since you talk of putting of cases, and will not hear me speak, hear our Jerry a little; let him put our case to you, for the tryal's to morrow: and since you are my chief witness, I wou'd have your memory refresh'd and your judgment inform'd, that you may not give your evidence improperly. — Speak out, child.

Jerry. Yes, forsooth. Hemh! hemh! John-a-Stiles —

Man. You may talk, young lawyer, but I shall no more mind you, than a hungry judge does a cause after the clock has struck one.

Free. Nay, you'll find him as peevish too.

Wid. No matter. Jerry, go on. — Do you observe it then, sir; for I think I have seen you in a gown once. Lord, I cou'd hear our Jerry put cases all day long! — Mark him, sir.

Jer. John-a-Stiles — no — there are first, Fitz, Pere, and Ayle, — no, no, Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seized in fee of Blackacre; John-a-Stiles disseises Ayle; Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dyes; then the Ayle — no, the Fitz —

Wid. No, the Pere, sirrah.

Jer. O, the Pere! ay, the Pere, sir, and the Fitz — no, the Ayle, — no, the Pere and the Fitz, sir, and —

Man. Dam Pere, Mere, and Fitz, sir!

Wid. No, you are out, child. — Hear me, captain, then. There are Ayle, Pere, and Fitz; Ayle is seised in fee of Blackacre; and, being so seised, John-a-Stiles disseises the Ayle, Ayle makes claim, and the disseisor dyes; and then the Pere re-enters, — (*to Jerry*) the Pere, sirrah, the Pere — and the Fitz enters upon the Pere, and the Ayle brings his writ of disseizen in the *post*; and the Pere brings his writ of disseizen in the *per*, and —

Man. Canst thou hear this stuff, Freeman? I cou'd as soon suffer a whole noise of flatterers at a great man's levy in a morning; but thou hast servile complacency enough to listen to a quibling statesman in disgrace, nay, and be before hand with him, in laughing at his dull no-jest; but I — *Offering to go out.*

Wid. Nay, sir, hold! Where's the *sub-pœna*, Jerry? I must serve you, sir. You are requir'd by this, to give your testimony —

Man. I'll be forsworn to be reveng'd on thee.
Ex[*it*] *Manly, throwing away the subpœna.*

Wid. Get you gone, for a lawless companion! — Come, Jerry, I had almost forgot we were to meet at the masters at three; let us mind our business still, child.

616 *per*, Qq. 1, 4–10, Os, *Pere*, Q2, Q3, *Per*. See note.
619 *a morning*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, the morning.
629 *Come, Jerry*, O2, Come, come, Jerry.

Jer. I, forsooth, e'en so let's.

Free. Nay, madam, now I wou'd beg you to hear me a little, a little of my business.

Wid. I have business of my own calls me away, sir.

Free. My business wou'd prove yours too, dear madam.

Wid. Yours wou'd be some sweet business, I warrant. What, 'tis no Westminster-Hall business? Wou'd you have my advice?

Free. No, faith, 'tis a little Westminster-Abby business; I wou'd have your consent.

Wid. O fie, fie, sir! to me such discourse, before my dear minor there!

Jer. Ay, ay, mother, he wou'd be taking livery and seizen of your jointure by digging the turf; but I'll watch your waters, bully, ifac. — Come away, mother.

Ex[it] Jerry, haling away his mother.

Manet Freeman: [*re-*]*enter to him Fidelia.*

Fid. Dear sir, you have pity; beget but some in our captain for me.

Free. Where is he?

Fid. Within; swearing, as much as he did in the great storm, and cursing you, and sometimes sinks into calms and sighs, and talks of his Olivia.

haling away, Qq. 2–9, hailing away, Q10, Os, hauling away.
651 *our*, Qq. 6–10, O1, your.

Free. He wou'd never trust me to see her: is she handsom?

Fid. No, if you'll take my word: but I am not a proper judge.

Free. What is she?

Fid. A gentlewoman, I suppose, but of as mean a fortune as beauty; but her relations wou'd not suffer her to go with him to the Indies: and his aversion to this side of the world, together with the late opportunity of commanding the convoy, wou'd not let him stay here longer, tho' to enjoy her.

Free. He loves her mightily then.

Fid. Yes, so well, that the remainder of his fortune (I hear about five or six thousand pounds) he has left her, in case he had dy'd by the way, or before she cou'd prevail with her friends to follow him, which he expected she shou'd do; and has left behind him his great bosom friend to be her convoy to him.

Free. What charms has she for him, if she be not handsom?

Fid. He fancies her, I suppose, the onely woman of truth and sincerity in the world.

Free. No common beauty, I confess.

Fid. Or else sure he wou'd not have trusted her with so great a share of his fortune, in his

663 *relations*, Q9, relation.

absence; I suppose (since his late loss) all he has.

Free. Why, has he left it in her own custody?

Fid. I am told so.

Free. Then he has shew'd love to her indeed, in leaving her, like an old husband that dyes as soon as he has made his wife a good jointure. — But I'll go in to him, and speak for you, and know more from him of his Olivia.

Exit.

Manet Fidelia sola.

Fid. His Olivia, indeed, his happy Olivia!
Yet she was left behind, when I was with him:
But she was ne'r out of his mind or heart.
She has told him she lov'd him; I have shew'd it,
And durst not tell him so, till I had done,
Under this habit, such convincing acts
Of loving friendship for him, that through it
He first might find out both my sex and love;
And, when I'd had him from his fair Olivia,
And this bright world of artful beauties here,
Might then have hop'd, he wou'd have look'd on me,
Amongst the sooty Indians; and I cou'd,
To choose, there live his wife, where wives are forc'd
To live no longer, when their husbands dye;

701 *had*, Qq. 6–10, O1, have.

Nay, what's yet worse, to share 'em whil'st they live
With many rival wives. But here he comes,
And I must yet keep out of his sight, not
To lose it for ever. *Exit.*

[*Re-*]*enter Manly and Freeman.*

Free. But pray what strange charms has she that cou'd make you love?

Man. Strange charms indeed! she has beauty enough to call in question her wit or virtue, and her form wou'd make a starved hermit a ravisher; yet her virtue and conduct wou'd preserve her from the subtil lust of a pamper'd prelate. She is so perfect a beauty, that art cou'd not better it, nor affectation deform it. Yet all this is nothing. Her tongue as well as face ne'r knew artifice; nor ever did her words or looks contradict her heart. She is all truth, and hates the lying, masking, daubing world, as I do: for which I love her, and for which I think she dislikes not me. For she has often shut out of her conversation for mine, the gaudy fluttering parrots of the town, apes and echoes of men only, and refus'd their common place pert chat, flattery and submissions, to be entertain'd with my sullen

711 *pray*, Qq. 4–10, O1, omit.
719 *affectation*, Qq. 4–10, affection.
721 *nor ever*, Q10, O1, nor never. *words*, O2, word.

bluntness, and honest love: and, last of all, swore to me, since her parents wou'd not suffer her to go with me, she wou'd stay behind for no other man; but follow me without their leave, if not to be obtain'd. Which oath—

Free. Did you think she wou'd keep?

Man. Yes; for she is not (I tell you) like other women, but can keep her promise, tho' she has sworn to keep it. But, that she might the better keep it, I left her the value of five or six thousand pound: for womens wants are generally their most importunate solicitors to love or marriage.

Free. And money summons lovers more than beauty, and arguments but their importunity, and their number; so makes it the harder for a woman to deny 'em. For my part, I am for the French maxim:—If you wou'd have your female subjects loyal, keep 'em poor.—But, in short, that your mistress may not marry, you have given her a portion.

Man. She had given me her heart first, and I am satisfi'd with the security; I can never doubt her truth and constancy.

Free. It seems you do, since you are fain to bribe it with money. But how come you to be

740 *pound*, Qq. 4–10, Os, pounds.
741 *their*, Q10, Os, the.

so diffident of the man that sayes he loves you, and not doubt the woman that sayes it?

Man. I shou'd, I confess, doubt the love of any other woman but her, as I do the friendship of any other man but him I have trusted; but I have such proofs of their faith as cannot deceive me.

Free. Cannot!

Man. Not but I know that generally no man can be a great enemy but under the name of friend; and if you are a cuckold, it is your friend only that makes you so, for your enemy is not admitted to your house: if you are cheated in your fortune, 'tis your friend that does it, for your enemy is not made your trustee: if your honour or good name be injur'd, 'tis your friend that does it still, because your enemy is not believ'd against you. Therefore, I rather choose to go where honest, downright barbarity is profest, where men devour one another like generous hungry lyons and tygers, not like crocodiles; where they think the devil white, of our complexion; and I am already so far an Indian. But if your weak faith doubts this miracle of a woman, come along with me, and believe; and thou wilt find her so handsom that thou, who art so much my friend, wilt have a mind to lie with her, and so will

782 *wilt*, O2, will. *will*, Qq. 7–9, wilt.

not fail to discover what her faith and thine is to me.

When we're in love, the great adversity, 78
Our friends and mistresses at once we try.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus Primi.

Finis Actus Primi, O2 omits.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia, Eliza, Lettice.

Olivia. Ah, cousin, what a world 'tis we live in! I am so weary of it.

Eliza. Truly, cousin, I can find no fault with it, but that we cannot alwayes live in't, for I can never be weary of it.

Oliv. O hideous! you cannot be in earnest, sure, when you say you like the filthy world.

Eliza. You cannot be in earnest, sure, when you say you dislike it.

Oliv. You are a very censorious creature, I find.

Eliza. I must confess, I think we women as often discover where we love by railing, as men when they lye by their swearing; and the world is but a constant keeping gallant, whom we fail not to quarrel with when any thing crosses us, yet cannot part with't for our hearts.

Lettice. A gallant, indeed, madam, whom ladies first make jealous, and then quarrel with it for being so; for if, by her indiscretion, a lady

Lodging, O2, Lodgings. 1 *a world*, O2, world.
17 *with't*, O2, with it. 20 *indiscretion*, Qq. 7–9, discretion.

be talk'd of for a man, she cryes presently, 'Tis a censorious world! if by her vanity the intrigue be found out, 'Tis a prying, malicious world! if by her over-fondness the gallant proves unconstant, 'Tis a false world! and if by her nigardliness the chambermaid tells, 'Tis a perfidious world! But that, I'm sure, your ladyship cannot say of the world yet, as bad as 'tis.

Oliv. But I may say, 'Tis a very impertinent world! — Hold your peace. — And, cousin, if the world be a gallant, 'tis such an one as is my aversion. Pray name it no more.

Eliza. But is it possible the world, which has such variety of charms for other women, can have none for you? Let's see — first, what d'ye think of dressing and fine cloaths?

Oliv. Dressing! Fie, fie, 'tis my aversion — [*To Lettice.*] But come hither, you dowdy; methinks you might have open'd this toure better; O hideous! I cannot suffer it! D'ye see how't sits?

Eliza. Well enough, cousin, if dressing be your aversion.

Oliv. 'Tis so: and for variety of rich cloaths, they are more my aversion.

24 *if by her over-fondness*, Qq. 4–10, and if . . .

25 *proves*, O2, prove. O1 omits the whole clause *if by . . . false world.*

Let. Ay, 'tis because your ladyship wears 'em too long; for indeed a gown, like a gallant, grows one's aversion by having too much of it.

Oliv. Insatiable creature! I'll be sworn I have had this not above three dayes, cousin, and within this month have made some six more.

Eliza. Then your aversion to 'em is not altogether so great.

Oliv. Alas! 'tis for my woman only I wear 'em, cousin.

Let. If it be for me only, madam, pray do not wear 'em.

Eliza. But what d'ye think of visits — balls?

Oliv. O, I detest 'em!

Eliza. Of playes?

Oliv. I abominate 'em; filthy, obscene, hideous things!

Eliza. What say you to masquerading in the winter, and Hide-park in the summer?

Oliv. Insipid pleasures I taste not.

Eliza. Nay, if you are for more solid pleasure, what think you of a rich young husband?

Oliv. O horrid! marriage! what a pleasure you have found out! I nauseate it of all things.

Let. But what does your ladyship think then of a liberal, handsom young lover?

56 *for*, Q9, but for. 67 *pleasure*, Qq. 4–10, Os, pleasures.

Oliv. A handsom young fellow, you impudent! be gone out of my sight. Name a handsom young fellow to me! foh, a hideous handsom young fellow I abominate! *Spits.*

Eliza. Indeed! But let's see — will nothing please you? what d'ye think of the court?

Oliv. How? the court! the court, cousin! my aversion, my aversion, my aversion of all aversions!

Eliza. How? the court! where —

Oliv. Where sincerity is a quality as out of fashion and as unprosperous as bashfulness: I cou'd not laugh at a quibble, tho' it were a fat privy counsellor's; nor praise a lord's ill verses, tho' I were my self the subject; nor an old lady's young looks, tho' I were her woman; nor sit to a vain young simile-maker, tho' he flatter'd me. In short, I cou'd not glote upon a man when he comes into a room, and laugh at him when he goes out: I cannot rail at the absent to flatter the standers by; I —

Eliza. Well, but railing now is so common, that 'tis no more malice, but the fashion; and the absent think they are no more the worse for being rail'd at, than the present think they are the better for being flatter'd. And for the court —

89 *simile-maker*, O3, smile-maker. 93 *I*, O2 omits.
97 *they are*, Qq. 3–10, Os, they're.

Oliv. Nay, do not defend the court; for you'll make me rail at it like a trusting citizen's widow.

Eliza. Or like a Holborn lady, who cou'd not get into the last ball, or was out of countenance in the drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there. For none rail at the court but those who cannot get into it, or else who are ridiculous when they are there; and I shall suspect you were laugh'd at when you were last there, or wou'd be a maid of honour.

Oliv. I a maid of honour! To be a maid of honour were yet of all things my aversion.

Eliza. In what sense am I to understand you? But in fine, by the word aversion, I'm sure you dissemble; for I never knew woman yet that us'd it who did not. Come, our tongues belie our hearts more than our pocket-glasses do our faces. But methinks we ought to leave off dissembling, since 'tis grown of no use to us; for all wise observers understand us now adayes, as they do dreams, almanacks, and Dutch Gazets, by the contrary: and a man no more believes a woman, when she sayes she has an aversion for him, than when she sayes she'll cry out.

Oliv. O filthy! hideous! Peace, cousin, or

102 *into*, Q10, Os, in to.
113 *woman*, Q10, O1, O2, a woman. 114 *that*, O3 omits.
121 *she sayes*, Q2 omits.

your discourse will be my aversion: and you may believe me.

Eliza. Yes; for if any thing be a womans aversion, 'tis *plain-dealing* from another woman: and perhaps that's your quarrel to the world; for that will talk, as your woman sayes.

Oliv. Talk? not of me, sure; for what men do I converse with? what visits do I admit?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the gentleman to wait upon you, madam.

Oliv. On me! you little, unthinking fop, d'ye know what you say?

Boy. Yes, madam, 'tis the gentleman that comes every day to you, who —

Oliv. Hold your peace, you heedless little animal, and get you gone. — (*Exit Boy.*) This countrey boy, cousin, takes my dancing-master, taylor, or the spruce millener, for visiters.

Let. No, madam; 'tis Mr. Novel, I'm sure, by his talking so loud: I know his voice too, madam.

Oliv. You know nothing, you buffle-headed, stupid creature you: you wou'd make my cousin believe I receive visits. But if it be Mr. — what did you call him?

Let. Mr. Novel, madam; he that —

(*Exit Boy.*) in the originals stands at the end of the speech.

Oliv. Hold your peace; I'll hear no more of him. But if it be your Mr.—(I can't think of his name again) I suppose he has follow'd my cousin hither.

Eliza. No, cousin, I will not rob you of the honour of the visit: 'tis to you, cousin; for I know him not.

Oliv. Nor did I ever hear of him before, upon my honour, cousin; besides, ha'nt I told you, that visits, and the business of visits, flattery and detraction, are my aversion? D'ye think then I wou'd admit such a coxcomb as he is? who rather than not rail, will rail at the dead, whom none speak ill of; and rather than not flatter, will flatter the poets of the age, whom none will flatter; who affects novelty as much as the fashion, and is as fantastical as changeable, and as well known as the fashion; who likes nothing but what is new, nay, wou'd choose to have his friend or his title a new one. In fine, he is my aversion.

Eliza. I find you do know him, cousin; at least, have heard of him.

Oliv. Yes, now I remember, I have heard of him.

Eliza. Well; but since he is such a cox-

151 *can't*, O3, cannot.
163 *and*, O2 omits.

comb, for Heav'ns sake, let him not come up. Tell him, Mrs. Lettice, your lady is not within.

Oliv. No, Lettice, tell him my cousin is here, and that he may come up. For notwithstanding I detest the sight of him, you may like his conversation; and tho' I wou'd use him scurvily, I will not be rude to you in my own lodging: since he has follow'd you hither, let him come up, I say.

Eliza. Very fine! pray let him go to the devil, I say, for me: I know him not, nor desire it. Send him away, Mrs. Lettice.

Oliv. Upon my word, she shan't: I must disobey your commands, to comply with your desires. Call him up, Lettice.

Eliza. Nay, I'll swear she shall not stir on that errand. *Holds Lettice.*

Oliv. Well, then, I'll call him my self for you, since you will have it so. — (*Calls out at the door.*) Mr. Novel, sir, sir!

Enter Novel.

Novel. Madam, I beg your pardon; perhaps you were busie: I did not think you had company with you.

Holds Lettice, O2, *Hold Lettice.*

Calls out, Q10, O1, omit *out.* (*Calls out at the door.*) in the originals follows *Mr. Novel.*

Eliza. (*Aside* [*to Olivia.*]) Yet he comes to me, cousin!

Oliv. Chairs there. *They sit.* [*Exit Lettice.*]

Nov. Well; but madam, d'ye know whence I come now?

Oliv. From some melancholy place, I warrant, sir, since they have lost your good company.

Eliza. So.

Nov. From a place where they have treated me at dinner with so much civility and kindness, a pox on 'em! that I cou'd hardly get away to you, dear madam.

Oliv. You have a way with you so new and obliging, sir!

Eliza. (*Apart to Olivia.*) You hate flattery, cousin!

Nov. Nay, faith, madam, d'ye think my way new? Then you are obliging, madam. I must confess, I hate imitation, to do any thing like other people. All that know me do me the honour to say, I am an original, faith. But, as I was saying, madam, I have been treated to day with all the ceremony and kindness imaginable at my Lady Autums. But the nauseous old woman at the upper end of her table —

Oliv. Revives the old Grecian custom, of serving in a deaths head with their banquets.

Nov. Hah! ha! fine, just, ifaith, nay, and new. 'Tis like eating with the ghost in *The Libertine:*

she wou'd frighten a man from her dinner with her hollow invitations, and spoil one's stomach —

Oliv. To meat or women. I detest her hollow cherry cheeks: she looks like an old coach new painted; affecting an unseemly smugness, whil'st she is ready to drop in pieces.

Eliza. (*Apart to Olivia.*) You hate detraction, I see, cousin.

Nov. But the silly old fury, whil'st she affects to look like a woman of this age, talks—

Oliv. Like one of the last; and as passionately as an old courtier who has out-liv'd his office.

Nov. Yes, madam; but pray let me give you her character. Then, she never counts her age by the years, but—

Oliv. By the masques she has liv'd to see.

Nov. Nay then, madam, I see you think a little harmless railing too great a pleasure for any but your self; and therefore I've done.

Oliv. Nay, faith, you shall tell me who you had there at dinner.

Nov. If you wou'd hear me, madam.

Oliv. Most patiently; speak, sir.

Nov. Then, we had her daughter—

Oliv. Ay, her daughter; the very disgrace to good cloaths, which she alwayes wears, but to heighten her deformity, not mend it: for she is

229 *invitations*, Q8, Q9 invitation.

still most splendidly, gallantly ugly, and looks like an ill piece of daubing in a rich frame.

Nov. So! But have you done with her, madam? and can you spare her to me a little now?

Oliv. Ay, ay, sir.

Nov. Then, she is like—

Oliv. She is, you'd say, like a city bride; the greater fortune, but not the greater beauty, for her dress.

Nov. Well: yet have you done, madam? Then, she—

Oliv. Then she bestows as unfortunately on her face all the graces in fashion, as the languishing eye, the hanging or pouting lip. But as the fool is never more provoking than when he aims at wit, the ill-favor'd of our sex are never more nauseous than when they wou'd be beauties, adding to their natural deformity the artificial ugliness of affectation.

Eliza. So, cousin, I find one may have a collection of all ones acquaintances pictures as well at your house as at Mr. Lely's. Only the difference is, there we find 'em much handsomer than they are, and like; here much uglier, and like: and you are the first of the profession of picture-drawing I ever knew without flattery.

Oliv. I draw after the life; do no body wrong, cousin.

Eliza. No, you hate flattery and detraction.

Oliv. But, Mr. Novel, who had you besides at dinner?

Nov. Nay, the devil take me if I tell you, unless you will allow me the priviledge of railing in my turn. — But, now I think on't, the women ought to be your province, as the men are mine: and you must know we had him whom —

Oliv. Him, whom —

Nov. What, invading me already? and giving the character before you know the man?

Eliza. No, that is not fair, tho' it be usual.

Oliv. I beg your pardon, Mr. Novel; pray go on.

Nov. Then, I say, we had that familiar coxcomb who is at home wheresoe're he comes.

Oliv. Ay, that fool —

Nov. Nay then, madam, your servant; I'm gone. Taking a fool out of ones mouth is worse than taking the bread out of ones mouth.

Oliv. I've done; your pardon, Mr. Novel: pray proceed.

Nov. I say, the rogue, that he may be the onely wit in company, will let no body else talk, and —

288, 289 *the women*, Q4, Q5, the woman. 302 *a*, Q10, O8, the. 307 *company*, O1, O2, the company.

Oliv. Ay, those fops who love to talk all themselves are of all things my aversion.

Nov. Then you'll let me speak, madam, sure. The rogue, I say, will force his jest upon you; and I hate a jest that's forc'd upon a man, as much as a glass.

Eliza. Why, I hope, sir, he does not expect a man of your temperance in jesting shou'd do him reason?

Nov. What! interruption from this side too? I must then— *Offers to rise, Olivia holds him.*

Oliv. No, sir.—You must know, cousin, that fop he means, tho' he talks only to be commended, will not give you leave to do't.

Nov. But, madam—

Oliv. He a wit! Hang him, he's only an adopter of stragling jests and fatherless lampoons; by the credit of which he eats at good tables, and so, like the barren beggar-woman, lives by borrow'd children.

Nov. Madam—

Oliv. And never was author of any thing but his news: but that is still all his own.

Nov. Madam, pray—

Oliv. An eternal babler; and makes no more

319 *then*—, Qq. 2–7, Q10, the—.
325 *stragling*, Q4, Q5, strangling.

use of his ears, than a man that sits at a play by his mistress, or in Fop-corner. He's, in fine, a base detracting fellow, and is my aversion. — But who else, pr'ythee, Mr. Novel, was there with you? Nay, you sha'nt stir.

Nov. I beg your pardon, madam; I cannot stay in any place where I'm not allow'd a little Christian liberty of railing.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee Mr. Novel, stay: and tho' you shou'd rail at me, I wou'd hear you with patience. Pr'ythee, who else was there with you?

Nov. Your servant, madam.

Oliv. Nay, pr'ythee tell us, Mr. Novel, pr'ythee do.

Nov. We had no body else.

Oliv. Nay, faith, I know you had. Come, my Lord Plausible was there too; who is, cousin, a —

Eliza. You need not tell me what he is, cousin; for I know him to be a civil, good-natur'd, harmless gentleman, that speaks well of all the world, and is alwayes in good humor; and —

Oliv. Hold, cousin, hold! I hate detraction, but I must tell you, cousin, his civility is cowardice, his good nature want of wit; and he has neither courage or sense to rail: and for his

358, 359 *and he has*, so Q8, Q9; Qq. 1–7, Q10, O3, and has, O1, O2, he has. 359 *or*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, nor.

being alwayes in humor, 'tis because he is never dissatisfi'd with himself. In fine, he is my aversion; and I never admit his visits beyond my hall.

Nov. No, he visit you! Dam him, cringing, grinning rogue! If I shou'd see him coming up to you, I wou'd make bold to kick him down again. — Ha!

Enter my Lord Plausible.

My dear lord, your most humble servant.

Rises and salutes Plausible, and kisses him.

Eliza. (*Aside.*) So! I find kissing and railing succeed each other with the angry men as well as with the angry women; and their quarrels are like love-quarrels, since absence is the only cause of them; for as soon as the man appears again, they are over.

L. Plausible. Your most faithful, humble servant, generous Mr. Novel. And, madam, I am your eternal slave, and kiss your fair hands; which I had done sooner, according to your commands, but —

Oliv. No excuses, my lord.

Eliza. (*Apart* [*to Olivia.*]) What, you sent for him then, cousin?

Nov. (*Aside.*) Ha! invited!

365 *see*, Q10, O1, O2 meet.

Oliv. I know you must divide your self; for your good company is too general a good to be ingross'd by any particular friend.

L. Plau. O Lord, madam, my company! your most obliged, faithful, humble servant. But I cou'd have brought you good company indeed; for I parted at your door with two of the worthiest, bravest men —

Oliv. Who were they, my lord?

Nov. Who do you call the worthiest, bravest men, pray?

L. Plau. O, the wisest, bravest gentlemen! men of such honour and virtue! of such good qualities! ah —

Eliza. (*Aside.*) This is a coxcomb that speaks ill of all people a different way, and libels every body with dull praise, and commonly in the wrong place; so makes his panegyricks abusive lampoons.

Oliv. But pray let me know who they were.

L. Plau. Ah! such patterns of heroick virtue! such —

Nov. Well: but who the devil were they?

L. Plau. The honour of our nation! the glory of our age! Ah, I cou'd dwell a twelvemonth on their praise; which indeed I might spare by telling their names; Sir John Current and Sir Richard Court-Title.

Nov. Court-Title! hah! ha!

Oliv. And Sir John Current! Why will you keep such a wretch company, my lord?

L. Plau. Oh, madam, seriously, you are a little too severe; for he is a man of unquestion'd reputation in every thing.

Oliv. Yes, because he endeavors only with the women to pass for a man of courage; and with the bullies for a wit; with the wits for a man of business; and with the man of business for a favourite at court; and at court for good city security.

Nov. And for Sir Richard, he —

L. Plau. He loves your choice, pick'd company, persons that —

Oliv. He loves a lord indeed; but —

Nov. Pray, dear madam, let me have but a bold stroke or two at his picture. He loves a lord, as you say, tho' —

Oliv. Tho' he borrow'd his money, and ne'r paid him again.

Nov. And wou'd bespeak a place three days before at the back-end of a lords coach to Hide-Park.

L. Plau. Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are both too severe.

Oliv. Then to shew yet more his passion for quality, he makes love to that fulsom coach-

load of honour, my Lady Goodly, for he is always at her lodging.

L. Plau. Because it is the conventickle-gallant, the meeting-house of all the fair ladies and glorious superfine beauties of the town.

Nov. Very fine ladies! there's first —

Oliv. Her honour, as fat as an hostess.

L. Plau. She is something plump indeed, a goodly, comly, graceful person.

Nov. Then there's my Lady Frances — what d'ye call 'er? as ugly —

Oliv. As a citizens lawfully begotten daughter.

L. Plau. She has wit in abundance, and the handsomest heel, elbow, and tip of an ear, you ever saw.

Nov. Heel and elbow! hah! ha! And there's my Lady Betty, you know —

Oliv. As sluttish and slatternly as an Irish woman bred in France.

L. Plau. Ah! all she has hangs with a loose air, indeed, and becoming negligence.

Eliza. You see all faults with lovers eyes, I find, my lord.

L. Plau. Ah, madam, your most obliged, faithful, humble servant to command! But you can say nothing, sure, against the superfine mistress —

440 *he is*, Q10, Os, he's. 450 *'er*, Q10, Os, her.

Oliv. I know who you mean. She is as censorious and detracting a jade as a superannuated sinner.

L. Plau. She has a smart way of railery, 'tis confest.

Nov. And then for Mrs. Grideline —

L. Plau. She, I'm sure, is —

Oliv. One that never spoke ill of any body, 'tis confest. For she is as silent in conversation as a countrey lover, and no better company than a clock, or a weather-glass: for if she sounds, 'tis but once an hour, to put you in mind of the time of day, or to tell you 'twill be cold or hot, rain or snow.

L. Plau. Ah, poor creature! she's extremely good and modest.

Nov. And for Mrs. Bridlechin, she's —

Oliv. As proud as a churchman's wife.

L. Plau. She's a woman of great spirit and honour, and will not make her self cheap, 'tis true.

Nov. Then Mrs. Hoyden, that calls all people by their sirnames, and is —

Oliv. As familiar a duck —

Nov. As an actress in the tyring-room. There I was once before-hand with you, madam.

L. Plau. Mrs. Hoyden! a poor, affable, good-

479 *to tell*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, tell.

natur'd soul! But the divine Mrs. Trifle comes thither too. Sure her beauty, virtue, and conduct, you can say nothing to.

Oliv No?

Nov. No? — Pray let me speak, madam.

Oliv. First, can any one be call'd beautiful that squints?

L. Plau. Her eyes languish a little, I own.

Nov. Languish! hah! ha!

Oliv. Languish! — Then, for her conduct, she was seen at *The Countrey Wife* after the first day. There's for you, my lord.

L. Plau. But, madam, she was not seen to use her fan all the play long, turn aside her head, or by a conscious blush discover more guilt than modesty.

Oliv. Very fine! Then you think a woman modest that sees the hideous *Countrey Wife* without blushing or publishing her detestation of it? D'ye hear him, cousin?

Eliza. Yes, and am, I must confess, something of his opinion; and think, that as an over-conscious fool at a play, by endeavouring to shew the author's want of wit, exposes his own to more censure, so may a lady call her own modesty in question, by publickly cavilling with the poets. For all those grimaces of honour and

515, 516 *over-conscious*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, over-captious.

artificial modesty disparage a woman's real virtue, as much as the use of white and red does the natural complexion: and you must use very, very little, if you wou'd have it thought your own.

Oliv. Then you wou'd have a woman of honour with passive looks, ears, and tongue, undergo all the hideous obscenity she hears at nasty plays?

Eliza. Truly, I think a woman betrays her want of modesty, by shewing it publickly in a play-house, as much as a man does his want of courage by a quarrel there; for the truly modest and stout say least, and are least exceptious, especially in publick.

Oliv. O hideous! cousin, this cannot be your opinion. But you are one of those who have the confidence to pardon the filthy play.

Eliza. Why, what is there of ill in't, say you?

Oliv. O fie! fie! fie! would you put me to the blush anew? call all the blood into my face again? But to satisfie you then; first, the clandestine obscenity in the very name of Horner.

Eliza. Truly, 'tis so hidden, I cannot find it out, I confess.

Oliv. O horrid! Does it not give you the

547 *it not*, Qq. 2–5, not it.

rank conception or image of a goat, a town-bull, or a satyr? nay, what is yet a filthier image than all the rest, that of an eunuch?

Eliza. What then? I can think of a goat, a bull, or satyr, without any hurt.

Oliv. I: but, cousin, one cannot stop there.

Eliza. I can, cousin.

Oliv. O no; for when you have those filthy creatures in your head once, the next thing you think, is what they do; as their defiling of honest mens beds and couches, rapes upon sleeping and waking countrey virgins, under hedges, and on haycocks. Nay, farther —

Eliza. Nay, no farther, cousin. We have enough of your coment on the play, which will make me more asham'd than the play it self.

Oliv. O, believe me, 'tis a filthy play! and you may take my word for a filthy play as soon as anothers. But the filthiest thing in that play, or any other play, is —

Eliza. Pray keep it to your self, if it be so.

Oliv. No, faith, you shall know it; I'm resolv'd to make you out of love with the play. I say, the lewdest, filthiest thing is his china; nay,

548 *a town-bull*, Qq. 4–10, Os, or town-bull.
552 *or satyr*, Q10, Os, or a satyr.
560 *farther*, Qq. 2–10, Os, further.
563 *me*, Q8, Q9, you.
568 *so*, Q9 omits.

I will never forgive the beastly author his china. He has quite taken away the reputation of poor china it self, and sully'd the most innocent and pretty furniture of a ladies chamber; insomuch that I was fain to break all my defil'd vessels. You see I have none left; nor you, I hope.

Eliza. You'll pardon me, I cannot think the worse of my china for that of the play-house.

Oliv. Why, you will not keep any now, sure! 'Tis now as unfit an ornament for a ladies chamber as the pictures that come from Italy and other hot countries; as appears by their nudities, which I alwayes cover, or scratch out, wheresoe're I find 'em. But china! out upon't, filthy china! nasty, debauch'd china!

Eliza. All this will not put me out of conceit with china, nor the play, which is acted to day, or another of the same beastly author's, as you call him, which I'll go see.

Oliv. You will not, sure! nay, you sha' not venture your reputation by going, and mine by leaving me alone with two men here: nay, you'll disoblige me for ever, if— *Pulls her back.*

Eliza. I stay! — your servant. *Exit Eliza.*

Oliv. Well — but, my lord, tho' you justifie

572 *forgive*, Qq. 6–10, O3, forget. O1 omits the whole clause *nay . . . china.*

584 *I*, Qq. 4–7, Q10, omit.

scratch, Qq. 4–7, Q10, search, Q9, snatch.

every body, you cannot in earnest uphold so beastly a writer, whose ink is so smutty, as one may say.

L. Plau. Faith, I dare swear the poor man did not think to disoblige the ladies, by any amorous, soft, passionate, luscious saying in his play.

Oliv. Foy, my lord! But what think you, Mr. Novel, of the play? tho' I know you are a friend to all that are new.

Nov. Faith, madam, I must confess, the new plays wou'd not be the worse for my advice, but I cou'd never get the silly rogues, the poets, to mind what I say; but I'll tell you what counsel I gave the surly fool you speak of.

Oliv. What was't?

Nov. Faith, to put his play into rithme; for rithme, you know, often makes mystical nonsence pass with the criticks for wit, and a double meaning saying with the ladies, for soft, tender, and moving passion. But now I talk of passion, I saw your old lover this morning — Captain — *Whispers.*

604 *Foy*, Qq. 7–9, Fy, Q10, O1, O2, Fie.
605 *a*, Q4, Q5, my.
611 *speak*, Qq. 4–8, Q10, O3, spake, Q9, O1, O2, spoke.
613 *his*, Qq. 4–10, O1, this. *into*, Qq. 6–10, O1, in. *rithme* Q10, Os, rhyme.
614 *rithme*, Q10, Os, rhyme.

Enter Captain Manly, Freeman, and Fidelia standing behind.

Oliv. Whom? — nay, you need not whisper.

Manly. We are luckily got hither unobserv'd! — How! in a close conversation with these supple rascals, the out-casts of sempstresses shops?

Freeman. Faith, pardon her, captain, that, since she cou'd no longer be entertain'd with your manly bluntness and honest love, she takes up with the pert chat and common place flattery of these fluttering parrots of the town, apes and echoes of men only.

Man. Do not you, sir, play the echo too, mock me, dally with my own words, and shew your self as impertinent as they are.

Free. Nay, captain —

Fidelia. Nay, lieutenant, do not excuse her; methinks she looks very kindly upon 'em both, and seems to be pleas'd with what that fool there sayes to her.

Man. You lye, sir! and hold your peace, that I may not be provok'd to give you a worse reply.

Oliv. Manly return'd, d'ye say! and is he safe?

Enter Captain Manly . . ., O2 places this after Olivia's next speech.

Nov. My lord saw him too. — Heark you, my lord. *Whispers to Plausible.*

Man. (*Aside.*) She yet seems concern'd for my safety, and perhaps they are admitted now here but for their news of me: for intelligence indeed is the common passport of nauseous fools, when they go their round of good tables and houses.

Oliv. I heard of his fighting only, without particulars, and confess I alwayes lov'd his brutal courage, because it made me hope it might rid me of his more brutal love.

Man. (*Apart.*) What's that?

Oliv. But is he at last return'd, d'ye say, unhurt?

Nov. Ay, faith, without doing his business; for the rogue has been these two years pretending to a wooden leg, which he wou'd take from fortune as kindly as the staff of a marshal of France, and rather read his name in a Gazet —

Oliv. Than in the entail of a good estate.

Man. (*Aside.*) So!

Nov. I have an ambition, I must confess, of losing my heart before such a fair enemy as your self, madam; but that silly rogues shou'd be ambitious of losing their arms, and—

Oliv. Looking like a pair of compasses.

642, 643 Q8, Q9, omit Novel's speech.
661 *Than*, Q4, Q5, Then.

Nov. But he has no use of his arms but to set 'em on kimbow, for he never pulls off his hat, at least not to me, I'm sure; for you must know, madam, he has a fanatical hatred to good company: he can't abide me.

L. Plau. O, be not so severe to him, as to say he hates good company: for I assure you he has a great respect, esteem and kindness for me.

Man. That kind, civil rogue has spoken yet ten thousand times worse of me than t'other.

Oliv. Well, if he be return'd, Mr. Novel, then shall I be pester'd again with his boistrous sea-love; have my alcove smell like a cabin, my chamber perfum'd with his tarpaulin Brandenburgh; and hear vollies of brandy sighs, enough to make a fog in ones room. Foh! I hate a lover that smells like Thames-Street!

Man. (*Aside.*) I can bear no longer, and need hear no more.—[*To Olivia.*] But since you have these two pulvillio boxes, these essence bottles, this pair of musk-cats here, I hope I may venture to come yet nearer you.

Oliv. Overheard us then!

Nov. (*Aside.*) I hope he heard me not.

L. Plau. Most noble and heroick captain, your most oblig'd, faithful, humble servant.

671 *fanatical*, Q8, Q9, fantastical.
676, 677 Manly's speech is followed by *Aside* in O1, O2.
687 *two*, Q10, O1, O2, omit. 688 *here*, Q10, O1, omit.

Nov. Dear tar, thy humble servant.

Man. Away!—(*Thrusts Novel and Plausible on each side.*) Madam—

Oliv. Nay, I think I have fitted you for listning.

Man. You have fitted me for believing you cou'd not be fickle, tho' you were young; cou'd not dissemble love, tho' 'twas your interest; nor be vain, tho' you were handsom; nor break your promise, tho' to a parting lover; nor abuse your best friend, tho' you had wit: but I take not your contempt of me worse than your esteem or civility for these things here, tho' you know 'em.

Nov. Things!

L. Plau. Let the captain railly a little.

Man. Yes, things! Canst thou be angry, thou thing? *Coming up to Novel.*

Nov. No, since my lord sayes you speak in raillery; for tho' your sea-raillery be something rough, yet, I confess, we use one another to as bad every day at Lockets, and never quarrel for the matter.

L. Plau. Nay, noble captain, be not angry with him.—A word with you, I beseech you.—*Whispers to Manly.*

(*Thrusts Novel . . . side.*) Qq. and O3 place this after Olivia's next speech; O1, O2, after *Madam* in Manly's.

700 *not dissemble*, Q9 omits *not*.

701 *be vain*, Qq. 1–5, be in vain.

705 *for*, Q8, Q9, of. 714 *for*, Q10, O1, at.

Oliv. (*Aside.*) Well, we women, like the rest of the cheats of the world, when our cullies or creditors have found us out, and will or can trust no longer, pay debts and satisfie obligations with a quarrel, the kindest present a man can make to his mistress, when he can make no more presents. For oftentimes in love, as at cards, we are forc'd to play foul, only to give over the game; and use our lovers like the cards, when we can get no more by 'em, throw 'em up in a pet upon the first dispute.

Man. My lord, all that you have made me know by your whispering which I knew not before, is, that you have a stinking breath; there's a secret for your secret.

L. Plau. Pshaw! pshaw!

Man. But, madam, tell me, pray, what was't about this spark cou'd take you? Was it the merit of his fashionable impudence, the briskness of his noise, the wit of his laugh, his judgment, or fancy in his garniture? or was it a well-trim'd glove, or the scent of it, that charm'd you?

Nov. Very well, sir: 'gad these sea-captains make nothing of dressing. But let me tell you, sir, a man by his dress, as much as by any thing, shews his wit and judgment; nay, and his courage too.

724 *are*, Qq. 7–9, were.

Free. How, his courage, Mr. Novel?

Nov. Why, for example, by red breeches, tuck'd up hair or perruke, a greasie broad belt, and now adayes a short sword.

Man. Thy courage will appear more by thy belt than thy sword, I dare swear. — Then, madam, for this gentle piece of courtesie, this man of tame honour, what cou'd you find in him? Was it his languishing affected tone? his mannerly look? his second-hand flattery, the refuse of the play house tiring-rooms? or his slavish obsequiousness in watching at the door of your box at the play-house, for your hand to your chair? or his janty way of playing with your fan? or was it the gunpowder spot on his hand, or the jewel in his ear, that purchas'd your heart?

Oliv. Good jealous captain, no more of your —

L. Plau. No, let him go on, madam, for perhaps he may make you laugh: and I wou'd contribute to your pleasure any way.

Man. Gentle rogue!

Oliv. No, noble captain, you cannot sure think any thing cou'd take me more than that heroick title of yours, captain; for you know we women love honour inordinately.

746 *or*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, and.
754 *tiring-rooms*, O2, tiring-room.

Nov. Hah! ha! faith, she is with thee, bully, for thy raillery.

Man. (*Aside to Novel.*) Faith, so shall I be with you, no bully, for your grinning.

Oliv. Then that noble lyon-like meen of yours, that soldier-like, weather beaten complexion, and that manly roughness of your voice; how can they otherwise than charm us women, who hate effeminacy!

Nov. Hah! ha! faith, I can't hold from laughing.

Man. (*Aside to Novel.*) Nor shall I from kicking anon.

Oliv. And then, that captain-like carelessness in your dress, but especially your scarf; 'twas just such another, only a little higher ty'd, made me in love with my taylor as he past by my window the last training day; for we women adore a martial man, and you have nothing wanting to make you more one, or more agreeable, but a wooden leg.

L. Plau. Nay, i'faith, there your ladyship was a wag, and it was fine, just, and well rally'd.

Nov. Ay, ay, madam, with you ladies too, martial men must needs be very killing.

Man. Peace, you Bartholomew-fair buffoons! And be not you vain that these laugh on your

side, for they will laugh at their own dull jests; but no more of 'em, for I will only suffer now this lady to be witty and merry.

Oliv. You wou'd not have your panegyrick interrupted. I go on then to your humor. Is there any thing more agreeable than the pretty sullenness of that? than the greatness of your courage? which most of all appears in your spirit of contradiction, for you dare give all mankind the lye; and your opinion is your onely mistress, for you renounce that too, when it becomes another mans.

Nov. Hah! ha! I cannot hold, I must laugh at thee, tar, faith!

L. Plau. And i'faith, dear captain, I beg your pardon, and leave to laugh at you too, tho' I protest I mean you no hurt; but when a lady raillies, a stander by must be complaisant, and do her reason in laughing: hah! ha!

Man. Why, you impudent, pitiful wretches, you presume sure upon your effeminacy to urge me; for you are in all things so like women, that you may think it in me a kind of cowardice to beat you.

Oliv. No hectoring, good captain.

Man. Or, perhaps, you think this ladies presence secures you; but have a care, she has talk'd her self out of all the respect I had for her; and

by using me ill before you, has given me a priviledge of using you so before her: but if you wou'd preserve your respect to her, and not be beaten before her, go, be gone immediately.

Nov. Be gone! what?

L. Plau. Nay, worthy, noble, generous captain—

Man. Be gone, I say!

Nov. Be gone again! to us be gone!

Man. No chattering, baboons, instantly be gone, or—

Manly puts 'em out of the room: Novel struts, Plausible cringes.

Nov. Well, madam, we'll go make the cards ready in your bed-chamber: sure you will not stay long with him.

Ex[*eunt*] *Plaus*[*ible and*] *Nov*[*el*].

Oliv. Turn hither your rage, good captain Swagger-huff, and be saucy with your mistress, like a true captain; but be civil to your rivals and betters, and do not threaten any thing but me here; no, not so much as my windows; nor do not think your self in the lodgings of one of your suburb mistresses beyond the Tower.

Man. Do not give me cause to think so; for those less infamous women part with their lovers, just as you did from me, with unforc'd vows of constancy and floods of willing tears; but the

same winds bear away their lovers and their vows: and for their grief, if the credulous unexpected fools return, they find new comforters, fresh cullies, such as I found here. The mercenary love of those women too suffers shipwrack with their gallants fortunes; now you have heard chance has us'd me scurvily, therefore you do too. Well, persevere in your ingratitude, falshood, and disdain; have constancy in something, and I promise you to be as just to your real scorn as I was to your feign'd love; and henceforward will despise, contemn, hate, loath and detest you most faithfully.

[*Re-*]*enter Lettice.*

Oliv. Get the hombre cards ready in the next room, Lettice, and —

Whispers to Lettice[*, who goes out*].

Free. Bravely resolv'd, captain!

Fid. And you'll be sure to keep your word, I hope, sir.

Man. I hope so too.

Fid. Do you but hope it, sir? If you are not as good as your word, 'twill be the first time you ever brag'd, sure.

851 *bear*, Q8, Q9, omit.
855 *suffers*, Q1, suffer, Qq. 2–10, Os, suffers.
860 *to be*, O2, there.
[*who goes out*], added by Hunt.

Man. She has restor'd my reason with my heart.

Free. But now you talk of restoring, captain, there are other things which, next to one's heart, one wou'd not part with; I mean your jewels and money, which it seems she has, sir.

Man. What's that to you, sir?

Free. Pardon me, whatsoever is yours, I have a share in't, I'm sure, which I will not lose for asking, tho' you may be too generous or too angry now to do't your self.

Fid. Nay, then I'll make bold to make my claim too. *Both going towards Olivia.*

Man. Hold, you impertinent, officious fops —(*Aside.*) How have I been deceiv'd!

Free. Madam, there are certain appurtenances to a lover's heart, call'd jewels, which alwayes go along with it.

Fid. And which, with lovers, have no value in themselves, but from the heart they come with. Our captain's, madam, it seems you scorn to keep, and much more will those worthless things without it, I am confident.

Oliv. A gentleman so well made as you are, may be confident — us easie women cou'd not deny you any thing you ask, if 'twere for your self; but, since 'tis for another, I beg your leave

884 *my*, Qq. 7–9 omit.

to give him my answer. — (*Aside.*) An agreeable young fellow this! — and wou'd not be my aversion! — (*Aside to Man* [*ly*].) Captain, your young friend here has a very persuading face, I confess; yet you might have ask'd me your self for those trifles you left with me, which (heark you a little, for I dare trust you with the secret; you are a man of so much honour, I'm sure) — I say then, not expecting your return, or hoping ever to see you again, I have deliver'd your jewels to —

Man. Whom?

Oliv. My husband.

Man. Your husband!

Oliv. Ay, my husband. For since you cou'd leave me, I am lately and privately marry'd to one who is a man of so much honour and experience in the world that I dare not ask him for your jewels again, to restore 'em to you; lest he shou'd conclude you never wou'd have parted with 'em to me on any other score but the exchange of my honour: which rather than you'd let me lose, you'd lose, I'm sure, your self, those trifles of yours.

Man. Triumphant impudence! but marry'd too!

919 *shou'd*, Qq. 4–7, Q10, could.
920 *but the*, Q10, O1, but upon the.

Oliv. O, speak not so loud, my servants know it not: I am marry'd; there's no resisting one's destiny or love, you know.

Man. Why, did you love him too?

Oliv. Most passionately; nay, love him now, tho' I have marry'd him, and he me: which mutual love I hope you are too good, too generous a man to disturb, by any future claim, or visits to me. 'Tis true, he is now absent in the countrey, but returns shortly; therefore I beg of you, for your own ease and quiet, and my honour, you will never see me more.

Man. I wish I never had seen you.

Oliv. But if you shou'd ever have any thing to say to me hereafter, let that young gentleman there be your messenger.

Man. You wou'd be kinder to him; I find he shou'd be welcome.

Oliv. Alas! his youth wou'd keep my husband from suspicions, and his visits from scandal; for we women may have pity for such as he, but no love: and I already think you do not well to spirit him away to sea; and the sea is already but too rich with the spoils of the shore.

Man. True perfect woman! — (*Aside.*) If I cou'd say any thing more injurious to her now,

938 *never had*, Q10, Os, had never.
948, 949 *is already*, Q10, O1, O2, already is.

I wou'd; for I cou'd out-rail a bilk'd whore, or a kick'd coward; but now I think on't, that were rather to discover my love than hatred; and I must not talk, for something I must do.

Oliv. (*Aside.*) I think I have given him enough of me now, never to be troubled with him again.

[*Re-*]*enter Lettice.*

Well, Lettice, are the cards and all ready within? I come then. — Captain, I beg your pardon: you will not make one at hombre?

Man. No, madam, but I'll wish you a little good luck before you go.

Oliv. No, if you wou'd have me thrive, curse me: for that you'll do heartily, I suppose.

Man. Then, if you will have it so, may all the curses light upon you women ought to fear, and you deserve! — First, may the curse of loving play attend your sordid covetousness, and fortune cheat you, by trusting to her, as you have cheated me; the curse of pride, or a good reputation, fall on your lust; the curse of affectation on your beauty; the curse of your husbands company on your pleasures; and the curse of your gallant's disappointments in his absence; and the curse of scorn, jealousie, or despair on your love; and then the curse of loving on!

972 *lust*, Qq. 4–10, O1, lusts. 976 *or*, Q10, O1, and.

Oliv. And to requite all your curses, I will only return you your last; may the curse of loving me still fall upon your proud, hard heart, that cou'd be so cruel to me in these horrid curses! but heaven forgive you! *Ex*[*it*] *Oliv*[*ia*].

Man. Hell and the devil reward thee!

Free. Well, you see now, mistresses, like friends, are lost by letting 'em handle your money; and most women are such kind of witches, who can have no power over a man, unless you give 'em money: but when once they have got any from you, they never leave you till they have all. Therefore I never dare give a woman a farthing.

Man. Well, there is yet this comfort by losing one's money with one's mistress, a man is out of danger of getting another; of being made prize again by love, who, like a pyrat, takes you by spreading false colours: but when once you have run your ship aground, the treacherous picaroon loofs; so by your ruine you save your self from slavery at least.

[*Re-*]*enter Boy.*

Boy. Mrs. Lettice, here's Madam Blackacre come to wait upon her honour.

[*Exeunt Lettice and Boy.*]

Man. D'ye hear that? Let us be gone before

[*Exeunt Lettice and Boy.*], added by Hunt.

she comes: for hence forward I'll avoid the whole damn'd sex for ever, and woman as a sinking ship. *Ex[eunt] Man[ly] and Fid[elia].*

Free. And I'll stay, to revenge on her your quarrel to the sex: for out of love to her jointure, and hatred to business, I wou'd marry her, to make an end of her thousand suits, and my thousand engagements, to the comfort of two unfortunate sorts of people, my plaintiffs and her defendants, my creditors and her adversaries.

Enter Widow Blackacre, led in by Major Oldfox, and Jerry Blackacre following, laden with green bags.

Widow. 'Tis an arrant sea-ruffian; but I am glad I met with him at last, to serve him again, major; for the last service was not good in law. Boy, duck, Jerry, where is my paper of *memorandums?* Give me, child: so. Where is my cousin Olivia now, my kind relation?

Free. Here is one that wou'd be your kind relation, madam.

Wid. What mean you, sir?

Free. Why, faith, (to be short) to marry you, widow.

Wid. Is not this the wild, rude person we saw at Captain Manly's?

Jerry. Ay, forsooth, an't please.

Wid. What wou'd you? what are you? Marry me!

Free. Ay, faith; for I am a younger brother, and you are a widow.

Wid. You are an impertinent person: and go about your business.

Free. I have none, but to marry thee, widow.

Wid. But I have other business, I'd have you to know.

Free. But you have no business anights, widow; and I'll make you pleasanter business than any you have. For anights, I assure you, I am a man of great business; for the business —

Wid. Go, I'm sure you're an idle fellow.

Free. Try me but, widow, and employ me as you find my abilities and industry.

Oldfox. Pray be civil to the lady, Mr. —— she's a person of quality, a person that is no person —

Free. Yes, but she's a person that is a widow. Be you mannerly to her, because you are to pretend only to be her squire, to arm her to her lawyers chambers: but I will be impudent and baudy; for she must love and marry me.

Wid. Marry come up, you saucy, familiar Jack! You think, with us widows, 'tis no more than up, and ride. Gad forgive me! now adayes,

1047 *she's*, Qq. 4–10, Os, she is.
1049 *to arm*, Q10, O1, and arm.

every idle, young, hectoring, roaring companion, with a pair of turn'd red breeches, and a broad back, thinks to carry away any widow, of the best degree. But I'd have you to know, sir, all widows are not got, like places at court, by impudence and importunity only.

Old. No, no, soft, soft, you are a young man, and not fit —

Free. For a widow? yes, sure, old man, the fitter.

Old. Go to, go to; if others had not laid in their claims before you —

Free. Not you, I hope.

Old. Why not I, sir? sure I am a much more proportionable match for her than you, sir; I, who am an elder brother, of a comfortable fortune, and of equal years with her.

Wid. How's that? You unmannerly person, I'd have you to know, I was born but in *Ann' undec' Caroli prim'*.

Old. Your pardon, lady, your pardon: be not offended with your very servant. — But, I say, sir, you are a beggarly younger brother, twenty years younger than her, without any land or stock, but your great stock of impudence: therefore what pretension can you have to her?

1072, 1073 *that? You . . . person, I'd*, Q10, O1, O3, punctuate: that, you . . . person, I'd, O2, that you . . . person, I'd.
1073, 1074 *Ann' undec'*, Q10, O1, O2, *Ann' decim.*

Free. You have made it for me: first, because I am a younger brother.

Wid. Why, is that a sufficient plea to a relict? how appears it, sir? by what foolish custom?

Free. By custom time out of mind only. Then, sir, because I have nothing to keep me after her death, I am the likelier to take care of her life. And for my being twenty years younger than her, and having a sufficient stock of impudence, I leave it to her whether they will be valid exceptions to me in her widow's law or equity.

Old. Well, she has been so long in chancery, that I'll stand to her equity and decree between us. — (*Aside to the Wid*[*ow.*]) Come, lady, pray snap up this young snap at first, or we shall be troubled with him. Give him a city widow's answer, that is, with all the ill breeding imaginable. — Come, madam.

Wid. Well then, to make an end of this foolish wooing, for nothing interrupts business more: first for you, major —

Old. You declare in my favour, then?

Free. What, direct the court? (*To Jerr*[*y*].) Come, young lawyer, thou sha't be a counsel for me.

Jer. Gad, I shall betray your cause then, as well as an old lawyer; never stir.

1091 *whether*, O2, where'er.

Wid. First, I say, for you, major, my walking hospital of an ancient foundation; thou bag of mummy, that wou'dst fall asunder, if 'twere not for thy cere-cloaths —

Old. How, lady!

Free. Hah! ha! —

Jer. Hey, brave mother! use all suitors thus, for my sake.

Wid. Thou wither'd, hobling, distorted cripple; nay, thou art a cripple all over: wou'dst thou make me the staff of thy age, the crutch of thy decrepidness? me —

Free. Well said, widow! Faith, thou wou'dst make a man love thee now, without dissembling.

Wid. Thou sensless, impertinent, quibling, driveling, feeble, paralytic, impotent, fumbling, frigid nicompoop!

Jer. Hey, brave mother, for calling of names, ifac!

Wid. Wou'dst thou make a caudlemaker, a nurse of me? can't you be bed-rid without a bed-fellow? won't your swan-skins, furrs, flannels, and the scorch'd trencher keep you warm there? wou'd you have me your Scotch-warming pan, with a pox to you? me! —

1119 *crutch*, Q8, church.
1125 *frigid*, Q10, O1, rigid.
1128 *caudlemaker*, Q2, Q3, misprint candlemaker.

Old. O Heav'ns!

Free. I told you I shou'd be thought the fitter man, major.

Jer. Ay, you old fobus, and you wou'd have been my guardian, wou'd you, to have taken care of my estate, that half of't shou'd never come to me, by letting long leases at pepper-corn rents?

Wid. If I wou'd have marry'd an old man, 'tis well known I might have marry'd an earl, nay, what's more, a judge, and been cover'd the winter-nights with the lamb-skins, which I prefer to the ermins of nobles. And dost thou think I wou'd wrong my poor minor there for you?

Free. Your minor is a chopping minor, God bless him! *Strokes Jerry on the head.*

Old. Your minor may be a major of horse or foot, for his bigness; and it seems you will have the cheating of your minor to your self.

Wid. Pray, sir, bear witness: — cheat my minor! I'll bring my action of the case for the slander.

Free. Nay, I wou'd bear false witness for thee now, widow, since you have done me justice, and have thought me the fitter man for you.

Wid. Fair and softly, sir, 'tis my minor's case, more than my own; and I must do him justice now on you.

1146 *dost*, Qq. 7–9, durst.

Free. How!

Old. So then.

Wid. You are, first, (I warrant) some renegado from the Inns of Court and the law; and thou'lt come to suffer for't by the law, that is, be hang'd.

Jer. Not about your neck, forsooth, I hope.

Free. But, madam—

Old. Hear the court.

Wid. Thou art some debauch'd, drunken, leud, hectoring, gaming companion, and want'st some widow's old gold to nick upon; but I thank you, sir, that's for my lawyers.

Free. Faith, we shou'd ne'r quarrel about that; for guineys wou'd serve my turn. But, widow—

Wid. Thou art a foul-mouth'd boaster of thy lust, a meer bragadochio of thy strength for wine and women, and wilt belie thy self more than thou dost women, and art every way a base deceiver of women; and wou'd deceive me too, wou'd you?

Free. Nay, faith, widow, this is judging without seeing the evidence.

Wid. I say, you are a worn-out whoremaster at five and twenty, both in body and fortune, and cannot be trusted by the common wenches

1166 *the*, Q9, thy.
1177 *foul-mouth'd*, Qq. 4–10, foul-mouth, O3, foul mouth.
1179 *wilt*, Qq. 6–10, O3, will.

of the town, lest you shou'd not pay 'em; nor by the wives of the town, lest you shou'd pay 'em: so you want women, and wou'd have me your baud to procure 'em for you.

Free. Faith, if you had any good acquaintance, widow, 'twou'd be civilly done of thee; for I am just come from sea.

Wid. I mean, you wou'd have me keep you, that you might turn keeper; for poor widows are only us'd like bauds by you: you go to church with us, but to get other women to lie with. In fine, you are a cheating, chousing spendthrift; and having sold your own annuity, wou'd waste my jointure.

Jer. And make havock of our estate personal, and all our old gilt plate; I shou'd soon be picking up all our mortgag'd apostle-spoons, bowls, and beakers, out of most of the ale-houses betwixt Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping; nay, and you'd be scouring amongst my trees, and make 'em knock down one another, like routed reeling watchmen at midnight. Wou'd you so, bully?

Free. Nay, pr'ythee, widow, hear me.

Wid. No, sir; I'd have you to know, thou pitiful, paltry, lath-back'd fellow, if I wou'd have marry'd a young man, 'tis well known I cou'd have had any young heir in Norfolk, nay, the

1206 *you'd*, Qq. 4–10, wou'd.

hopefull'st young man this day at the Kings-bench bar; I that am a relict and executrix of known plentiful assits and parts, who understand my self and the law. And wou'd you have me under covert baron again? No, sir, no covert baron for me.

Free. But, dear widow, hear me. I value you only, not your jointure.

Wid. Nay, sir, hold there; I know your love to a widow is covetousness of her jointure: and a widow, a little stricken in years, with a good jointure, is like an old mansion-house in a good purchase, never valu'd, but take one, take t'other: and perhaps, when you are in possession, you'd neglect it, let it drop to the ground, for want of necessary repairs or expences upon't.

Free. No, widow, one wou'd be sure to keep all tight, when one is to forfeit one's lease by dilapidation.

Wid. Fie! fie! I neglect my business with this foolish discourse of love. Jerry, child, let me see the list of the jury: I'm sure my cousin Olivia has some relations amongst 'em. But where is she?

Free. Nay, widow, but hear me one word only.

Wid. Nay, sir, no more, pray. I will no more hearken again to your foolish love motions, than to offers of arbitration.

Ex[eunt] Wid[ow] and Jerr[y].

1232 *tight*, Qq. 6–10, Or, right.

Free. Well, I'll follow thee yet; for he that has a pretension at court, or to a widow, must never give over for a little ill usage.

Old. Therefore, I'll get her by assiduity, patience, and long-sufferings, which you will not undergo; for you idle young fellows leave off love when it comes to be business; and industry gets more women than love.

Free. Ay, industry, the fool's and old man's merit.—But I'll be industrious too, and make a business on't, and get her by law, wrangling, and contests, and not by sufferings: and, because you are no dangerous rival, I'll give thee counsel, major:—

If you litigious widow e'r wou'd gain,
Sigh not to her, but by the law complain;
To her, as to a baud, defendant sue
With statutes, and make justice pimp for you.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Finis Actus Secundi, O2 omits.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall.

Enter Manly and Freeman, two Sailors behind.

Manly. I hate this place worse than a man that has inherited a chancery suit: I wish I were well out on't again.

Freeman. Why, you need not be afraid of this place: for a man without money needs no more fear a croud of lawyers than a croud of pick-pockets.

Man. This, the reverend of the law wou'd have thought the palace or residence of Justice; but, if it be, she lives here with the state of a Turkish emperor, rarely seen; and besieg'd rather than defended by her numerous black guard here.

Free. Methinks 'tis like one of their own halls in Christmas time, whither from all parts fools bring their money, to try by the dice (not the worst judges) whether it shall be their own or no: but after a tedious fretting and wrangling they drop away all their money on both sides; and, finding neither the better, at last go emptily and lovingly away together to the tavern,

joining their curses against the young lawyers box, that sweeps all, like the old ones.

Man. Spoken like a revelling Christmas lawyer.

Free. Yes, I was one, I confess, but was fain to leave the law, out of conscience, and fall to making false musters: rather chose to cheat the king than his subjects; plunder, rather than take fees.

Man. Well, a plague and a purse famine light on the law; and that female limb of it who drag'd me hither to day! But pr'ythee go see if, in that croud of dagled gowns there, (*Pointing to a croud of lawyers at the end of the stage*) thou canst find her. *Exit Freem*[*an*].

Manet Manly.

How hard it is to be an hypocrite!
At least to me, who am but newly so.
I thought it once a kind of knavery,
Nay, cowardice, to hide ones faults; but now
The common frailty, love, becomes my shame.
He must not know I love th' ungrateful still,
Lest he contemn me more than she; for I,
It seems, can undergo a womans scorn,
But not a mans —

28 *chose*, Qq. 4–10, Os, chuse.
(*Pointing to . . . stage*), in original follows *her*.
Manet Manly, O2, *Manly solus*.
36 *an*, O1, O2, *a*.

Enter to him Fidelia.

Fidelia. Sir, good sir, generous captain.

Man. Pr'ythee, kind impertinence, leave me. Why shou'dst thou follow me, flatter my generosity now, since thou know'st I have no money left? if I had it, I'd give it thee, to buy my quiet.

Fid. I never follow'd yet, sir, reward or fame, but you alone; nor do I now beg any thing but leave to share your miseries. You shou'd not be a niggard of 'em, since, methinks, you have enough to spare. Let me follow you now, because you hate me, as you have often said.

Man. I ever hated a coward's company, I must confess.

Fid. Let me follow you till I am none, then; for you, I'm sure, will through such worlds of dangers, that I shall be inur'd to 'em; nay, I shall be afraid of your anger more than danger, and so turn valiant out of fear. Dear captain, do not cast me off till you have try'd me once more: do not, do not go to sea again without me.

Man. Thou to sea! to court, thou fool; remember the advice I gave thee: thou art a handsom spaniel, and canst faun naturally: go, busk about and run thy self into the next great man's

47 *me, flatter*, O1, O2, me, or flatter.

lobby; first faun upon the slaves without, and then run into the ladies bed-chamber; thou may'st be admitted at last to tumble her bed. Go, seek, I say, and lose me; for I am not able to keep thee; I have not bread for my self.

Fid. Therefore I will not go, because then I may help and serve you.

Man. Thou!

Fid. I warrant you, sir; for, at worst, I cou'd beg or steal for you.

Man. Nay, more bragging! Dost thou not know there's venturing your life in stealing? Go, pr'ythee, away: thou art as hard to shake off as that flattering, effeminating mischief, love.

Fid. Love, did you name? Why, you are not so miserable as to be yet in love, sure?

Man. No, no, pr'ythee away, be gone, or — (*Aside.*) I had almost discover'd my love and shame; well, if I had? that thing cou'd not think the worse of me — or if he did? — no — yes, he shall know it — he shall — but then I must never leave him, for they are such secrets, that make parasites and pimps lords of their masters: for any slavery or tyranny is easier than

72 *ladies*, O1, O2, lady's. 88 *or*, Q10, O1, omit.
91 *he did*, Qq. 4–10, O1, *I did.*
92 *he shall know*, Q10, he he shall know.

love's. — Come hither. Since thou art so forward to serve me, hast thou but resolution enough to endure the torture of a secret? for such to some is insupportable.

Fid. I wou'd keep it as safe as if your dear, precious life depended on't.

Man. Dam your dearness! It concerns more than my life, — my honour.

Fid. Doubt it not, sir.

Man. And do not discover it, by too much fear of discovering it; but have a great care you let not Freeman find it out.

Fid. I warrant you, sir. I am already all joy with the hopes of your commands; and shall be all wings in the execution of 'em: speak quickly, sir.

Man. You said you wou'd beg for me.

Fid. I did, sir.

Man. Then you shall beg for me.

Fid. With all my heart, sir.

Man. That is, pimp for me.

Fid. How, sir?

Man. D'ye start! Think'st thou, thou cou'dst

96, 97 *hither. Since . . . me, hast*, Q4, Q5, punctuate: hither since . . . me; hast, Qq. 6–10, Os, hither, since . . . me: hast.

108 *you, sir. I*, Qq. 6–10, O3, punctuate: you, Sir, I, O1, O2, you; Sir, I.

111 *sir*, Qq. 4–10, O1, omit.

112 *you wou'd*, Qq. 4–10, Os, you'd.

do me any other service? Come, no dissembling honour: I know you can do it handsomly, thou wert made for't. You have lost your time with me at sea, you must recover it.

Fid. Do not, sir, beget your self more reasons for your aversion to me, and make my obedience to you a fault; I am the unfittest in the world to do you such a service.

Man. Your cunning arguing against it shews but how fit you are for it. No more dissembling; here, I say, you must go use it for me to Olivia.

Fid. To her, sir?

Man. Go flatter, lie, kneel, promise, any thing to get her for me: I cannot live unless I have her. Didst thou not say thou wou'dst do any thing to save my life? and she said you had a persuading face.

Fid. But did not you say, sir, your honour was dearer to you than your life? and wou'd you have me contribute to the loss of that, and carry love from you to the most infamous, most false, and —

Man. And most beautiful! — *Sighs aside.*

Fid. Most ungrateful woman that ever liv'd; for sure she must be so, that cou'd desert you so soon, use you so basely, and so lately too: do not, do not forget it, sir, and think —

136 *not you*, Q9, you not.

Man. No, I will not forget it, but think of revenge; I will lie with her, out of revenge. Go, be gone, and prevail for me, or never see me more.

Fid. You scorn'd her last night.

Man. I know not what I did last night; I dissembled last night.

Fid. Heavens!

Man. Be gone, I say, and bring me love or compliance back, or hopes at least, or I'll never see thy face again, by —

Fid. O, do not swear, sir! first hear me.

Man. I am impatient, away! you'll find me here till twelve. *Turns away.*

Fid. Sir —

Man. Not one word, no insinuating argument more, or soothing persuasion; you'll have need of all your rhetorick with her: go, strive to alter her, not me; be gone.

Ex[*it*] *Man*[*ly*] *at the end of the stage.*

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. Shou'd I discover to him now my sex,
And lay before him his strange cruelty,
'Twou'd but incense it more. — No, 'tis not time.
For his love must I then betray my own?
Were ever love or chance till now severe?

158 *I am*, Q10, Os, I'm.

Or shifting woman pos'd with such a task?
Forc'd to beg that which kills her, if obtain'd,
And give away her lover not to lose him!

Ex[it] Fidel[ia].

Enter Widow Blackacre, in the middle of half a dozen Lawyers, whisper'd to by a fellow in black, Jerry Blackacre following the croud.

Widow. Offer me a reference, you saucy companion you! d'ye know who you speak to? Art thou a solicitor in chancery, and offer a reference? A pretty fellow! Mr. Serjeant Ploddon, here's a fellow has the impudence to offer me a reference!

Serjeant Ploddon. Who's that has the impudence to offer a reference within these walls?

Wid. Nay, for a splitter of causes to do't!

Serj. Plod. No, madam; to a lady learned in the law, as you are, the offer of a reference were to impose upon you.

Wid. No, no, never fear me for a reference, Mr. Serjeant. But come, have you not forgot your brief? Are you sure you shan't make the mistake of — hark you — (*Whispers.*) — Go then, go to your court of Common-Pleas, and say one thing over and over again: you do it so naturally, you'll never be suspected for protracting time.

174 *companion*, Qq. 7–9, company.

Serj. Plod. Come, I know the course of the court, and your business.

Ex[*it*] *Serj*[*eant*] *Plod*[*don*].

Wid. Let's see, Jerry, where are my minutes? Come, Mr. Quaint, pray go talk a great deal for me in chancery, let your words be easie, and your sense hard; my cause requires it: branch it bravely, and deck my cause with flowers, that the snake may lie hidden. Go, go, and be sure you remember the decree of my Lord Chancellor, *Tricesimo quart'* of the queen.

Quaint. I will, as I see cause, extenuate or examplifie matter of fact; baffle truth with impudence; answer exceptions with questions, tho' never so impertinent; for reasons give 'em words; for law and equity, tropes and figures; and so relax and enervate the sinews of their argument with the oyl of my eloquence. But when my lungs can reason no longer, and not being able to say any thing more for our cause, say every thing of our adversary; whose reputation, though never so clear and evident in the eye of the world, yet with sharp invectives—

Wid. [*Aside.*] Alias, Belin'sgate.

195 *my*, Q10, O1, the.
197 *in chancery*, Qq. 7–9, in the chancery.
204 *examplifie*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, amplifie.
214 *yet*, O2 omits.
215 [*Aside.*], Qq., O3, indicate an aside by enclosing the speech in parentheses.

Quaint. With poinant and sowre invectives, I say, I will deface, wipe out, and obliterate his fair reputation, even as a record with the juice of lemons; and tell such a story, (for the truth on't is, all that we can do for our client, in chancery, is telling a story) a fine story, a long story, such a story —

Wid. Go, save thy breath for the cause; talk at the bar, Mr. Quaint: you are so copiously fluent, you can weary any ones ears sooner than your own tongue. Go, weary our adversaries counsel, and the court; go, thou art a fine-spoken person: adad, I shall make thy wife jealous of me, if you can but court the court into a decree for us. Go, get you gone, and remember — (*Whispers.*) — (*Exit Quaint.*) — Come, Mr. Blunder, pray baul soundly for me, at the Kings-bench, bluster, sputter, question, cavil; but be sure your argument be intricate enough to confound the court; and then you do my business. Talk what you will, but be sure your tongue never stand still; for your own noise will secure your sense from censure: 'tis like coughing or heming when one has got the belly-ake, which stifles the unmannerly noise. Go, dear rogue,

226 *our*, Q10, O1, my. *adversaries*, O1, O2, adversary's.
230 *and*, Qq. 2–10, O1, omit.
232 *baul*, Q6, Q10, haul.

and succeed; and I'll invite thee, ere it be long, to more souz'd venison.

Blunder. I'll warrant you, after your verdict, your judgment shall not be arrested upon if's and and's. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Come, Mr. Petulant, let me give you some new instructions for our cause in the Exchequer. Are the barons sate?

Petulant. Yes, no; may be they are, may be they are not: what know I? what care I?

Wid. Hey day! I wish you wou'd but snap up the counsel on t'other side anon at the bar as much; and have a little more patience with me, that I might instruct you a little better.

Pet. You instruct me! what is my brief for, mistress?

Wid. Ay, but you seldom read your brief but at the bar, if you do it then.

Pet. Perhaps I do, perhaps I don't, and perhaps 'tis time enough: pray hold your self contented, mistress.

Wid. Nay, if you go there too, I will not be contented, sir; tho' you, I see, will lose my cause for want of speaking, I wo'not: you shall hear me, and shall be instructed. Let's see your brief.

Pet. Send your solicitor to me. Instructed by

245 [*Exit.*], added by Hunt. 255 *for*, Q10, O1, omit.

a woman! I'd have you to know, I do not wear a bar-gown —

Wid. By a woman! and I'd have you to know, I am no common woman; but a woman conversant in the laws of the land, as well as your self, tho' I have no bar-gown.

Pet. Go to, go to, mistress, you are impertinent, and there's your brief for you: instruct me! *Flings her breviate at her.*

Wid. Impertinent, to me, you saucy Jack, you! you return my breviate, but where's my fee? you'll be sure to keep that, and scan that so well, that if there chance to be but a brass half-crown in't, one's sure to hear on't again: wou'd you wou'd but look on your breviate half so narrowly! But pray give me my fee too, as well as my brief.

Pet. Mistress, that's without precedent. When did a counsel ever return his fee, pray? and you are impertinent and ignorant to demand it.

Wid. Impertinent again, and ignorant, to me! Gadsbodikins, you puny upstart in the law, to use me so! you green bag carrier, you murderer of unfortunate causes, the clerks ink is scarce off of your fingers,—you that newly come from lamblacking the judges shooes, and are not fit to wipe mine; you call me impertinent and igno-

289 *Gadsbodikins*, Q7, Gadbodikins. *the*, Q9 omits.

rant! I wou'd give thee a cuff on the ear, sitting the courts, if I were ignorant. Marry gep, if it had not been for me, thou hadst been yet but a hearing counsel at the bar. *Ex*[*it*] *Petulant.*

Enter Mr. Buttongown, crossing the stage in haste.

Mr. Buttongown, Mr. Buttongown, whither so fast? what, won't you stay till we are heard?

Buttongown. I cannot, Mrs. Blackacre, I must be at the council, my lord's cause stays there for me.

Wid. And mine suffers here.

But. I cannot help it.

Wid. I'm undone.

But. What's that to me?

Wid. Consider the five pound fee, if not my cause: that was something to you.

But. Away, away! pray be not so troublesom, mistress: I must be gone.

Wid. Nay, but consider a little: I am your old client, my lord but a new one; or let him be what he will, he will hardly be a better client to you than my self: I hope you believe I shall be in law as long as I live; therefore am no despicable client. Well, but go to your lord; I know you expect he shou'd make you a judge one day; but I hope his promise to you will prove a true lord's promise. But, that he might be sure to fail you, I wish you had his bond for't.

But. But what, will you yet be thus impertinent, mistress?

Wid. Nay, I beseech you, sir, stay; if it be but to tell me my lord's case; come, in short—

But. Nay, then— *Ex[it] Buttongown.*

Wid. Well, Jerry, observe, child, and lay it up for hereafter. These are those lawyers who, by being in all causes, are in none: therefore if you wou'd have 'em for you, let your adversary fee 'em; for he may chance to depend upon 'em; and so, in being against thee, they'll be for thee.

Jerry. Ay, mother; they put me in mind of the unconscionable woers of widows, who undertake briskly their matrimonial business for their money; but when they have got it once, let who's will drudge for them. Therefore have a care of 'em, forsooth. There's advice for your advice.

Wid. Well said, boy. — Come, Mr. Splitcause, pray go see when my cause in chancery comes on; and go speak with Mr. Quillet in the Kings-bench, and Mr. Quirk in the Common-pleas, and see how our matters go there.

Enter Major Oldfox.

Oldfox. Lady, a good and propitious morning

322 *yet*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, omit.
345 *our*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

to you; and may all your causes go as well as if I my self were judge of 'em!

Wid. Sir, excuse me; I am busie, and cannot answer complements in Westminster-hall. — Go, Mr. Splitcause, and come to me again to that booksellers; there I'll stay for you, that you may be sure to find me.

Old. No, sir, come to the other booksellers. I'll attend your ladiship thither.

Ex[it] Splitcause.

Wid. Why to the other?

Old. Because he is my bookseller, lady.

Wid. What, to sell you lozenges for your catarrh? or medicines for your corns? What else can a major deal with a bookseller for?

Old. Lady, he prints for me.

Wid. Why, are you an author?

Old. Of some few essayes; deign you, lady, to peruse 'em. — (*Aside.*) She is a woman of parts; and I must win her by shewing mine.

The Bookseller's Boy.

Boy. Will you see *Culpepper*, mistress? *Aristotle's Problems? The Compleat Midwife?*

Wid. No; let's see *Dalton*, *Hughs*, *Shepherd*, *Wingate*.

Boy. We have no law-books.

Wid. No? you are a pretty bookseller then!

Old. Come, have you e're a one of my essayes left?

Boy. Yes, sir, we have enough, and shall alwayes have 'em.

Old. How so?

Boy. Why, they are good, steady, lasting ware.

Old. Nay, I hope they will live; let's see. — Be pleas'd, madam, to peruse the poor endeavors of my pen: for I have a pen, tho' I say it, that — *Gives her a book.*

Jer. Pray let me see *St. George for Christendom*, or, *The Seven Champions of England.*

Wid. No, no; give him *The Young Clerk's Guide.* — What, we shall have you read your self into a humor of rambling and fighting, and studying military discipline, and wearing red breeches!

Old. Nay, if you talk of military discipline, shew him my treatise of *The Art Military.*

Wid. Hold; I wou'd as willingly he shou'd read a play.

Jer. O, pray, forsooth, mother, let me have a play.

Wid. No, sirrah; there are young students of the law enough spoil'd already by playes. They wou'd make you in love with your landress, or,

381 *for I have a pen*, Qq. 2–10, O1, omit.
385 *Clerk's*, Q4, Q5, *Clark's*.
391 *Art Military*, Qq. 2–10, *Art of Military*.

what's worse, some queen of the stage that was a landress; and so turn keeper before you are of age. (*Several crossing the stage.*) But stay, Jerry, is not that Mr. What-d'y'call-him, that goes there, he that offer'd to sell me a suit in chancery for five hundred pound, for a hundred down, and only paying the clerks fees?

Jer. Ay, forsooth, 'tis he.

Wid. Then stay here, and have a care of the bags, whil'st I follow him. — Have a care of the bags, I say.

Jer. And do you have a care, forsooth, of the statute against champertee, I say.

Ex[*it*] *Widow.*

[*Re-*]*enter Freeman to them.*

Free. (*Aside.*) So, there's a limb of my widow, which was wont to be inseparable from her: she can't be far. — How now, my pretty son-in-law that shall be, where's my widow?

Jer. My mother, but not your widow, will be forthcoming presently.

Free. Your servant, major. What, are you buying furniture for a little sleeping closet, which you miscall a study? For you do only by your books, as by your wenches, bind 'em up neatly

402 *is not*, Qq. 4–10, is it not.
404 *pound*, Q8, Q9, pounds.
408, 409 *whil'st I . . . bags*, O1 omits.

and make 'em fine, for other people to use 'em. And your bookseller is properly your upholster, for he furnishes your room, rather than your head.

Old. Well, well, good sea-lieutenant, study you your compass; that's more than your head can deal with. —(*Aside.*) I will go find out the widow, to keep her out of his sight, or he'll board her, whil'st I am treating a peace.

Ex[*it*] *Oldfox.*

Manent Freeman, Jerry.

Jer. Nay, pr'ythee, friend, now let me have but *The Seven Champions.* You shall trust me no longer than till my mothers Mr. Splitcause comes; for I hope he'll lend me wherewithall to pay for't.

Free. Lend thee! here, I'll pay him. Do you want money, squire? I'm sorry a man of your estate shou'd want money.

Jer. Nay, my mother will ne'r let me be at age: and till then, she sayes —

Free. At age! why you are at age already to have spent an estate, man. There are younger than you have kept their women these three years, have had half a dozen claps, and lost as many thousand pounds at play.

Jer. Ay, they are happy sparks! Nay, I know

443 *these*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, this.

some of my school-fellows, who, when we were at school, were two years younger than me; but now, I know not how, are grown men before me, and go where they will, and look to themselves. But my curmudgeonly mother wo'nt allow me wherewithall to be a man of my self with.

Free. Why, there 'tis; I knew your mother was in the fault. Ask but your school-fellows what they did to be men of themselves.

Jer. Why, I know they went to law with their mothers: for they say, there's no good to be done upon a widow mother, till one goes to law with her; but mine is as plaguy a lawyer as any's of our Inn. Then wou'd she marry too, and cut down my trees. Now, I shou'd hate, man, to have my father's wife kiss'd and slap'd, and t'other thing too (you know what I mean), by another man: and our trees are the purest, tall, even, shady twigs by my fa—

Free. Come, squire, let your mother and your trees fall as she pleases, rather than wear this gown and carry green bags all thy life, and be pointed at for a Tony. But you shall be able to deal with her yet the common way. Thou shalt make false love to some lawyer's daughter, whose father, upon the hopes of thy marrying

454 *the*, Qq. 4–10, Os, omit.
472 *the*, Qq. 6–8, O1, O2, thy.

her, shall lend thee money and law to preserve thy estate and trees: and thy mother is so ugly no body will have her, if she cannot cut down thy trees.

Jer. Nay, if I had but any body to stand by me, I am as stomachful as another.

Free. That will I: I'll not see any hopeful young gentleman abus'd.

Boy. (*Aside.*) By any but your self.

Jer. The truth on't is, mine's as arrant a widow-mother to her poor child as any's in England. She wo'nt so much as let one have sixpence in one's pocket to see a motion, or the dancing of the ropes, or—

Free. Come, you sha'nt want money; there's gold for you.

Jer. O lord, sir, two guineys! D'ye lend me this? Is there no trick in't? Well, sir, I'll give you my bond for security.

Free. No, no; thou hast given me thy face for security: any body wou'd swear thou dost not look like a cheat. You shall have what you will of me; and if your mother will not be kinder to you, come to me, who will.

481 *any*, Qq. 7–9, any other.
484 *so much*, Qq. 7–9, as much.
489 *lord*, Q1, lurd. 491 *my*, Q8, Q9, omit.
493 *any body*, Qq. 4–10, O1, O2, and any body.

Jer. (*Aside.*) By my fa—he's a curious fine gentleman!—But will you stand by one?

Free. If you can be resolute.

Jer. Can be resolv'd! Gad, if she gives me but a cross word, I'll leave her to night, and come to you. But now I have got money, I'll go to Jack of all Trades, at t'other end of the Hall, and buy the neatest, purest things—

Free. [*Aside.*] And I'll follow the great boy, and my blow at his mother. Steal away the calf, and the cow will follow you.

Exit Jerry, follow'd by Freeman.

[*Re-*]*enter, on the other side, Manly, Widow Blackacre, and Oldfox.*

Man. Dam your cause, can't you lose it without me? which you are like enough to do, if it be, as you say, an honest one: I will suffer no longer for't.

Wid. Nay, captain, I tell you, you are my prime witness; and the cause is just now coming on, Mr. Splitcause tells me. Lord, methinks you shou'd take a pleasure in walking here, as half you see now do; for they have no business here, I assure you.

Man. Yes; but I'll assure you then, their business is to persecute me. But d'ye think I'll

505 [*Aside*], added by Hunt.

506 *away*, the first a is lacking in Q1, but a space shows that it has been broken out in the press.

stay any longer, to have a rogue, because he knows my name, pluck me aside and whisper a newsbook-secret to me with a stinking breath? a second come piping angry from the court, and sputter in my face his tedious complaints against it? a third law-coxcomb, because he saw me once at a reader's dinner, come and put me a long law-case, to make a discovery of his indefatigable dulness and my weari'd patience? a fourth, a most barbarous civil rogue, who will keep a man half an hour in the croud with a bow'd body, and a hat off, acting the reform'd sign of the Salutation tavern, to hear his bountiful professions of service and friendship, whil'st he cares not if I were damn'd, and I am wishing him hang'd out of my way?—I'd as soon run the gantlet, as walk t'other turn.

[*Re-*]*enter to them Jerry Blackacre, without his bags, but laden with trinkets, which he endeavors to hide from his mother; and follow'd at a distance by Freeman.*

Wid. O, are you come, sir? but where have you been, you ass? and how come you thus laden?

Jer. Look here, forsooth, mother; now here's a duck, here's a boar-cat, and here's an owl.

Making a noise with cat-calls and other such like instruments.

524 *complaints*, Qq. 7–9, complaint.
526 *come*, Qq. 4–10, Os, came.

Wid. Yes, there is an owl, sir.

Old. He's an ungracious bird indeed.

Wid. But go, thou trangame, and carry back those trangames, which thou hast stol'n or purloin'd; for no body wou'd trust a minor in Westminster-hall, sure.

Jer. Hold your self contented, forsooth: I have these commodities by a fair bargain and sale; and there stands my witness and creditor.

Wid. How's that? What, sir, d'ye think to get the mother by giving the child a rattle? — But where are my bags, my writings, you rascal?

Jer. (*Aside.*) O, law! where are they, indeed?

Wid. How, sirrah? speak, come —

Man. (*Apart to him.*) You can tell her, Freeman, I suppose.

Free. (*Apart to him.*) 'Tis true, I made one of your salt-water sharks steal 'em whil'st he was eagerly choosing his commodities, as he calls 'em, in order to my design upon his mother.

Wid. Wo'nt you speak? Where were you, I say, you son of a — an unfortunate woman? — O, major, I'm undone! They are all that concern my estate, my jointure, my husband's

557 *You*, Qq. 6–10, O1, Who. 559 *one*, Q10, O1, some.

deed of gift, my evidences for all my suits now depending! What will become of them?

Free. (*Aside.*) I'm glad to hear this. — They'll be safe, I warrant you, madam.

Wid. O where? where? Come, you villain, along with me, and shew me where.

Exeunt Widow, Jerry, Oldfox.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Man. Thou hast taken the right way to get a widow, by making her great boy rebel; for when nothing will make a widow marry, she'll do't to cross her children. But canst thou in earnest marry this harpy, this volume of shrivel'd blur'd parchments and law, this attornies desk?

Free. Ay, ay; I'll marry and live honestly; that is, give my creditors, not her, due benevolence, — pay my debts.

Man. Thy creditors, you see, are not so barbarous as to put thee in prison; and wilt thou commit thy self to a noisom dungeon for thy life? which is the only satisfaction thou canst give thy creditors by this match.

Free. Why, is not she rich?

Man. Ay; but he that marries a widow for her money, will find himself as much mistaken as the widow that marries a young fellow for due benevolence, as you call it.

568 *evidences*, O2, evidence. 571 *be safe*, O3, be all safe.

Free. Why, d'ye think I sha'nt deserve wages? I'll drudge faithfully.

Man. I tell thee again, he that is the slave in the mine has the least propriety in the ore. You may dig, and dig; but if thou wou'dst have her money, rather get to be her trustee than her husband; for a true widow will make over her estate to any body, and cheat her self, rather than be cheated by her children or a second husband.

[*Re-*]*enter to them Jerry, running in a fright.*

Jer. O law! I'm undone! I'm undone! my mother will kill me: — you said you'd stand by one.

Free. So I will, my brave squire, I warrant thee.

Jer. Ay, but I dare not stay till she comes; for she's as furious, now she has lost her writings, as a bitch when she has lost her puppies.

Man. The comparison's handsom!

Jer. O, she's here!

Free. (*To the Sailor.*) Take him, Jack, and make haste with him to your master's lodging; and be sure you keep him up till I come.

Exit Jerry, and Sailor.

595 *the slave*, Q9, a slave.
598 *her money*, Qq. 7–9, the money. *than*, Q9, then.
612 *here*, Qq. 7–9, there.

[*Re*]-*enter Widow Blackacre and Oldfox.*

Wid. O my dear writings! Where's this heathen rogue, my minor?

Free. Gone to drown or hang himself.

Wid. No, I know him too well; he'll ne'r be *felo de se* that way: but he may go and choose a guardian of his own head, and so be *felo de ses beins;* for he has not yet chosen one.

Free. (*Aside.*) Say you so? And he sha'nt want one.

Wid. But, now I think on't, 'tis you, sir, have put this cheat upon me; for there is a saying, *Take hold of a maid by her smock, and a widow by her writings, and they cannot get from you.* But I'll play fast and loose with you yet, if there be law; and my minor and writings are not forthcoming, I'll bring my action of detinue or trover. But first, I'll try to find out this guardianless, graceless villain. — Will you jog, major?

Man. If you have lost your evidence, I hope your causes cannot go on, and I may be gone?

Wid. O no; stay but a making water while (as one may say) and I'll be with you again.

Ex[*eunt*] *Widow and Oldfox.*

[*Re-*]*enter Widow* . . . in originals precedes Freeman's speech.

630, 631 *law;* and . . . *forth-coming, I'll,* O1, O2, punctuate law, and . . . forth-coming; I'll.

Manent Manly, Freeman.

Free. Well; sure I am the first man that ever began a love intrigue in Westminster-hall.

Man. No, sure; for the love to a widow generally begins here: and as the widow's cause goes against the heir or executors, the jointure rivals commence their suit to the widow.

Free. Well; but how, pray, have you past your time here, since I was forc'd to leave you alone? You have had a great deal of patience.

Man. Is this a place to be alone, or have patience in? But I have had patience, indeed; for I have drawn upon me, since I came, but three quarrels and two law-suits.

Free. Nay, faith, you are too curst to be let loose in the world: you shou'd be ty'd up again in your sea-kennel, call'd a ship. But how cou'd you quarrel here?

Man. How cou'd I refrain? A lawyer talk'd peremptorily and saucily to me, and as good as gave me the lye.

Free. They do it so often to one another at the bar, that they make no bones on't elsewhere.

Man. However, I gave him a cuff on the ear; whereupon he jogs two men, whose backs were turn'd to us (for they were reading at a booksellers), to witness I struck him, sitting the

courts; which office they so readily promis'd, that I call'd 'em rascals and knights of the post. One of 'em presently calls two other absent witnesses, who were coming towards us at a distance; whil'st the other, with a whisper, desires to know my name, that he might have satisfaction by way of challenge, as t'other by way of writ; but if it were not rather to direct his brother's writ, than his own challenge — There, you see, is one of my quarrels, and two of my law-suits.

Free. So!—and the other two?

Man. For advising a poet to leave off writing, and turn lawyer, because he is dull and impudent, and sayes or writes nothing now but by precedent.

Free. And the third quarrel?

Man. For giving more sincere advice to a handsom, well-drest young fellow (who ask'd it too), not to marry a wench that he lov'd, and I had lay'n with.

Free. Nay, if you will be giving your sincere advice to lovers and poets, you will not fail of quarrels.

673 *but if it were not rather*, O1, O2, but I question if it was not rather.
675 *is*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.
678 *advising*, Qq. 6–10, O1, desiring.

Man. Or if I stay in this place; for I see more quarrels crouding upon me. Let's be gone, and avoid 'em.

Enter Novel at a distance, coming towards them.

A plague on him, that sneer is ominous to us; he is coming upon us, and we shall not be rid of him.

Novel. Dear bully, don't look so grum upon me; you told me just now, you had forgiven me a little harmless raillery upon wooden legs last night.

Man. Yes, yes, pray be gone, I am talking of business.

Nov. Can't I hear it? I love thee, and will be faithful, and alwayes —

Man. Impertinent! 'Tis business that concerns Freeman only.

Nov. Well, I love Freeman too, and wou'd not divulge his secret. — Pr'ythee speak, pr'ythee, I must —

Man. Pr'ythee let me be rid of thee, I must be rid of thee.

Nov. Faith, thou canst hardly, I love thee so. Come, I must know the business.

Man. (*Aside.*) So, I have it now. — Why, if you needs will know it, he has a quarrel, and his adversary bids him bring two friends with him:

After 692 *towards*, O2, toward.

now, I am one, and we are thinking who we shall have for a third.

Several crossing the stage.

Nov. A pox, there goes a fellow owes me an hundred pound, and goes out of town to morrow: I'll speak with him, and come to you presently.

Exit Novel.

Man. No, but you wo'not.

Free. You are dextrously rid of him.

[*Re-*]*enter Oldfox.*

Man. To what purpose, since here comes another as impertinent? I know by his grin he is bound hither.

Old. Your servant, worthy, noble captain. Well, I have left the widow, because she carry'd me from your company: for, faith, captain, I must needs tell thee thou art the only officer in England, who was not an Edg-hill officer, that I care for.

Man. I'm sorry for't.

Old. Why, wou'dst thou have me love them?

Man. Any body rather than me.

Old. What! you are modest, I see; therefore, too, I love thee.

Man. No, I am not modest; but love to brag my self, and can't patiently hear you fight over the last civil war. Therefore, go look out the

718 *an*, O1, a. 720 *presently*, Q1, preesently.

fellow I saw just now here, that walks with his stockings and his sword out at heels, and let him tell you the history of that scar on his cheek, to give you occasion to shew yours, got in the field at Bloomsbury, not that of Edg-hill. Go to him, poor fellow; he is fasting, and has not yet the happiness this morning to stink of brandy and tobacco: go, give him some to hear you; I am busie.

Old. Well, ygad, I love thee now, boy, for thy surliness. Thou art no tame captain, I see, that will suffer——

Man. An old fox.

Old. All that sha'nt make me angry: I consider thou art peevish, and fretting at some ill success at law. Pr'ythee, tell me what ill luck you have met with here.

Man. You.

Old. Do I look like the picture of ill luck? gadsnouns, I love thee more and more. And shall I tell thee what made me love thee first?

Man. Do; that I may be rid of that damn'd quality and thee.

Old. 'Twas thy wearing that broad sword there.

740, 741 *his stockings and his sword*, O2, O3, his sword and stockings.

744 *of*, Qq. 6–10, O1, at.

753, 754 *consider thou*, O2, O3, consider that thou.

Man. Here, Freeman, let's change: I'll never wear it more.

Old. How! you wo'not, sure. Pr'ythee, don't look like one of our holyday captains now adayes, with a bodkin by your side, your martinet rogues.

Man. (*Aside.*) O, then, there's hopes. — What, d'ye find fault with martinet? Let me tell you, sir, 'tis the best exercise in the world; the most ready, most easie, most graceful exercise that ever was us'd, and the most —

Old. Nay, nay, sir, no more; sir, your servant: if you praise martinet once, I have done with you, sir. — Martinet! martinet! —

Exit Oldfox.

Free. Nay, you have made him leave you as willingly as ever he did an enemy; for he was truly for the king and parliament: for the parliament in their list; and for the king in cheating 'em of their pay, and never hurting the king's party in the field.

Enter a Lawyer towards them.

Man. A pox! this way: — here's a lawyer I know threatning us with another greeting.

Lawyer. Sir, sir, your very servant; I was afraid you had forgotten me.

Man. I was not afraid you had forgotten me.

769 *your martinet*, Q10, O3, you martinet.

Law. No, sir; we lawyers have pretty good memories.

Man. You ought to have, by your wits.

Law. O, you are a merry gentleman, sir: I remember you were merry when I was last in your company.

Man. I was never merry in thy company, Mr. Lawyer, sure.

Law. Why, I'm sure you jok'd upon me, and shamm'd me all night long.

Man. Shamm'd! pr'ythee what barbarous law-term is that?

Law. Shamming! why, don't you know that? 'tis all our way of wit, sir.

Man. I am glad I do not know it then. Shamming! what does he mean by't, Freeman?

Free. Shamming is telling you an insipid dull lye with a dull face, which the slie wag the author only laughs at himself; and making himself believe 'tis a good jest, puts the sham only upon himself.

Man. So, your lawyers jest, I find, like his practice, has more knavery than wit in't. I shou'd make the worst shammer in England: I must alwayes deal ingeniously, as I will with you, Mr. Lawyer, and advise you to be seen rather with

814 *ingeniously*, Q8, Q9, ingenuously. *as I will*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O3, as well.

814, 815 *Mr. Lawyer, and*, O1, Mr. Lawyer, as with others, and.

attornies and solicitors, than such fellows as I am: they will credit your practice more.

Law. No, sir, your company's an honour to me.

Man. No, faith; go this way, there goes an attorney; leave me for him; let it be never said a lawyers civility did him hurt.

Law. No, worthy, honour'd sir; I'll not leave you for any attorney, sure.

Man. Unless he had a fee in his hand.

Law. Have you any business here, sir? Try me: I'd serve you sooner than any attorney breathing.

Man. Business — (*Aside.*) So, I have thought of a sure way. — Yes, faith, I have a little business.

Law. Have you so, sir? in what court, sir? what is't, sir? Tell me but how I may serve you, and I'll do't, sir, and take it for as great an honour —

Man. Faith, 'tis for a poor orphan of a sea-officer of mine, that has no money. But if it cou'd be follow'd *in forma pauperis*, and when the legacy's recover'd —

Law. *Forma pauperis*, sir!

Man. Ay, sir.

Several crossing the stage

819 *this way*, Qq. 2–5, thy wayes, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, thy ways.
820 *be never*, Q10, Os, never be.

Law. Mr. Bumblecase, Mr. Bumblecase! a word with you. — Sir, I beg your pardon at present; I have a little business —

Man. Which is not *in forma pauperis.*

Exit Lawyer.

Free. So, you have now found a way to be rid of people without quarrelling.

Enter Alderman.

Man. But here's a city rogue will stick as hard upon us, as if I ow'd him money.

Alderman. Captain, noble sir, I am yours heartily, d'ye see; why shou'd you avoid your old friends?

Man. And why shou'd you follow me? I owe you nothing.

Ald. Out of my hearty respects to you: for there is not a man in England —

Man. Thou wou'dst save from hanging with the expence of a shilling only.

Ald. Nay, nay, but, captain, you are like enough to tell me —

Man. Truth, which you wo'nt care to hear; therefore you had better go talk with some body else.

Ald. No, I know no body can inform me better of some young wit, or spendthrift, that has a good dip'd seat and estate in Middlesex, Hartfordshire, Essex, or Kent; any of these

wou'd serve my turn: now, if you knew of such an one, and wou'd but help —

Man. You to finish his ruine.

Ald. Ifaith, you shou'd have a snip —

Man. Of your nose; you thirty in the hundred rascal, wou'd you make me your squire setter, your baud for mannors?

Takes him by the nose.

Ald. Oh!

Free. Hold, or here will be your third law-suit.

Ald. Gads precious, you hectoring person you, are you wild? I meant you no hurt, sir: I begin to think, as things go, land security best, and have for a convenient mortgage, some ten, fifteen or twenty thousand pound by me.

Man. Then go lay it out upon an hospital, and take a mortgage of Heaven, according to your city custom; for you think by laying out a little money to hook in that too hereafter. Do, I say, and keep the poor you've made by taking forfeitures, that Heaven may not take yours.

867 *knew*, Q9, know.

871, 872 *nose; you . . . rascal, wou'd*, Qq. 2–9 punctuate nose; you . . . rascal; wou'd, Q10, Os, nose, you . . . rascal; wou'd.

873 *your baud*, Q10 misprints you bawd.

881 *pound*, Q8, Q9, pounds.

Ald. No, to keep the cripples you make this war. This war spoils our trade.

Man. Dam your trade! 'tis the better for't.

Ald. What, will you speak against our trade?

Man. And dare you speak against the war, our trade?

Ald. (*Aside.*) Well, he may be a convoy of ships I am concern'd in. — Come, captain, I will have a fair correspondency with you, say what you will.

Man. Then pr'ythee be gone.

Ald. No, faith; pr'ythee, captain, let's go drink a dish of lac'd coffee, and talk of the times. Come, I'll treat you: nay, you shall go, for I have no business here.

Man. But I have.

Ald. To pick up a man to give thee a dinner? Come, I'll do thy business for thee.

Man. Faith, now I think on't, so you may, as well as any man: for 'tis to pick up a man to be bound with me to one who expects city security for —

Ald. Nay, then your servant, captain; business must be done.

Man. Ay, if it can. But hark you, alderman, without you —

Ald. Business, sir, I say, must be done; and

897 *correspondency*, O2, correspondence.

there's an officer of the treasury (*Several crossing the stage*) I have an affair with —

Exit alderman.

Man. You see now what the mighty friendship of the world is; what all ceremony, embraces, and plentiful professions come to! You are no more to believe a professing friend than a threatning enemy; and as no man hurts you, that tells you he'll do you a mischief, no man, you see, is your servant who sayes he is so. Why the devil, then, shou'd a man be troubled with the flattery of knaves if he be not a fool or cully; or with the fondness of fools, if he be not a knave or cheat?

Free. Only for his pleasure: for there is some in laughing at fools, and disappointing knaves.

Man. That's a pleasure, I think, wou'd cost you too dear, as well as marrying your widow to disappoint her. But, for my part, I have no pleasure by 'em but in despising 'em, wheresoe'r I meet 'em; and then the pleasure of hoping so to be rid of 'em. But now my comfort is, I am not worth a shilling in the world, which all the world shall know; and then I'm sure I shall have none of 'em come near me.

(*Several crossing the stage*), in originals placed at the end of the speech.

935 *meet*, Q9 misprints met.

Free. A very pretty comfort, which I think you pay too dear for. — But is the twenty pound gone since the morning?

Man. To my boats crew. — Wou'd you have the poor, honest, brave fellows want?

Free. Rather than you or I.

Man. Why, art thou without money? thou who art a friend to every body?

Free. I ventur'd my last stake upon the squire, to nick him of his mother; and cannot help you to a dinner, unless you will go dine with my lord —

Man. No, no; the ordinary is too dear for me where flattery must pay for my dinner: I am no herald or poet.

Free. We'll go then to the bishops —

Man. There you must flatter the old philosophy: I cannot renounce my reason for a dinner.

Free. Why, then let's go to your aldermans.

Man. Hang him, rogue! that were not to dine; for he makes you drunk with lees of sack before dinner, to take away your stomach: and there you must call usury and extortion Gods blessings, or the honest turning of the penny;

941 *But is*, O1, O2, But where is.
945 *than*, Q9, then. 947 *a*, O2 omits.
955 *then to*, Q8, to, Q9 omits.
960 *you*, Qq. 6–10, O1, us. 961 *your*, Qq. 6–10, O1, our.
963 *blessings*, Qq. 2–10, O1, O2 blessing.

hear him brag of the leather breeches in which he trotted first to town, and make a greater noise with his money in his parlor, than his casheers do in his counting house, without hopes of borrowing a shilling.

Free. Ay, a pox on't! 'tis like dining with the great gamesters: and when they fall to their common dessert, see the heaps of gold drawn on all hands, without going to twelve. Let us go to my Lady Goodly's.

Man. There, to flatter her looks, you must mistake her grandchildren for her own; praise her cook, that she may rail at him; and feed her dogs, not your self.

Free. What d'ye think of eating with your lawyer, then?

Man. Eat with him! dam him! To hear him employ his barbarous eloquence in a reading upon the two and thirty good bits in a shoulder of veal, and be forc'd your self to praise the cold bribe pye that stinks, and drink law-French wine as rough and harsh as his law-French. A pox on him! I'd rather dine in the Temple [Round] or walks, with the knights without noses, or the knights of the post, who are hon-

965 *make*, Q9, makes. 973 *Goodly's*, Q8, Q9, Godly's.
974 *looks, you*, O1, O2, punctuate looks; you.
987 *Round*, Qq. Os, Rounds.

ester fellows and better company. But let us home and try our fortune; for I'll stay no longer here for your damn'd widow.

Free. Well let us go home then; for I must go for my damn'd widow, and look after my new damn'd charge. Three or four hundred year ago a man might have din'd in this Hall.

Man. But now the lawyer only here is fed;
And, bully-like, by quarrels gets his bread.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

991 *your damn'd*, Qq. 6–10, O1, your old damn'd.

992 *let us go home*, Q4, Q5, let us go come, Q6, Q10, let us come, Qq. 7–9, O1, let us, come.

944 *year*, Qq. 2–10, Os, years.

Exeunt, Qq. 4–10, Os, omit. *Finis Actus Tertii*, O2 omits.

ACT IV. SCENE I.[1]

Manly's Lodging.

Enter Manly and Fidelia.

Manly. Well, there's success in thy face. Hast thou prevail'd? say.

Fidelia. As I cou'd wish, sir.

Man. So; I told thee what thou wert fit for, and thou wou'dst not believe me. Come, thank me for bringing thee acquainted with thy genius. Well, thou hast mollifi'd her heart for me?

Fid. No, sir, not so; but what's better.

Man. How? what's better?

Fid. I shall harden your heart against her.

Man. Have a care, sir; my heart is too much in earnest to be fool'd with, and my desire at heighth, and needs no delayes to incite it. What, you are too good a pimp already, and know how to endear pleasure by with-holding it? But leave off your pages, baudy-house tricks, sir, and tell me, will she be kind?

Fid. Kinder than you cou'd wish, sir.

Man. So, then: well, pr'ythee, what said she?

Fid. She said —

Lodging, Qq. 4–10, O3, Lodgings.

Man. What? thou'rt so tedious: speak comfort to me; what?

Fid. That of all things you were her aversion.

Man. How?

Fid. That she wou'd sooner take a bedfellow out of an hospital, and diseases, into her arms, than you.

Man. What?

Fid. That she wou'd rather trust her honour with a dissolute, debauch'd hector, nay worse, with a finical, baffled coward, all over loathsom with affectation of the fine gentleman.

Man. What's all this you say?

Fid. Nay, that my offers of your love to her were more offensive, than when parents wooe their virgin daughters to the enjoyment of riches onely; and that you were in all circumstances as nauseous to her as a husband on compulsion.

Man. Hold! I understand you not.

Fid. (*Aside.*) So, 'twill work, I see.

Man. Did not you tell me —

Fid. She call'd you ten thousand ruffins.

Man. Hold, I say.

Fid. Brutes —

Man. Hold.

23 *were*, Qq. 2–10, Os, are.
41 *not you*, Qq. 6–10, Os, you not.
42 *ruffins*, Q6, ruffans, Q4, Q5, Qq. 7–10 Os, ruffians.

Fid. Sea-monsters —

Man. Dam your intelligence! Hear me a little now.

Fid. Nay, surly coward she called you too.

Man. Won't you hold yet? Hold, or—

Fid. Nay, sir, pardon me; I cou'd not but tell you she had the baseness, the injustice, to call you coward, sir; coward, coward, sir.

Man. Not yet? —

Fid. I've done: — coward, sir.

Man. Did not you say, she was kinder than I cou'd wish her?

Fid. Yes, sir.

Man. How then? — O — I understand you now. At first she appear'd in rage and disdain; the truest sign of a coming woman: but at last you prevail'd, it seems; did you not?

Fid. Yes, sir.

Man. So then; let's know that only: come, pr'ythee, without delays. I'll kiss thee for that news before hand.

Fid. (*Aside.*) So; the kiss I'm sure is welcom to me, whatsoe're the news will be to you.

Man. Come, speak, my dear voluntier.

Fid. (*Aside.*) How welcome were that kind word too, if it were not for another womans sake.

Man. What, won't you speak? You prevail'd for me at last, you say?

Fid. No, sir.

Man. No more of your fooling, sir: it will not agree with my impatience or temper.

Fid. Then not to fool you, sir, I spoke to her for you, but prevail'd for my self; she wou'd not hear me when I spoke in your behalf, but bid me say what I wou'd in my own, tho' she gave me no occasion, she was so coming: and so was kinder, sir, than you cou'd wish; which I was only afraid to let you know, without some warning.

Man. How's this? Young man, you are of a lying age; but I must hear you out, and if—

Fid. I wou'd not abuse you, and cannot wrong her by any report of her, she is so wicked.

Man. How, wicked! had she the impudence, at the second sight of you only—

Fid. Impudence, sir! oh, she has impudence enough to put a court out of countenance, and debauch a stews.

Man. Why, what said she?

Fid. Her tongue, I confess, was silent; but her speaking eyes gloted such things, more im-

79 *spoke*, Qq. 4–8, Q10, spake, Q9, speak.
81 *spoke*, Qq. 4–8, Q10, spake, Q9, speak.

modest and lascivious than ravishers can act, or women under a confinement think.

Man. I know there are whose eyes reflect more obscenity than the glasses in alcoves; but there are others too who use a little art with their looks, to make 'em seem more beautiful, not more loving; which vain young fellows like you are apt to interpret in their own favor, and to the lady's wrong.

Fid. Seldom, sir. Pray, have you a care of gloting eyes; for he that loves to gaze upon 'em, will find at last a thousand fools and cuckolds in 'em instead of cupids.

Man. Very well, sir. — But what, you had only eye-kindness from Olivia?

Fid. I tell you again, sir, no woman sticks there; eye-promises of love they only keep; nay, they are contracts which make you sure of 'em. In short, sir, she, seeing me with shame and amazement dumb, unactive, and resistless, threw her twisting arms about my neck, and smother'd me with a thousand tasteless kisses. Believe me, sir, they were so to me.

Man. Why did you not avoid 'em then?

Fid. I fenced with her eager arms, as you did with the grapples of the enemy's fireship; and

102 *are whose*, O3, are those whose.
104 *too*, Qq. 2–10, O1, omit.

nothing but cutting 'em off cou'd have freed me.

Man. Damn'd, damn'd woman, that cou'd be so false and infamous! and damn'd, damn'd heart of mine, that cannot yet be false, tho' so infamous! what easie, tame, suffering, trampled things does that little god of talking cowards make of us! but —

Fid. (*Aside.*) So; it works, I find, as I expected.

Man. But she was false to me before, she told me so her self, and yet I cou'd not quite believe it; but she was, so that her second falseness is a favor to me, not an injury, in revenging me upon the man that wrong'd me first of her love. Her love! — a whores, a witches love! — But what, did she not kiss well, sir? — I'm sure I thought her lips — but I must not think of 'em more — but yet they are such I cou'd still kiss — grow to — and then tear off with my teeth, grind 'em into mammocks, and spit 'em into her cuckolds face.

Fid. (*Aside.*) Poor man, how uneasie he is! I have hardly the heart to give him so much pain, tho' withall I give him a cure, and to my self new life.

132 *things*, Q8, Q9, thing. 145 *and*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.
148 *he is*, Qq. 6–10, O1, is he.

Man. But what, her kisses sure cou'd not but warm you into desire at last, or a compliance with hers at least?

Fid. Nay, more, I confess —

Man. What more? speak.

Fid. All you cou'd fear had pass'd between us, if I cou'd have been made to wrong you, sir, in that nature.

Man. Cou'd have been made! you lie, you did.

Fid. Indeed, sir, 'twas impossible for me; besides, we were interrupted by a visit; but I confess, she would not let me stir, till I promis'd to return to her again within this hour, as soon as it shou'd be dark; by which time she wou'd dispose of her visit, and her servants, and her self, for my reception. Which I was fain to promise, to get from her.

Man. Ha!

Fid. But if ever I go near her again, may you, sir, think me as false to you, as she is; hate and renounce me; as you ought to do her, and, I hope, will do now.

Man. Well, but now I think on't, you shall keep your word with your lady. What, a young fellow, and fail the first, nay, so tempting an assignation!

Fid. How, sir?

Man. I say, you shall go to her when 'tis dark, and shall not disappoint her.

Fid. I, sir! I shou'd disappoint her more by going; for —

Man. How so?

Fid. Her impudence and injustice to you will make me disappoint her love, loath her.

Man. Come, you have my leave; and if you disgust her, I'll go with you, and act love, whil'st you shall talk it only.

Fid. You, sir! nay, then I'll never go near her. You act love, sir! You must but act it indeed, after all I have said to you. Think of your honour, sir: love! —

Man. Well, call it revenge, and that is honourable: I'll be reveng'd on her; and thou shalt be my second.

Fid. Not in a base action, sir, when you are your own enemy. O go not near her, sir; for Heav'ns sake, for your own, think not of it!

Man. How concern'd you are! I thought I shou'd catch you. What, you are my rival at last, and are in love with her your self; and have spoken ill of her out of your love to her, not me: and therefore wou'd not have me go to her!

Fid. Heav'n witness for me, 'tis because I love you only, I wou'd not have you go to her.

Man. Come, come, the more I think on't, the

more I'm satisfi'd you do love her. Those kisses, young man, I knew were irresistible; 'tis certain.

Fid. There is nothing certain in the world, sir, but my truth and your courage.

Man. Your servant, sir. Besides, false and ungrateful as she has been to me, and tho' I may believe her hatred to me great as you report it, yet I cannot think you are so soon and at that rate belov'd by her, tho' you may endeavor it.

Fid. Nay, if that be all, and you doubt it still, sir, I will conduct you to her: and, unseen, your ears shall judge of her falseness, and my truth to you, if that will satisfie you.

Man. Yes, there is some satisfaction in being quite out of doubt; because 'tis that alone withholds us from the pleasure of revenge.

Fid. Revenge! What revenge can you have, sir? Disdain is best reveng'd by scorn; and faithless love, by loving another, and making her happy with the others losings. Which, if I might advise —

Enter Freeman.

Man. Not a word more.

Freeman. What, are you talking of love yet, captain? I thought you had done with't.

Man. Why, what did you hear me say?

226 *by loving*, Qq. 2–10, O1, by the loving.
227 *might*, Qq. 4–10, O1, must.

Free. Something imperfectly of love, I think.

Man. I was only wond'ring why fools, rascals, and desertless wretches, shou'd still have the better of men of merit with all women, as much as with their own common mistress, Fortune.

Free. Because most women, like Fortune, are blind, seem to do all things in jest, and take pleasure in extravagant actions. Their love deserves neither thanks, or blame, for they cannot help it: 'tis all sympathy; therefore, the noisie, the finical, the talkative, the cowardly, and effeminate, have the better of the brave, the reasonable, and man of honour; for they have no more reason in their love, or kindness, than Fortune her self.

Man. Yes, they have their reason. First, honour in a man they fear too much to love; and sence in a lover upbraids their want of it; and they hate any thing that disturbs their admiration of themselves; but they are of that vain number, who had rather shew their false generosity, in giving away profusely to worthless flatterers, than in paying just debts. And, in short, all women, like fortune (as you say) and rewards, are lost by too much meriting.

Fid. All women, sir! sure there are some

241 *or*, O1, O2, nor.
247 *her self*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, it self.

who have no other quarrel to a lovers merit, but that it begets their despair of him.

Man. Thou art young enough to be credulous; but we—

Enter 1 Sailor.

1 Sailor. Here are now below, the scolding, daggled gentlewoman, and that Major Old—Old—Fop, I think you call him.

Free. Oldfox:—pr'ythee bid 'em come up, with your leave, captain, for now I can talk with her upon the square, if I shall not disturb you. [*Exit Sailor.*]

Man. No; for I'll be gone. Come, voluntier.

Free. Nay, pray stay; the scene between us will not be so tedious to you as you think. Besides, you shall see how I have rigg'd my squire out, with the remains of my shipwrack'd wardrobe; he is under your *sea-valet de chambre's* hands, and by this time drest, and will be worth your seeing. Stay, and I'll fetch my fool.

Man. No; you know I cannot easily laugh: besides, my voluntier and I have business abroad.

Ex[eunt] Manly, Fidelia on one side; Freeman on t'other.

Enter 1 Sailor, O1, O2, omit *1*.
263 *1 Sailor*, O1, O2, omit *1*.
269 [*Exit Sailor.*], added by Hunt.
271 *between*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, betwixt.
273 *I have rigg'd*, O3, I rigg'd.

Enter Major Oldfox and Widow Blackacre.

Widow. What, no body here! did not the fellow say he was within?

Oldfox. Yes, lady; and he may be perhaps a little busie at present; but if you think the time long till he comes, (*Unfolding papers*) I'll read you here some of the fruits of my leisure, the overflowings of my fancy and pen.—(*Aside.*) To value me right, she must know my parts.—Come—

Wid. No, no; I have reading work enough of my own in my bag, I thank you.

Old. I, law, madam; but here is a poem, in blank verse, which I think a handsom declaration of one's passion.

Wid. O, if you talk of declarations, I'll shew you one of the prettiest pen'd things, which I mended too my self, you must know.

Old. Nay, lady, if you have us'd your self so much to the reading of harsh law, that you hate smooth poetry, here is a character for you, of—

Wid. A character! nay, then I'll shew you my bill in chancery here, that gives you such a character of my adversary, makes him as black—

Old. Pshaw! away, away, lady! But if you

290 *my bag*, Q10, O1, O2, my own bag.
291 *here is*, Qq. 4–10, Os, here's.
291, 292 *in blank*, Q10, O1, a blank. 299 *of*, O3 omits.

think the character too long, here is an epigram, not above 20 lines, upon a cruel lady, who decreed her servant shou'd hang himself, to demonstrate his passion.

Wid. Decreed! if you talk of decreeing, I have such a decree here, drawn by the finest clerk—

Old. O lady, lady, all interruption, and no sence between us, as if we were lawyers at the bar! But I had forgot, Apollo and Littleton never lodge in a head together. If you hate verses, I'll give you a cast of my politics in prose. 'Tis *A Letter to a Friend in the Countrey*; which is now the way of all such sober, solid persons as my self, when they have a mind to publish their disgust to the times; tho' perhaps, between you and I, they have no friend in the countrey. And sure a politic, serious person may as well have a feign'd friend in the countrey to write to, as well as an idle poet a feign'd mistress to write to. And so here is my *Letter to a Friend*, or no friend, *in the Countrey, concerning the late Conjuncture of Affairs, in relation to Coffee-houses*; or, *The Coffee-man's Case.*

Wid. Nay, if your letter have a case in't, 'tis something; but first I'll read you a letter of mine to a friend in the countrey, called a letter of attorney.

322 *well as*, O2 omits. 323 *here is*, Qq. 2–10, Os, here's.

[*Re-*]*enter to them Freeman, and Jerry Blackacre in an old gaudy suit and red breeches of Freeman's.*

Old. (*Aside.*) What, interruption still? O the plague of interruption! worse to an author than the plague of critics!

Wid. What's this I see? Jerry Blackacre, my minor, in red breeches! What, hast thou left the modest seemly garb of gown and cap for this? and have I lost all my good Inns of Chancery breeding upon thee then? and thou wilt go a breeding thy self from our Inn of Chancery and Westminster-hall, at coffee-houses and ordinaries, play-houses, tennis-courts, and baudy-houses?

Jer. Ay, ay, what then? perhaps I will; but what's that to you? Here's my guardian and tutor now, forsooth, that I am out of your huckesters hands.

Wid. How! thou hast not chosen him for thy guardian yet?

Jer. No, but he has chosen me for his charge, and that's all one; and I'll do any thing he'll have me, and go all the world over with him; to ordinaries, and baudy houses, or any where else.

Wid. To ordinaries and baudy-houses! have

331 (*Aside*), Qq. 4–10, O1, omit.
343 *but*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.

a care, minor, thou wilt infeeble there thy estate and body: do not go to ordinaries and baudy-houses, good Jerry.

Jer. Why, how come you to know any ill by baudy-houses? you never had any hurt by 'em, had you, forsooth? Pray hold your self contented; if I do go where money and wenches are to be had, you may thank your self; for you us'd me so unnaturally, you wou'd never let me have a penny to go abroad with; nor so much as come near the garret where your maidens lay; nay, you wou'd not so much as let me play at hotcockles with 'em, nor have any recreation with 'em, tho' one shou'd have kist you behind, you were so unnatural a mother, so you were.

Free. Ay, a very unnatural mother, faith, squire.

Wid. But, Jerry, consider thou art yet but a minor; however, if thou wilt go home with me again, and be a good child, thou shalt see —

Free. Madam, I must have a better care of my heir under age, than so; I wou'd sooner trust him alone with a stale waiting-woman and a parson, than with his widow mother and her lover or lawyer.

Wid. Why, thou villain, part mother and minor! rob me of my child and my writings! but thou shalt find there's law; and as in the

case of ravishment of guard — Westminster the Second.

Old. Young gentleman, squire, pray be rul'd by your mother and your friends.

Jer. Yes, I'll be rul'd by my friends, therefore not by my mother, so I won't: I'll choose him for my guardian till I am of age; nay, may be, for as long as I live.

Wid. Wilt thou so, thou wretch? and when thou'rt of age, thou wilt sign, seal and deliver too, wilt thou?

Jer. Yes, marry will I, if you go there too.

Wid. O do not squeeze wax, son; rather go to ordinaries and baudy-houses, than squeeze wax. If thou dost that, farewell the goodly mannor of Blackacre, with all its woods, underwoods, and appurtenances whatever! Oh, oh! *Weeps.*

Free. Come, madam, in short, you see I am resolv'd to have a share in the estate, yours or your sons; if I cannot get you, I'll keep him, who is less coy, you find; but if you wou'd have your son again, you must take me too. Peace or war? love or law? You see my hostage is in my hand; I'm in possession.

388 *not by*, Q9. 4–9 omit *by*.
396 *baudy-houses*, Q9, bawd-houses.
Weeps, Q10, O1, omit.

Wid. Nay, if one of us must be ruin'd, e'en let it be him. By my body, a good one! Did you ever know yet a widow marry or not marry for the sake of her child? I'd have you to know, sir, I shall be hard enough for you both yet, without marrying you, if Jerry won't be rul'd by me. What say you, booby, will you be rul'd? speak.

Jer. Let one alone, can't you?

Wid. Wilt thou choose him for guardian, whom I refuse for husband?

Jer. Ay, to choose, I thank you.

Wid. And are all my hopes frustrated? Shall I never hear thee put cases again to John the butler, or our vicar? never see thee amble the circuit with the judges; and hear thee, in our town-hall, louder than the cryer?

Jer. No, for I have taken my leave of lawyering and pettifogging.

Wid. Pettifogging! thou prophane villain, hast thou so? Pettifogging!—then you shall take your leave of me, and your estate too; thou shalt be an alien to me and it for ever. Pettifogging!

Jer. O, but if you go there too, mother, we have the deeds and settlements, I thank you. Wou'd you cheat me of my estate, ifac?

431 *go*, Qq. 6–10, O1, be. 432 *deeds*, Qq. 7–9, deed.

Wid. No, no, I will not cheat your little brother Bob; for thou wert not born in wed-lock.

Free. How's that?

Jer. How? What quirk has she got in her head now?

Wid. I say, thou canst not, shalt not inherit the Blackacres estate.

Jer. Why? why, forsooth? What d'ye mean, if you go there too?

Wid. Thou art but my base child; and according to the law, canst not inherit it. Nay, thou art not so much as bastard eigne.

Jer. What, what, am I then the son of a whore, mother?

Wid. The law says —

Free. Madam, we know what the law says; but have a care what you say. Do not let your passion to ruine your son, ruine your reputation.

Wid. Hang reputation, sir! am not I a widow? have no husband, nor intend to have any? Nor wou'd you, I suppose, now have me for a wife. So, I think now I'm reveng'd on my son and you, without marrying, as I told you.

442 *Jer. Why? why* . . . Qq. 4–9 assign this speech to Freeman.

443 *too*, Q1, to, Qq. 2–10, Os, too.

Free. But consider, madam.

Jer. What, have you no shame left in you, mother?

Wid. (*Aside to Oldfox.*) Wonder not at it, Major. 'Tis often the poor prest widows case, to give up her honour to save her jointure; and seem to be a light woman, rather than marry: as some young men, they say, pretend to have the filthy disease, and lose their credit with most women, to avoid the importunities of some.

Free. But one word with you, madam.

Wid. No, no, sir. Come, major, let us make haste, now to the Prerogative Court.

Old. But, lady, if what you say be true, will you stigmatize your reputation on record? and if it be not true, how will you prove it?

Wid. Pshaw! I can prove any thing: and for my reputation, know, major, a wise woman will no more value her reputation, in disinheriting a rebellious son of a good estate, than she wou'd in getting him, to inherit an estate.

Ex[*eunt*] *Wid*[*ow*] *and Oldfox.*

Free. Madam — We must not let her go so, squire.

Jer. Nay, the devil can't stop her tho', if she has a mind to't. But come, bully guardian, we'll

465 *seem*, Qq. 4–10, O1, *seems.*

go and advise with three attornies, two proctors, two solicitors, and a shrewd man of White Friers, neither attorney, proctor or solicitor, but as pure a pimp to the law as any of 'em: and sure all they will be hard enough for her; for I fear, bully guardian, you are too good a joker to have any law in your head.

Free. Thou'rt in the right on't, squire, I understand no law; especially that against bastards, since I'm sure the custom is against that law, and more people get estates by being so, than lose 'em. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Lord Plausible and Boy with a candle.

L. Plausible. Little gentleman, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant. Where, I beseech you, is that divine person, your noble lady?

Boy. Gone out, my lord; but commanded me to give you this letter. *Gives him a letter.*

485 *and*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, omit.
487 *proctor*, O3 misprints protector. *or*, O1, nor.
489, 490 *for I fear*, Qq. 6–10, O1, and I fear.
495 *get*, Qq. 7–9, gets.

Enter to him Novel.

L. Plau. (*Aside.*) Which he must not observe. *Puts it up.*

Novel. Hey, boy, where is thy lady?

Boy. Gone out, sir; but I must beg a word with you. *Gives him a letter, and exit.*

Nov. For me? So. — (*Puts up the letter.*) Servant, servant, my lord; you see the lady knew of your coming, for she is gone out.

L. Plau. Sir, I humbly beseech you not to censure the lady's good breeding: she has reason to use more liberty with me than with any other man.

Nov. How, Vicount, how?

L. Plau. Nay, I humbly beseech you, be not in choler; where there is most love, there may be most freedom.

Nov. Nay, then 'tis time to come to an eclercisment with you, and to tell you, you must think no more of this lady's love.

L. Plau. Why, under correction, dear sir?

Nov. There are reasons, reasons, Vicount.

L. Plau. What, I beseech you, noble sir?

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, be not impertinent, my lord; some of you lords are such conceited, well-assur'd, impertinent rogues.

8 *Puts it up.* Qq. 1–6 print this in Roman letters. Q10, O1, O2, read *Aside and puts it up.*

L. Plau. And you noble wits are so full of shamming and droling, one knows not where to have you seriously.

Nov. Well, you shall find me in bed with this lady one of these dayes.

L. Plau. Nay, I beseech you, spare the lady's honour; for her's and mine will be all one shortly.

Nov. Pr'ythee, my lord, be not an ass. Dost thou think to get her from me? I have had such encouragements —

L. Plau. I have not been thought unworthy of 'em.

Nov. What, not like mine! Come to an eclercisement, as I said.

L. Plau. Why, seriously then, she has told me vicountess sounded prettily.

Nov. And me, that Novel was a name she wou'd sooner change her's for than for any title in England.

L. Plau. She has commended the softness and respectfulness of my behaviour.

Nov. She has prais'd the briskness of my railery of all things, man.

L. Plau. The sleepiness of my eyes she lik'd.

41, 42 *such encouragements*, Qq. 2–10, O1, such good encouragements.

55 O2 has a comma after *railery*.

Nov. Sleepiness! dulness, dulness. But the fierceness of mine she ador'd.

L. Plau. The brightness of my hair she lik'd.

Nov. The brightness! no, the greasiness, I warrant. But the blackness and lustre of mine she admires.

L. Plau. The gentleness of my smile.

Nov. The subtilty of my leer.

L. Plau. The clearness of my complexion.

Nov. The redness of my lips.

L. Plau. The whiteness of my teeth.

Nov. My janty way of picking them.

L. Plau. The sweetness of my breath.

Nov. Hah! ha! nay, then she abus'd you, 'tis plain; for you know what Manly said: — the sweetness of your pulvillio she might mean; but for your breath! ha! ha! ha! Your breath is such, man, that nothing but tobacco can perfume; and your complexion nothing cou'd mend but the small pox.

L. Plau. Well, sir, you may please to be merry; but, to put you out of all doubt, sir, she has receiv'd some jewels from me of value.

Nov. And presents from me; besides what I presented her jantily, by way of 'ombre, of three or four hundred pound value, which I'm sure are the earnest pence for our love bargain.

82 *pound*, O2, pounds.

L. Plau. Nay, then, sir, with your favor, and to make an end of all your hopes, look you there, sir, she has writ to me. —

Nov. How! how! well, well, and so she has to me; look you there —

[*They*] *deliver to each other their letters.*

L. Plau. What's here?

Nov. How's this? *Reads out.*

My dear lord, *You'll excuse me for breaking my word with you, since 'twas to oblige, not offend you; for I am only gone abroad but to disappoint Novel, and meet you in the drawing-room; where I expect you with as much impatience as when I us'd to suffer Novel's visits — the most impertinent fop that ever affected the name of a wit, therefore not capable, I hope, to give you jealousie; for, for your sake alone, you saw I renounc'd an old lover, and will do all the world. Burn the letter, but lay up the kindness of it in your heart, with your* Olivia.

Very fine! but pray let's see mine.

L. Plau. I understand it not; but sure she cannot think so of me.

Nov. (*Reads the other letter.*) Humh! ha! — *meet — for your sake* —umh — *quitted an old lover — world — burn — in your heart with your*

Olivia.

86 *there*, Q8, Q9, here.

[*They*] *deliver to each other their letters*, Qq., O3, place this after Plausible's speech.

Just the same, the names only alter'd.

L. Plau. Surely there must be some mistake, or some body has abus'd her and us.

Nov. Yes, you are abus'd, no doubt on't, my lord; but I'll to White-hall, and see.

L. Plau. And I, where I shall find you are abus'd.

Nov. Where, if it be so, for our comfort, we cannot fail of meeting with fellow-sufferers enough; for, as Freeman said of another, she stands in the drawing-room, like the glass, ready for all comers to set their gallantry by her: and, like the glass too, lets no man go from her unsatisfi'd with himself. *Ex*[*eunt*] *ambo.*

Enter Olivia and Boy.

Olivia. Both here, and just gone?

Boy. Yes, madam.

Oliv. But are you sure neither saw you deliver the other a letter?

Boy. Yes, yes, madam, I am very sure.

Oliv. Go then to the Old Exchange, to Westminster, Holbourn, and all the other places I told you of; I shall not need you these two hours: be gone, and take the candle with you, and be sure you leave word again below, I am gone out, to all that ask.

Boy. Yes, madam. *Exit.*

133 *Exit*, Qq. 7–9 omit.

Oliv. And my new lover will not ask, I'm sure; he has his lesson, and cannot miss me here, tho' in the dark: which I have purposely design'd, as a remedy against my blushing gallant's modesty; for young lovers, like game cocks, are made bolder by being kept without light.

Enter her husband Vernish, as from a journey.

Vernish. (*Softly.*) Where is she? Darkness everywhere?

Oliv. What! come before your time? My soul! my life! your haste has augmented your kindness; and let me thank you for it thus, and thus—(*Embracing and kissing him.*) And tho', my soul, the little time since you left me has seem'd an age to my impatience, sure it is yet but seven—

Ver. How! who's that you expected after seven?

Oliv. (*Aside.*) Ha! my husband return'd! and have I been throwing away so many kind kisses on my husband, and wrong'd my lover already?

Ver. Speak, I say, who was't you expected after seven?

Oliv. (*Aside.*) What shall I say?—oh—Why, 'tis but seven days, is it, dearest, since you went out of town? and I expected you not so soon.

150 (*Aside.*), Q1, O3, omit.

Ver. No, sure, 'tis but five days since I left you.

Oliv. Pardon my impatience, dearest, I thought 'em seven at least.

Ver. Nay, then—

Oliv. But, my life, you shall never stay half so long from me again; you shan't indeed, by this kiss, you shan't.

Ver. No, no; but why alone in the dark?

Oliv. Blame not my melancholy in your absence. — But, my soul, since you went, I have strange news to tell you: Manly is return'd.

Ver. Manly return'd! Fortune forbid!

Oliv. Met with the Dutch in the Channel, fought, sunk his ship, and all he carri'd with him. He was here with me yesterday.

Ver. And did you own our marriage to him?

Oliv. I told him I was marry'd, to put an end to his love and my trouble; but to whom, is yet a secret kept from him and all the world. And I have us'd him so scurvily, his great spirit will ne'r return to reason it farther with me: I have sent him to sea again, I warrant.

Ver. 'Twas bravely done. And sure he will now hate the shore more than ever, after so great a disappointment. Be you sure only to keep

165 *half*, Q10, O1, omit. 176 *did you*, Q9, did not you.

awhile our great secret, till he be gone. In the mean time, I'll lead the easie, honest fool by the nose, as I us'd to do; and whil'st he stays, rail with him at thee; and when he's gone, laugh with thee at him. But have you his cabinet of jewels safe? part not with a seed pearl to him, to keep him from starving.

Oliv. Nor from hanging.

Ver. He cannot recover 'em; and, I think, will scorn to beg 'em again.

Oliv. But, my life, have you taken the thousand guineys he left in my name out of the goldsmiths hands?

Ver. Ay, ay; they are remov'd to another goldsmiths.

Oliv. Ay, but, my soul, you had best have a care he find not where the money is; for his present wants, as I'm inform'd, are such as will make him inquisitive enough.

Ver. You say true, and he knows the man too; but I'll remove it to morrow.

Oliv. To morrow! O do not stay till to morrow; go to night, immediately.

Ver. Now I think on't, you advise well, and I will go presently.

Oliv. Presently! instantly! I will not let you stay a jot.

203 *he*, Q10, O3, misprint you.

Ver. I will then, tho' I return not home till twelve.

Oliv. Nay, tho' not till morning, with all my heart. Go, dearest; I am impatient till you are gone. (*Thrusts him out.*) — So, I have at once now brought about those two grateful businesses, which all prudent women do together, secur'd money and pleasure; and now all interruptions of the last are remov'd. Go, husband, and come up, friend; just the buckets in the well; the absence of one brings the other. But I hope, like them too, they will not meet in the way, justle, and clash together.

Enter Fidelia, and Manly treading softly and staying behind at some distance.

So, are you come? (but not the husband-bucket, I hope, again.) — (*Softly.*) Who's there? my dearest?

Fidelia. My life —

Oliv. Right, right. — Where are thy lips? Here, take the dumb and best welcomes, kisses and embraces; 'tis not a time for idle words. In a duel of love, as in others, parlying shews basely. Come, we are alone; and now the word is only satisfaction, and defend not thy self.

223 *buckets*, Q1 misprints bucket's.
227 *are you*, Qq. 7–9, you are.
235 *basely*, O1, baseness.

Manly. (*Aside.*) How's this? Wuh, she makes love like a devil in a play; and in this darkness, which conceals her angels face, if I were apt to be afraid, I shou'd think her a devil.

Oliv. What, you traverse ground, young gentleman! *Fidelia avoiding her.*

Fid. I take breath only.

Man. (*Aside.*) Good Heav'ns! how was I deceiv'd!

Oliv. Nay, you are a coward; what, are you afraid of the fierceness of my love?

Fid. Yes, madam, lest its violence might presage its change; and I must needs be afraid you wou'd leave me quickly, who cou'd desert so brave a gentleman as Manly.

Oliv. O, name not his name! for in a time of stol'n joys, as this is, the filthy name of husband were not a more alaying sound.

Man. (*Aside.*) There's some comfort yet.

Fid. But did you not love him?

Oliv. Never. How cou'd you think it?

Fid. Because he thought it; who is a man of that sence, nice discerning, and diffidency, that I shou'd think it hard to deceive him.

Oliv. No; he that distrusts most the world, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily

237 *Wuh*, Q8, Q9, How, Q10, Os, Why.
249 *its*, Q10 misprints his. 259 *that*, Qq. 7–9, and.

deceiv'd, because he thinks he can't be deceiv'd. His cunning is like the coward's sword, by which he is oftner worsted than defended.

Fid. Yet, sure, you us'd no common art to deceive him.

Oliv. I knew he lov'd his own singular moroseness so well, as to dote upon any copy of it; wherefore I feign'd an hatred to the world too that he might love me in earnest: but, if it had been hard to deceive him, I'm sure 'twere much harder to love him. A dogged, ill-manner'd —

Fid. (*Aside to Manly.*) D'ye hear her, sir? pray, hear her.

Oliv. Surly, untractable, snarling brute! He! a masty dog were as fit a thing to make a gallant of.

Man. (*Aside.*) Ay, a goat, or monky, were fitter for thee.

Fid. I must confess, for my part, tho' my rival, I cannot but say he has a manly handsomness in's face and meen.

Oliv. So has a Saracen in the sign.

Fid. Is proper, and well made.

Oliv. As a drayman.

Fid. Has wit.

264 *sword*, O1 omits. 265 *than*, Q6, Q7, misprint and.
270 *an*, O1 a, O2, omits.
274 *D'ye hear her*, Qq. 6–10, O1, D'ye hear me, O2 misprints D'ye her her.

Oliv. He rails at all mankind.

Fid. And undoubted corage.

Oliv. Like the hangman's; can murder a man when his hands are ty'd. He has cruelty indeed; which is no more corage, than his railing is wit.

Man. (*Aside.*) Thus women, and men like women, are too hard for us, when they think we do not hear 'em: and reputation, like other mistresses, is never true to a man in his absence.

Fid. He is —

Oliv. Pr'ythee, no more of him: I thought I had satisfi'd you enough before, that he cou'd never be a rival for you to apprehend. And you need not be more assur'd of my aversion to him, but by the last testimony of my love to you; which I am ready to give you. Come, my soul, this way. *Pulls Fidelia.*

Fid. But, madam, what cou'd make you dissemble love to him, when 'twas so hard a thing for you; and flatter his love to you?

Oliv. That which makes all the world flatter and dissemble, 'twas his money: I had a real passion for that. Yet I lov'd not that so well, as for it to take him; for as soon as I had his money I hastened his departure; like a wife, who when

304 *Pulls Fidelia*, O1 omits.
307 *thing for you*, Q9, thing to for you.
311 *his money*, Qq. 4–10 omit *his*.

she has made the most of a dying husband's breath, pulls away the pillow.

Man. (*Aside.*) Damn'd money! it's master's potent rival still; and like a saucy pimp, corrupts it self the mistress it procures for us.

Oliv. But I did not think with you, my life, to pass my time in talking. Come hither, come; yet stay, till I have lock'd a door in the other room, that might chance to let us in some interruption; which reciting poets or losing gamesters fear not more than I at this time do.

Exit Oliv[*ia*].

Fid. Well, I hope you are now satisfi'd, sir, and will be gone to think of your revenge?

Man. No, I am not satisfi'd, and must stay to be reveng'd.

Fid. How, sir? You'll use no violence to her, I hope, and forfeit your own life, to take away hers? That were no revenge.

Man. No, no, you need not fear: my revenge shall only be upon her honour, not her life.

Fid. How, sir? her honour? O Heav'ns! Consider, sir, she has no honour. D'ye call that revenge? can you think of such a thing? But reflect, sir, how she hates and loaths you.

Man. Yes, so much she hates me, that it

315 (*Aside.*), Qq. 1–7, Q10, O1, O3, omit.
321 *might*, Qq. 2–10, O8, may.

wou'd be a revenge sufficient, to make her accessary to my pleasure, and then let her know it.

Fid. No, sir, no; to be reveng'd on her now, were to disappoint her. Pray, sir, let us be gone.

Pulls Manly.

Man. Hold off! What, you are my rival then! and therefore you shall stay, and keep the door for me, whil'st I go in for you; but when I'm gone, if you dare to stir off from this very board, or breathe the least murmuring accent, I'll cut her throat first; and if you love her, you will not venture her life. — Nay, then I'll cut your throat too; and I know you love your own life at least.

Fid. But, sir; good sir.

Man. Not a word more, lest I begin my revenge on her by killing you.

Fid. But are you sure 'tis revenge that makes you do this? how can it be?

Man. Whist!

Fid. 'Tis a strange revenge, indeed.

Man. If you make me stay, I shall keep my word, and begin with you. No more.

Exit Manly at the same door Olivia went.

Manet Fidelia.

Fid. O Heav'ns! is there not punishment enough

360 *there not*, Q10, O1, O2, not there.

In loving well, if you will have't a crime,
But you must add fresh torments daily to't,
And punish us like peevish rivals still,
Because we fain wou'd find a heaven here?
But did there never any love like me,
That untry'd tortures you must find me out?
Others at worst, you force to kill themselves;
But I must be self-murd'ress of my love,
Yet will not grant me pow'r to end my life,
My cruel life; for when a lover's hopes
Are dead and gone, life is unmerciful.

Sits down and weeps.

[*Re-*]*enter Manly to her.*

Man. I have thought better on't: I must not discover my self now, I am without witnesses; for if I barely shou'd publish it, she wou'd deny it with as much impudence, as she wou'd act it again with this young fellow here. — Where are you?

Fid. Here — oh — now I suppose we may be gone.

Man. I will; but not you. You must stay and act the second part of a lover, that is, talk kindness to her.

366 *That untry'd tortures you*, Qq. 1–3 punctuate, That, untry'd tortures, you.
369 *Yet*, O1, O2, Ye.
371 *life is*, Q6, Q7, Q10, life, Q8, Q9, life's.
374 *shou'd*, Qq. 4–6, Q10, O1, wou'd, Qq. 7–9 would.

Fid. Not I, sir.

Man. No disputing, sir, you must; 'tis necessary to my design of coming again to morrow night.

Fid. What, can you come again then hither?

Man. Yes; and you must make the appointment, and an apology for your leaving her so soon; for I have said not a word to her; but have kept your counsel, as I expect you shou'd do mine. Do this faithfully, and I promise you here, you shall run my fortune still, and we will never part as long as we live; but if you do not do it, expect not to live.

Fid. 'Tis hard, sir; but such a consideration will make it easier. You won't forget your promise, sir?

Man. No, by Heav'ns! But I hear her coming. *Exit.*

[*Re-*]*enter Olivia to Fidelia.*

Oliv. Where is my life? Run from me already! You do not love me, dearest; nay, you are angry with me, for you wou'd not so much as speak a kind word to me within: what was the reason?

Fid. I was transported too much.

Oliv. That's kind. — But come, my soul, what make you here? Let us go in again; we

392 *faithfully*, Q9, faithful.

may be surpriz'd in this room, 'tis so near the stairs.

Fid. No, we shall hear the better here, if any body shou'd come up.

Oliv. Nay, I assure you, we shall be secure enough within: come, come —

Fid. I am sick, and troubled with a sudden diziness; cannot stir yet.

Oliv. Come, I have spirits within.

Fid. Oh! don't you hear a noise, madam?

Oliv. No, no; there is none: come, come. *Pulls her.*

Fid. Indeed there is; and I love you so much, I must have a care of your honour, if you wo' not, and go; but to come to you to morrow night, if you please.

Oliv. With all my soul. But you must not go yet; come, pr'ythee.

Fid. Oh! — I am now sicker, and am afraid of one of my fits.

Oliv. What fits?

Fid. Of the falling-sickness; and I lie generally an hour in a trance: therefore pray consider your honour, for the sake of my love, and let me go, that I may return to you often.

Oliv. But will you be sure then to come to morrow night?

416 *cannot*, O1, O2, I cannot.
420 *you*, Q9 omits. 426 *I am*, Q10, Os, I'm.

Fid. Yes.

Oliv. Swear.

Fid. By our past kindness!

Oliv. Well, go your wayes then, if you will, you naughty creature you.—(*Ex*[*it*] *Fidel*[*ia*].) These young lovers, with their fears and modesty, make themselves as bad as old ones to us; and I apprehend their bashfulness more than their tatling.

Fidelia returns.

Fid. O madam, we're undone! There was a gentleman upon the stairs, coming up with a candle; which made me retire. Look you, here he comes!

[*Re-*]*enter Vernish, and his man with a light.*

Oliv. How! my husband! Oh, undone indeed! This way. *Ex*[*it*].

Ver. Ha! You shall not scape me so, sir. *Stops Fidelia.*

Fid. (*Aside.*) O Heav'ns! more fears, plagues, and torments yet in store!

Ver. Come, sir, I guess what your business was here, but this must be your business now. Draw. *Draws.*

Fid. Sir—

Ver. No expostulations; I shall not care to hear of't. Draw.

450 *scape*, Qq. 2–10, Os, escape. 451 *fears*, O3, fear.

Fid. Good sir!

Ver. How, you rascal! not courage to draw; yet durst do me the greatest injury in the world? Thy cowardice shall not save thy life.

Offers to run at Fidelia.

Fid. O hold, sir, and send but your servant down, and I'll satisfie you, sir, I cou'd not injure you as you imagine.

Ver. Leave the light and be gone. — (*Ex*[*it*] *Serv*[*ant*].) Now, quickly, sir, what you've to say, or —

Fid. I am a woman, sir, a very unfortunate woman.

Ver. How! a very handsom woman, I'm sure then: here are witnesses of't too, I confess — (*Pulls off her peruke and feels her breasts.*)—(*Aside.*) Well, I'm glad to find the tables turn'd, my wife in more danger of cuckolding than I was.

Fid. Now, sir, I hope you are so much a man of honour, as to let me go, now I have satisfi'd you, sir.

Ver. When you have satisfi'd me, madam, I will.

Fid. I hope, sir, you are too much a gentleman to urge those secrets from a woman which concern her honour. You may guess my mis-

467 *what you've*, Q8, Q9, what you have, O3, what have you.
482 *those*, Qq. 7–9, these.

fortune to be love by my disguise: but a pair of breeches cou'd not wrong you, sir.

Ver. I may believe love has chang'd your outside, which cou'd not wrong me; but why did my wife run away?

Fid. I know not, sir; perhaps because she wou'd not be forc'd to discover me to you, or to guide me from your suspitions, that you might not discover me your self; which ungentleman-like curiosity I hope you will cease to have, and let me go.

Ver. Well, madam, if I must not know who you are, 'twill suffice for me only to know certainly what you are; which you must not deny me. Come, there is a bed within, the proper rack for lovers; and if you are a woman, there you can keep no secrets; you'll tell me there all unask'd. Come. *Pulls her.*

Fid. Oh! what d'ye mean? Help! oh!

Ver. I'll show you: but 'tis in vain to cry out: no one dares help you; for I am lord here.

Fid. Tyrant here! — But if you are master of this house, which I have taken for a sanctuary, do not violate it your self.

491 *guide*, O1, guard. 494 *and let*, Q9 misprints and to let.
499 *rack*, Qq. 2–10, racks.
500, 501 *there all*, Q7 misprints there are all.

Ver. No, I'll preserve you here, and nothing shall hurt you, and will be as true to you as your disguise; but you must trust me then. Come, come. [*Pulls her.*]

Fid. Oh! oh! rather than you shall drag me to a death so horrid and so shameful, I'll die here a thousand deaths. — But you do not look like a ravisher, sir.

Ver. Nor you like one wou'd put me to't; but if you will —

Fid. Oh! oh! help! help!

[*Re-*]*enter Servant.*

Ver. You saucy rascal, how durst you come in, when you heard a woman squeak? That shou'd have been your cue to shut the door.

Servant. I come, sir, to let you know, the alderman coming home immediately after you were at his house, has sent his casheer with the money, according to your note.

Ver. Dam his money! Money never came to any, sure, unseasonably till now. Bid him stay.

Serv. He sayes, he cannot a moment.

Ver. Receive it you then.

Serv. He sayes he must have your receit for

512 [*Pulls her*], added by Hunt.
513 *shall*, Qq. 6–10, Os, shou'd.
520 *durst*, Q4, Q5, dost. 525 *at his*, Q10, O1, in the.

it: — he is in haste, for I hear him coming up, sir.

Ver. Dam him! Help me in here then with this dishonorer of my family.

Fid. Oh! oh!

Serv. You say she is a woman, sir.

Ver. No matter, sir: must you prate?

Fid. Oh Heav'ns! is there —

They thrust her in, and lock the door.

Ver. Stay there, my prisoner; you have a short reprieve.

I'll fetch the gold, and that she can't resist,
For with a full hand 'tis we ravish best.

Ex[*eunt*].

Finis Actus quarti

Finis Actus quarti, O1, O2, omit, Qq. 6–10 read *quartus*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Eliza's Lodging.

Enter Olivia and Eliza.

Olivia. Ah, cousin! nothing troubles me but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reason now to talk as freely of me as I us'd to do of it.

Eliza. Faith, then, let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, cousin, the world cannot talk worse of you than it did before.

Oliv. How, cousin! I'd have you to know, before this *faux pas*, this trip of mine, the world cou'd not talk of me.

Eliza. Only that you mind other peoples actions so much that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a thief, because you know your self most guilty, you impeach your fellow criminals first, to clear your self.

Oliv. O wicked world!

Eliza. That you pretend an aversion to all mankind in publick, only that their wives and mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private.

Lodging, Q8, O3, Lodgings, Q9 misprints Lodings.
7 *than*, Q9, then.

Oliv. Base world!

Eliza. That abroad you fasten quarrels upon innocent men for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask you pardon at home, and to become dear friends with 'em, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Oliv. Abominable world!

Eliza. That you condemn the obscenity of modern plays, only that you may not be censur'd for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

Oliv. Damn'd world!

Eliza. That you deface the nudities of pictures, and little statues, only because they are not real.

Oliv. O, fie! fie! fie! hideous, hideous, Cousin! the obscenity of their censures makes me blush!

Eliza. The truth of 'em, the naughty world wou'd say now.

Enter Lettice hastily.

Lettice. O, madam! here is that gentleman coming up who now you say is my master.

Oliv. O, cousin! whither shall I run? protect me, or —

Olivia runs away, and stands at a distance.

24 *ask you*, O3, ask your. 25 *'em*, Qq. 2–10, Os, them.
29 *not*, Qq. 4–7, Q10, O1, omit.
43 *whither*, Q4, Q5, Q9, whether.

Enter Vernish.

Vernish. Nay, nay, come —

Oliv. O, sir, forgive me!

Ver. Yes, yes, I can forgive you being alone in the dark with a woman in mans cloaths: but have a care of a man in womans cloaths.

Oliv. (*Aside.*) What does he mean? he dissembles, only to get me into his power: or has my dear friend made him believe he was a woman? My husband may be deceiv'd by him, but I'm sure I was not.

Ver. Come, come, you need not have lay'n out of your house for this; but perhaps you were afraid, when I was warm with suspitions, you must have discover'd who she was. — And, pr'ythee, may I not know it?

Oliv. She was — (*Aside*) I hope he has been deceiv'd: and since my lover has play'd the card, I must not renounce.

Ver. Come, what's the matter with thee? If I must not know who she is, I'm satisfi'd without. Come hither.

Oliv. Sure you do know her; she has told you her self, I suppose.

Ver. No, I might have known her better but that I was interrupted by the goldsmith, you

49 *womans*, Qq. 4–10, womens, Os, women's.
59 *I not*, Q10, O1, O2, not I.

know, and was forc'd to lock her into your chamber, to keep her from his sight; but, when I return'd, I found she was got away by tying the window-curtains to the balcony, by which she slid down into the street. For, you must know, I jested with her, and made her believe I'd ravish her; which she apprehended, it seems, in earnest.

Oliv. Then she got from you?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. And is quite gone?

Ver. Yes.

Oliv. I'm glad on't — otherwise you had ravish'd her, sir? But how dar'st you go so far as to make her believe you wou'd ravish her? let me understand that, sir. What! there's guilt in your face, you blush too: nay, then you did ravish her, you did, you base fellow! What, ravish a woman in the first month of our marriage! 'tis a double injury to me, thou base, ungrateful man! wrong my bed already, villain! I cou'd tear out those false eyes, barbarous, unworthy wretch!

Eliza. So, so! —

Ver. Pr'ythee hear, my dear.

83 *dar'st you*, Qq. 6–9, O1, dar'st thou, Q10, darest thou, O2, durst thou.

88 *our*, Qq. 4–10 misprint her.

Oliv. I will never hear you, my plague, my torment!

Ver. I swear — pr'ythee, hear me.

Oliv. I have heard already too many of your false oaths and vows, especially your last in the church. O wicked man! and wretched woman that I was! I wish I had then sunk down into a grave, rather than to have given you my hand, to be led to your loathsom bed. Oh — oh —

Seems to weep.

Ver. So, very fine! just a marriage quarrel! which tho' it generally begins by the wives fault, yet, in the conclusion, it becomes the husbands; and whosoever offends at first, he only is sure to ask pardon at last. My dear —

Oliv. My devil! —

Ver. Come, pr'ythee be appeas'd, and go home; I have bespoken our supper betimes: for I cou'd not eat till I found you. Go, I'll give you all kind of satisfactions; and one, which uses to be a reconciling one, two hundred of those guineys I receiv'd last night, to do what you will with.

Oliv. What, wou'd you pay me for being your baud?

Ver. Nay, pr'ythee no more; go, and I'll thoroughly satisfie you when I come home; and then, too, we will have a fit of laughter at

119 *thoroughly*, Qq. 2–10, Os, throughly.

Manly, whom I am going to find at the Cock in Bow-street, where I hear he din'd. Go, dearest, go home.

Eliza. (*Aside.*) A very pretty turn, indeed, this!

Ver. Now, cousin, since by my wife I have that honour and priviledge of calling you so, I have something to beg of you too; which is not to take notice of our marriage to any whatever yet awhile, for some reasons very important to me. And, next, that you will do my wife the honour to go home with her; and me the favour, to use that power you have with her, in our reconcilement.

Eliza. That I dare promise, sir, will be no hard matter. Your servant. — (*Ex*[*it*] *Vernish.*) — Well, cousin, this, I confess, was reasonable hypocrisie: you were the better for't.

Oliv. What hypocrisie?

Eliza. Why, this last deceit of your husband was lawful, since in your own defence.

Oliv. What deceit? I'd have you to know I never deceiv'd my husband.

Eliza. You do not understand me, sure: I say, this was an honest come-off, and a good one. But 'twas a sign your gallant had had enough of your conversation, since he cou'd so

146 *your gallant*, Q10, O1, O2, the gallant.

dextrously cheat your husband in passing for a woman.

Oliv. What d'ye mean, once more, with my gallant and passing for a woman?

Eliza. What do you mean? you see your husband took him for a woman.

Oliv. Whom?

Eliza. Hey-day! why, the man he found you with, for whom last night you were so much afraid; and who you told me —

Oliv. Lord, you rave sure!

Eliza. Why, did not you tell me last night —

Oliv. I know not what I might tell you last night, in a fright.

Eliza. Ay, what was that fright for? for a woman? besides, were you not afraid to see your husband just now? I warrant, only for having been found with a woman! Nay, did you not just now, too, own your false step, or trip, as you call'd it? which was with a woman too! Fie, this fooling is so insipid, 'tis offensive!

Oliv. And fooling with my honour will be more offensive. Did you not hear my husband say he found me with a woman in mans cloaths? and d'ye think he does not know a man from a woman?

Eliza. Not so well, I'm sure, as you do; therefore I'd rather take your word.

Oliv. What, you grow scurrilous, and are, I find, more censorious than the world! I must have a care of you, I see.

Eliza. No, you need not fear yet, I'll keep your secret.

Oliv. My secret! I'd have you to know, I have no need of confidents, tho' you value your self upon being a good one.

Eliza. O admirable confidence! you show more in denying your wickedness, than other people in glorying in't.

Oliv. Confidence, to me! to me such language! nay, then I'll never see your face again. — (*Aside.*) I'll quarrel with her, that people may never believe I was in her power; but take for malice all the truth she may speak against me. — Lettice, where are you! Let us be gone from this censorious, ill woman.

Eliza. (*Aside.*) Nay, thou shalt stay a little, to damn thy self quite. — One word first, pray, madam; can you swear that whom your husband found you with —

Oliv. Swear! ay, that whosoever 'twas that stole up, unknown, into my room, when 'twas dark, I know not whether man or woman, by

186 *people in*, Q10, O1, O2, people do in.
197 *you with*, Qq. 4–10, O1, O2, with you.
198 *whosoever*, Q9, whatsover, Q10, O1; whatsoever.

Heav'ns! by all that's good; or, may I never more have joyes here, or in the other world! Nay, may I eternally —

Eliza. Be damn'd. So, so, you are damn'd enough already by your oaths, and I enough confirm'd; and now you may please to be gone. Yet take this advice with you, in this plain-dealing age, to leave off forswearing your self; for when people hardly think the better of a woman for her real modesty, why shou'd you put that great constraint upon your self to feign it?

Oliv. O hideous, hideous advice! let us go out of the hearing of it. She will spoil us, Lettice.

Ex[eunt] Oliv[ia] and Lett[ice] at one door, Eli[za] at t'other.

[SCENE II.]

The Scene changes to The Cock in Bow-Street. A table and bottles.

Manly and Fidelia.

Manly. How! sav'd her honour by making her husband believe you were a woman! 'Twas well, but hard enough to do, sure.

Fidelia. We were interrupted before he cou'd contradict me.

202 *more*, Q10, O1, O2, omit.
211 *great*, Q10, O1, omit. 4 *were*, Qq. 4–6, are.

Man. But can't you tell me, d'ye say, what kind of man he was?

Fid. I was so frightned, I confess, I can give no other account of him, but that he was pretty tall, round fac'd, and one I'm sure I ne'r had seen before.

Man. But she, you say, made you swear to return to night?

Fid. But I have since sworn, never to go near her again; for the husband wou'd murder me, or worse, if he caught me again.

Man. No, I'll go with you, and defend you to night, and then I'll swear, too, never to go near her again.

Fid. Nay, indeed, sir, I will not go, to be accessary to your death too. Besides, what shou'd you go again, sir, for?

Man. No disputing, or advice, sir; you have reason to know I am unalterable. Go therefore presently, and write her a note, to enquire if her assignation with you holds; and if not to be at her own house, where else; and be importunate to gain admittance to her to night. Let your messenger, ere he deliver your letter, enquire first if her husband be gone out. Go, 'tis now almost six of the clock; I expect you back here before seven, with leave to see her then. Go, do this

17 *I'll go*, Qq. 6–10, Os, I will go. 23 *or*, O1, O2, nor.

dext'rously, and expect the performance of my last nights promise, never to part with you.

Fid. Ay, sir; but will you be sure to remember that?

Man. Did I ever break my word? Go, no more replies, or doubts. *Ex*[*it*] *Fidel*[*ia*].

Enter Freeman to Manly.

Where hast thou been?

Freeman. In the next room, with my Lord Plausible and Novel.

Man. Ay, we came hither, because 'twas a private house; but with thee indeed no house can be private, for thou hast that pretty quality of the familiar fops of the town, who, in an eating house, alwayes keep company with all people in't but those they came with.

Free. I went into their room, but to keep them, and my own fool, the squire, out of your room; but you shall be peevish now, because you have no money. But why the devil won't you write to those we were speaking of? Since your modesty, or your spirit, will not suffer you to speak to 'em, to lend you money, why won't you try 'em at last that way?

Man. Because I know 'em already, and can bear want better than denials, nay, than obligations.

37 *ever*, Qq. 4–7 misprint never. 55 *last*, O1, O2, least.

Free. Deny you! they cannot. All of 'em have been your intimate friends.

Man. No, they have been people only I have oblig'd particularly.

Free. Very well; therefore you ought to go to 'em the rather, sure.

Man. No, no. Those you have oblig'd most, most certainly avoid you, when you can oblige 'em no longer; and they take your visits like so many duns. Friends, like mistresses, are avoided for obligations past.

Free. Pshaw! but most of 'em are your relations; men of great fortune and honour.

Man. Yes; but relations have so much honour as to think poverty taints the blood, and disown their wanting kindred; believing, I suppose, that as riches at first makes a gentleman, the want of 'em degrades him. But damn 'em! now I'm poor, I'll anticipate their contempt, and disown them.

Free. But you have many a female acquaintance whom you have been liberal to, who may have a heart to refund to you a little, if you wou'd ask it: they are not all Olivia's.

Man. Dam thee! how cou'dst thou think of such a thing? I wou'd as soon rob my footman

75 *makes*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, make.
77 *I'm*, Qq. 2–10, Os, I am.

of his wages. Besides, 'twere in vain too: for a wench is like a box in an ordinary, receives all peoples money easily, but there's no getting, nay, shaking any out again; and he that fills it is sure never to keep the key.

Free. Well, but noble captain, wou'd you make me believe that you, who know half the town, have so many friends, and have oblig'd so many, can't borrow fifty or an hundred pound?

Man. Why, noble lieutenant, you who know all the town, and call all you know friends, methinks shou'd not wonder at it; since you find ingratitude too. For how many lords families (tho' descended from blacksmiths or tinkers) hast thou call'd great and illustrious? how many ill tables call'd good eating? how many noisie coxcombs wits? how many pert cocking cowards stout? how many taudry affected rogues well drest? how many perukes admir'd? and how many ill verses applauded? and yet canst not borrow a shilling. Dost thou expect I, who alwayes spoke truth, shou'd?

Free. Nay, now you think you have paid me; but hark you, captain, I have heard of a thing

86 *receives*, Qq. 4–10, receive.
89 *sure*, Qq. 2–10, O1, surest.
100 *call'd*, Qq. 1–7, Q10, O3, call.
101 *cocking*, Q1, O3, coaching.

call'd grinning honour, but never of starving honour.

Man. Well, but it has been the fate of some brave men: and if they wo'not give me a ship again, I can go starve any where with a musket on my shoulder.

Free. Give you a ship! why, you will not solicit it.

Man. If I have not solicited it by my services, I know no other way.

Free. Your servant, sir; nay, then I'm satisfi'd, I must solicit my widow the closer, and run the desperate fortune of matrimony on shore.

Exit.

Enter to Manly Vernish.

Man. How! — Nay, here is a friend indeed; and he that has him in his arms can know no wants. *Embraces Vernish.*

Vernish. Dear sir! and he that is in your arms is secure from all fears whatever: nay, our nation is secure by your defeat at sea, and the Dutch that fought against you have prov'd enemies to themselves only in bringing you back to us.

Man. Fie! fie! this from a friend? and yet from any other 'twere unsufferable: I thought I shou'd never have taken any thing ill from you.

Ver. A friends privilege is to speak his mind, tho' it be taken ill.

Man. But your tongue need not tell me you think too well of me; I have found it from your heart, which spoke in actions, your unalterable heart. But Olivia is false, my friend, which I suppose is no news to you.

Ver. (*Aside.*) He's in the right on't.

Man. But cou'dst thou not keep her true to me?

Ver. Not for my heart, sir.

Man. But cou'd you not perceive it at all before I went? Cou'd she so deceive us both?

Ver. I must confess, the first time I knew it was three dayes after your departure, when she receiv'd the money you had left in Lombard-street in her name; and her tears did not hinder her, it seems, from counting that. You wou'd trust her with all, like a true generous lover.

Man. And she like a mean, jilting —

Ver. Traytrous —

Man. Base —

Ver. Damn'd —

Man. Covetous —

Ver. Mercenary whore — (*Aside.*) I can hardly hold from laughing.

Man. Ay, a mercenary whore indeed; for she made me pay her before I lay with her.

Ver. How! — Why, have you lay'n with her?

Man. Ay, ay.

Ver. Nay, she deserves you shou'd report it at least, tho' you have not.

Man. Report it! by Heav'n, 'tis true!

Ver. How! sure not.

Man. I do not use to lie, nor you to doubt me.

Ver. When?

Man. Last night, about seven or eight of the clock.

Ver. Ha!—(*Aside.*) Now I remember, I thought she spake as if she expected some other rather than me. A confounded whore, indeed!

Man. But what, thou wonder'st at it! nay, you seem to be angry too.

Ver. I cannot but be enrag'd against her, for her usage of you: damn'd infamous, common jade!

Man. Nay, her cuckold, who first cuckolded me in my money, shall not laugh all himself: we will do him reason, shan't we?

Ver. Ay, ay.

Man. But thou dost not, for so great a friend, take pleasure enough in your friends revenge, methinks.

Ver. Yes, yes; I'm glad to know it, since you have lay'n with her.

Man. Thou canst not tell me who that rascal, her cuckold, is?

172 *spake*, Q9, speak, O1, O2, spoke.

Ver. No.

Man. She wou'd keep it from you, I suppose.

Ver. Yes, yes.

Man. Thou wou'dst laugh, if thou knewst but all the circumstances of my having her. Come, I'll tell thee.

Ver. Dam her! I care not to hear any more of her.

Man. Faith, thou shalt. You must know —

[*Re-*]*enter Freeman backwards, endeavouring to keep out Novel, Lord Plausible, Jerry, and Oldfox, who all press in upon him.*

Free. I tell you he has a wench with him, and wou'd be private.

Man. Dam 'em! a man can't open a bottle in these eating houses, but presently you have these impudent, intruding, buzzing flies and insects in your glass. — Well, I'll tell thee all anon. In the mean time pr'ythee go to her, but not from me, and try if you can get her to lend me but an hundred pound of my money, to supply my present wants; for I suppose there is no recovering any of it by law.

Ver. Not any: think not of it. Nor by this way neither.

Man. Go try, at least.

press in upon, Q10, Os, press upon.

Ver. I'll go; but I can satisfie you before hand 'twill be to no purpose. You'll no more find a refunding wench —

Man. Than a refunding lawyer; indeed their fees alike scarce ever return. However, try her; put it to her.

Ver. Ay, ay, I'll try her; put it to her home with a vengeance. *Exit Vernish.*

Manent cæteri.

Novel. Nay, you shall be our judge, Manly. — Come, major, I'll speak it to your teeth; if people provoke me to say bitter things to their faces, they must take what follows; tho', like my lord Plausible, I'd rather do't civilly behind their backs.

Man. Nay, thou art a dangerous rogue, I've heard, behind a mans back.

L. Plausible. You wrong him sure, noble captain; he wou'd do a man no more harm behind his back than to his face.

Free. I am of my lord's mind.

Man. Yes, a fool, like a coward, is the more to be fear'd behind a man's back, more than a witty man; for as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit.

Nov. A fool, tar, — a fool! nay, thou art a

215 *'twill*, Qq. 6–10, Os, it will. 234 *the*, Q10 omits.

brave sea-judge of wit! a fool! Pr'ythee when did you ever find me want something to say, as you do often?

Man. Nay, I confess thou art alwayes talking, roaring, or making a noise; that I'll say for thee.

Nov. Well, and is talking a sign of a fool?

Man. Yes, alwayes talking, especially too if it be loud and fast, is the sign of a fool.

Nov. Pshaw! talking is like fencing, the quicker the better; run 'em down, run 'em down; no matter for parrying; push on still, sa, sa, sa! No matter whether you argue in form, push in guard or no.

Man. Or hit or no; I think thou alwayes talk'st without thinking, Novel.

Nov. Ay, ay; study'd play's the worse, to follow the allegory, as the old pedant sayes.

Oldfox. A young fop!

Man. I ever thought the man of most wit had been like him of most money, who has no vanity in shewing it everywhere, whil'st the beggarly pusher of his fortune has all he has about him still, only to show.

Nov. Well, sir, and makes a very pretty show in the world, let me tell you; nay, a better than your close hunks. A pox, give me ready money

264 *makes*, O3, make.

in play! what care I for a mans reputation? what are we the better for your substantial thrifty curmudgeon in wit, sir?

Old. Thou art a profuse young rogue in-deed.

Nov. So much for talking, which, I think, I have prov'd a mark of wit; and so is railing, roaring, and making a noise; for railing is satyr, you know; and roaring and making a noise, humor.

[*Re-*]*enter to them Fidelia, taking Manly aside, and shewing him a paper.*

Fid. The hour is betwixt seven and eight exactly: 'tis now half an hour after six.

Man. Well, go then to the Piazza, and wait for me: as soon as it is quite dark, I'll be with you. I must stay here yet a while for my friend. —(*Ex*[*it*] *Fidel*[*ia*].) But is railing satyr, Novel?

Free. And roaring and making a noise, humor?

Nov. What, won't you confess there's humor in roaring and making a noise?

Free. No.

Nov. Nor in cutting napkins and hangings?

275 *and roaring*, O1 omits.

282 (*Ex*[*it*] *Fidel*[*ia*].), in originals is placed at the end of the speech.

Man. No, sure.

Nov. Dull fops!

Old. O rogue, rogue, insipid rogue! — Nay, gentlemen, allow him those things for wit; for his parts lie only that way.

Nov. Peace, old fool! I wonder not at thee; but that young fellows shou'd be so dull, as to say there's no humor in making a noise, and breaking windows! I tell you there's wit and humor too in both; and a wit is as well known by his frolick as by his simile.

Old. Pure rogue! there's your modern wit for you! Wit and humor in breaking of windows: there's mischief, if you will, but no wit or humor.

Nov. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, peace, old fool! I tell you, where there is mischief, there's wit. Don't we esteem the monky a wit amongst beasts, only because he's mischievous? and, let me tell you, as good nature is a sign of a fool, being mischievous is a sign of wit.

Old. O rogue, rogue! pretend to be a wit, by doing mischief and railing!

Nov. Why, thou, old fool, hast no other pretence to the name of a wit, but by railing at new playes!

300 *simile*, O2, O3, smile.
306 *there is*, Q10, Os, there's.
310 *of wit*, Q10, Os, of a wit. 312 *doing*, O2 omits.

Old. Thou, by railing at that facetious, noble way of wit, quibling!

Nov. Thou call'st thy dulness gravity; and thy dozing, thinking.

Old. You, sir, your dulness, spleen; and you talk much and say nothing.

Nov. Thou read'st much, and understand'st nothing, sir.

Old. You laugh loud, and break no jest.

Nov. You rail, and no body hangs himself; and thou hast nothing of the satyr but in thy face.

Old. And you have no jest, but your face, sir.

Nov. Thou art an illiterate pedant.

Old. Thou art a fool, with a bad memory.

Man. Come, a pox on you both! you have done like wits now: for you wits, when you quarrel, never give over till you prove one another fools.

Nov. And you fools have never any occasion of laughing at us wits but when we quarrel. Therefore let us be friends, Oldfox.

Man. They are such wits as thou art who make the name of a wit as scandalous as that of bully; and signifie a loud-laughing, talking, incorrigible coxcomb, as bully a roaring, hardned coward.

333 *you*, Qq. 6–10, Os, ye. 340 *of bully*, O2, of a bully.

Free. And wou'd have his noise and laughter pass for wit, as t'other his huffing and blustring for courage.

[*Re-*]*enter Vernish.*

Man. Gentlemen, with your leave, here is one I wou'd speak with; and I have nothing to say to you. *Puts 'em out of the room.*

Manent Manly, Vernish.

Ver. I told you 'twas in vain to think of getting money out of her. She sayes, if a shilling wou'd do't, she wou'd not save you from starving or hanging, or what you wou'd think worse, begging or flattering; and rails so at you, one wou'd not think you had lay'n with her.

Man. O, friend, never trust for that matter a womans railing; for she is no less a dissembler in her hatred than her love; and as her fondness of her husband is a sign he's a cuckold, her railing at another man is a sign she lies with him.

Ver. (*Aside.*) He's in the right on't: I know not what to trust to.

Man. But you did not take any notice of it to her, I hope?

Ver. (*Aside.*) So! — Sure he is afraid I shou'd have disprov'd him by an enquiry of her: all may be well yet.

Man. What hast thou in thy head that makes thee seem so unquiet?

Ver. Only this base, impudent womans falseness; I cannot put her out of my head.

Man. O, my dear friend, be not you too sensible of my wrongs; for then I shall feel 'em too with more pain, and think 'em unsufferable. Dam her, her money, and that ill-natur'd whore too, Fortune her self! But if thou wou'dst ease a little my present trouble, pr'ythee go borrow me somewhere else some money. I can trouble thee.

Ver. You trouble me, indeed, most sensibly, when you command me any thing I cannot do. I have lately lost a great deal of money at play, more than I can yet pay; so, that not only my money, but my credit too is gone, and know not where to borrow: but cou'd rob a church for you. — (*Aside.*) Yet wou'd rather end your wants by cutting your throat.

Man. Nay, then I doubly feel my poverty, since I'm incapable of supplying thee.

Embraces Vernish.

Ver. But, methinks, she that granted you the last favour (as they call it) shou'd not deny you any thing. *Novel looks in and retires again.*

379 *go borrow*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, go to borrow.
386 *cou'd*, O1, O2, I cou'd.
Novel . . . again. Follows *Hey . . . done* (394) in originals.

Nov. Hey, tarpaulin, have you done?

Ver. I understand not that point of kindness, I confess.

Man. No, thou dost not understand it, and I have not time to let you know all now; for these fools, you see, will interrupt us: but anon, at supper, we'll laugh at leisure together at Olivia's cuckold, who took a young fellow, that goes between his wife and me, for a woman.

Ver. Ha!

Man. Sensless, easie rascal! 'twas no wonder she chose him for a husband; but she thought him, I thank her, fitter than me, for that blind, bearing office.

Ver. (*Aside.*) I cou'd not be deceiv'd in that long womans hair ty'd up behind, nor those infallible proofs, her pouting, swelling breasts: I have handled too many, sure, not to know 'em.

Man. What, you wonder the fellow cou'd be such a blind coxcomb?

Ver. Yes, yes —

Novel looks in again, and retires.

Nov. Nay, pr'ythee, come to us, Manly. Gad, all the fine things one sayes in their company are lost without thee.

Man. Away, fop! I'm busie yet. ——You see we cannot talk here at our ease: besides, I must

be gone immediately, in order to meeting with Olivia again to night.

Ver. To night! it cannot be, sure —

Man. I had an appointment just now from her.

Ver. For what time?

Man. At half an hour after seven precisely.

Ver. Don't you apprehend the husband?

Man. He! sniveling gull! he a thing to be fear'd! a husband! the tamest of creatures!

Ver. (*Aside.*) Very fine!

Man. But, pr'ythee, in the mean time, go try to get me some money. Tho' thou art too modest to borrow for thy self, thou canst do any thing for me, I know. Go; for I must be gone to Olivia. Go, and meet me here, anon. — Freeman, where are you? *Ex*[*it*] *Manly.*

Manet Vernish.

Ver. Ay, I'll meet with you, I warrant; but it shall be at Olivia's. Sure, it cannot be: she denies it so calmly, and with that honest, modest assurance, it can't be true — and he does not use to lye — but belying a woman when she won't be kind, is the onely lye a brave man will least scruple. But then the woman in mans cloaths, whom he calls a man! — well, but by her breasts I know her to be a woman — but then

Manet Vernish, Qq. 6–9 misprint Enter Vernish.
445 *breasts*, Q9, breast.

again, his appointment from her, to meet with him to night! I am distracted more with doubt than jealousie. Well, I have no way to disabuse or revenge my self, but by going home immediately, putting on a riding sute, and pretending to my wife the same business which carry'd me out of town last, requires me again to go post to Oxford to night. Then, if the appointment he boasts of be true, it's sure to hold, and I shall have an opportunity either of clearing her, or revenging my self on both. Perhaps she is his wench, of an old date, and I am his cully, whil'st I think him mine; and he has seem'd to make his wench rich, only that I might take her off of his hands. Or if he has but lately lay'n with her, he must needs discover by her my treachery to him; which I'm sure he will revenge with my death, and which I must prevent with his, if it were only but for fear of his too just reproaches; for I must confess, I never had till now any excuse but that of int'rest, for doing ill to him.

Ex[*it*] *Vernish.*

Re-enter Manly and Freeman.

Man. Come hither; only, I say, be sure you mistake not the time. You know the house exactly where Olivia lodges; 'tis just hard by.

446 *his*, Q9, this. 452 *go*, Q10, O1, omit.
459 *of*, Qq. 2–10, Os, omit.

Free. Yes, yes.

Man. Well then, bring 'em all, I say, thither, and all you know that may be then in the house; for the more witnesses I have of her infamy, the greater will be my revenge: and be sure you come strait up to her chamber without more ado. Here, take the watch; you see 'tis above a quarter past seven; be there in half an hour exactly.

Free. You need not doubt my diligence or dexterity; I am an old scowrer, and can naturally beat up a wenches quarters that won't be civil. Sha'nt we break her windows too?

Man. No, no; be punctual only.

Ex[*eunt*] *ambo.*

[SCENE III.— *The same Room.*]

Enter Widow Blackacre, and two Knights of the Post: a Waiter with wine.

Widow. Sweetheart, are you sure the door was shut close, that none of those roysters saw us come in?

Waiter. Yes, mistriss; and you shall have a privater room above, instantly.

Ex[*it*] *Wait*[*er*].

Wid. You are safe enough, gentlemen; for I

472 *then*, Q9 omits.
Ex[*eunt*] *ambo*, Q10, O1, O2, omit *ambo*.

have been private in this house ere now, upon other occasions, when I was something younger. Come, gentlemen, in short, I leave my business to your care and fidelity: and so, here's to you.

1 *Knight.* We were ungrateful rogues if we shou'd not be honest to you; for we have had a great deal of your money.

Wid. And you have done me many a good job for't; and so, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Why, we have been perjur'd but six times for you.

1 *Knight.* Forg'd but four deeds, with your husband's last deed of gift.

2 *Knight.* And but three wills.

1 *Knight.* And counterfeited hands and seals to some six bonds; I think that's all, brother?

Wid. Ay, that's all, gentlemen; and so, here's to you again.

2 *Knight.* Nay, 'twou'd do one's heart good to be forsworn for you. You have a conscience in your wayes, and pay us well.

1 *Knight.* You are in the right on't, brother; one wou'd be damn'd for her with all ones heart.

2 *Knight.* But there are rogues, who make us forsworn for 'em, and when we come to be paid, they'll be forsworn too, and not pay us

12 *were*, Qq. 4–10, O1, are.

our wages, which they promis'd with oaths sufficient.

1 *Knight.* Ay, a great lawyer that shall be nameless bilkt me too.

Wid. That was hard, methinks, that a lawyer shou'd use gentlemen witnesses no better.

2 *Knight.* A lawyer! d'ye wonder a lawyer shou'd do't? I was bilk'd by a reverend divine, that preaches twice on Sundayes, and prayes half an hour still before dinner.

Wid. How! a conscientious divine and not pay people for damning themselves! sure then, for all his talking, he does not believe damnation. But, come, to our business. Pray be sure to imitate exactly the flourish at the end of this name. *Pulls out a deed or two.*

1 *Knight.* O, he's the best in England at untangling a flourish, madam.

Wid. And let not the seal be a jot bigger. Observe well the dash too, at the end of this name.

2 *Knight.* I warrant you, madam.

Wid. Well, these and many other shifts, poor widows are put to sometimes; for every body wou'd be riding a widow, as they say, and break-

37 *nameless*, Q6, Q7, blameless.

40 *2 Knight. A lawyer! . . .*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, assign this speech to 1 Knight.

ing into her jointure. They think marrying a widow an easie business, like leaping the hedge where another has gone over before. A widow is a meer gap, a gap with them.

Enter to them Major Oldfox, with two Waiters. The Knights of the Post huddle up the writings.

What, he here! Go then, go my hearts, you have your instructions.

Ex[*eunt*] *Knights of the Post.*

Oldfox. Come, madam, to be plain with you, I'll be fob'd off no longer. — (*Aside.*) I'll bind her and gag her but she shall hear me. — [*To the Waiters.*] Look you, friends, there's the money I promis'd you; and now do you what you promis'd me: here are my garters, and here's a gag. — [*To the Widow.*] You shall be acquainted with my parts, lady, you shall.

Wid. Acquainted with your parts! A rape! a rape! — what, will you ravish me?

The Waiters tye her to the chair, and gag her; and ex[*eunt*].

Old. Yes, lady, I will ravish you: but it shall be through the ear, lady, the ear onely, with my well-pen'd acrostics.

61 *over*, O2 omits.
64 *your instructions*, Q10, O1, O2, your full instructions.
67, 68 [*To the Waiters.*], added by Hunt.
71 [*To the Widow.*], added by Hunt.

Enter to them Freeman, Jerry Blackacre, three Bayliffs, a Constable and his Assistants, with the two Knights of the Post.

What, shall I never read my things undisturb'd again?

Jerry. O law! my mother bound hand and foot, and gaping, as if she rose before her time to day!

Freeman. What means this, Oldfox? But I'll release you from him; you shall be no mans prisoner but mine. Bayliffs, execute your writ.

Freeman untyes her.

Old. Nay, then I'll be gone, for fear of being bayl, and paying her debts without being her husband.

Ex[it] Oldfox.

1 *Bailiff.* We arrest you in the king's name, at the suit of Mr. Freeman, guardian to Jeremiah Blackacre, esq[uire], in an action of ten thousand pounds.

Wid. How, how, in a choak-bayl action! What, and the pen and ink gentlemen taken too! — Have you confest, you rogues?

1 *Knight.* We needed not to confess; for the the bayliffs dog'd us hither to the very door, and overheard all that you and we said.

Wid. Undone, undone then! no man was

85 *bayliffs*, O2, bayliff.

ever too hard for me till now. O Jerry, child, wilt thou vex again the womb that bore thee?

Jer. Ay, for bearing me before wedlock, as you say. But I'll teach you to call a Blackacre a bastard, tho' you were never so much my mother.

Wid. (*Aside.*) Well, I'm undone! not one trick left? no law-meush imaginable? — [*To Freeman.*] Cruel sir, a word with you, I pray.

Free. In vain, madam; for you have no other way to release your self, but by the bonds of matrimony.

Wid. How, sir, how! that were but to sue out an *habeas corpus*, for a removal from one prison to another. — Matrimony!

Free. Well, bayliffs, away with her.

Wid. O stay, sir! can you be so cruel as to bring me under covert baron again, and put it out of my power to sue in my own name? Matrimony to a woman is worse than excommunication, in depriving her of the benefit of the law; and I wou'd rather be depriv'd of life. But hark you, sir, I am contented you shou'd hold and enjoy my person by lease or patent, but not by the

100 *O*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, omit. (In Q4 and Q5 O is missing, but a space and comma before *Jerry* show that it has fallen out in the press.)

107, 108 [*To Freeman.*], added by Hunt.

113 *out*, O1 omits. 119 *is*, Qq. 1–5 omit.

spiritual patent call'd a licence; that is, to have the priviledges of a husband, without the dominion; that is, *Durante beneplacito.* In consideration of which, I will, out of my jointure, secure you an annuity of three hundred pounds a year, and pay your debts; and that's all you younger brothers desire to marry a widow for, I'm sure.

Free. Well, widow, if —

Jer. What! I hope, bully guardian, you are not making agreements without me?

Free. No, no. First, widow, you must say no more that he is the son of a whore; have a care of that. And, then, he must have a setled exhibition of forty pounds a year, and a nag of assizes, kept by you, but not upon the common; and have free ingress, egress, and regress to and from your maids garret.

Wid. Well, I can grant all that too.

Jer. Ay, ay, fair words butter no cabage: but guardian, make her sign, sign and seal; for otherwise, if you knew her as well as I, you wou'd not trust her word for a farthing.

Free. I warrant thee, squire. — Well, widow, since thou art so generous, I will be generous too; and if you'll secure me four hundred pound

136 *the*, O2, O3, a.
140 *ingress, egress*, O2, ingress and egress.
149 *me*, Q6, my. *pound*, Qq. 4–9, pounds.

a year, but during your life, and pay my debts, not above a thousand pound, I'll bate you your person, to dispose of as you please.

Wid. Have a care, sir, a settlement without a consideration is void in law; you must do something for't.

Free. Pr'ythee, then let the settlement on me be call'd alimony; and the consideration, our separation. Come; my lawyer, with writings ready drawn, is within, and in haste. Come.

Wid. But, what, no other kind of consideration, Mr. Freeman? Well, a widow, I see, is a kind of a *sine cure*, by custom of which the unconscionable incumbent enjoyes the profits, without any duty, but does that still elsewhere.

Ex[eunt] omn[es].

[SCENE IV.]

The Scene changes to Olivia's Lodging.

Enter Olivia with a candle in her hand.

Olivia. So, I am now prepar'd once more for my timorous young lover's reception. My husband is gone; and go thou out too, thou next interrupter of love. — (*Puts out the candle.*) Kind darkness, that frees us lovers from scandal and

154 *in law*, Qq. 2–10, O1, in the law.
162 *a sine cure*, Qq. 6–10, O1, O2, *sine cure*.

bashfulness, from the censure of our gallants and the world! — So, are you there?

Enter to Olivia Fidelia, follow'd softly by Manly.

Come, my dear punctual lover, there is not such another in the world; thou hast beauty and youth to please a wife; address and wit, to amuse and fool a husband; nay, thou hast all things to be wish'd in a lover, but your fits. I hope, my dear, you won't have one to night; and that you may not, I'll lock the door, tho' there be no need of it, but to lock out your fits: for my husband is just gone out of town again. Come, where are you?

Goes to the door and locks it.

Manly. (*Aside.*) Well, thou hast impudence enough to give me fits too, and make revenge it self impotent; hinder me from making thee yet more infamous, if it can be.

Oliv. Come, come, my soul, come.

Fidelia. Presently, my dear, we have time enough, sure.

Oliv. How, time enough! True lovers can no more think they ever have time enough, than love enough. You shall stay with me all night; but that is but a lover's moment. Come.

7 *there*, Q9, here.

20 *impotent*; *hinder*, O1, O2, impotent & so hinder.

yet, Q9. 6–10, O1, omit.

28 *that is*, Q8, that ('s has evidently fallen out in the press), Q9, that's.

Fid. But won't you let me give you and my self the satisfaction of telling you how I abus'd your husband last night?

Oliv. Not when you can give me, and your self too, the satisfaction of abusing him again to night. Come.

Fid. Let me but tell you how your husband —

Oliv. O name not his, or Manly's more loathsom name, if you love me! I forbid 'em last night: and you know I mention'd my husband but once, and he came. No talking, pray, 'twas ominous to us. — (*A noise at the door.*) You make me fancy a noise at the door already, but I'm resolv'd not to be interrupted. Where are you? Come; for rather than lose my dear expectation now, tho' my husband were at the door, and the bloody ruffian Manly here in the room, with all his awful insolence, I wou'd give my self to this dear hand, to be led away to heavens of joys, which none but thou canst give.—(*The noise at the door increases.*) But what's this noise at the door? So, I told you what talking wou'd come to. Ha! — O Heavens, my husbands voice! —

Olivia listens at the door.

40 (*A noise at the door.*), in the originals follows *interrupted*, below.

46 *insolence*, Q9, insolences.

48, 49 (*The noise . . . increases.*), in the originals follows *come to*, below.

Man. (*Aside.*) Freeman is come too soon.

Oliv. O, 'tis he! — Then here is the happiest minute lost that ever bashful boy or trifling woman fool'd away! I'm undone! my husbands reconcilement too was false, as my joy all delusion. But come this way, here's a back-door. — (*Exit, and returns.*) The officious jade has lock'd us in, instead of locking others out: but let us then escape your way, by the balcony; and whil'st you pull down the curtains, I'll fetch from my closet what next will best secure our escape. I have left my key in the door, and 'twill not suddenly be broke open. *Exit.*

A noise as it were people forcing the door.

Man. Stir not, yet fear nothing.

Fid. Nothing but your life, sir.

Man. We shall now know this happy man she calls husband.

Olivia re-enters.

Oliv. Oh, where are you? What, idle with fear? Come, I'll tie the curtains, if you will hold. Here, take this cabinet and purse, for it is thine, if we escape; — (*Manly takes from her the cabinet and purse.*) — therefore let us make haste. *Ex*[*it*] *Oliv*[*ia*].

53 *here is*, Q9. 2–8, Q10, Os, here's, Q9 misprints her's.
65 *Stir not, yet fear*, O1, O2, punctuate stir not yet, fear. *fear*, O3, fearing.
67 *now*, Q9. 6–10, Os, omit.

Man. 'Tis mine indeed now again, and it shall never escape more from me, to you at least.

The door broken open, enter Vernish alone with a dark lanthorn and a sword, running at Manly, who draws, puts by the thrust, and defends himself, whil'st Fidelia runs at Vernish behind.

Vernish. (*With a low voice.*) So, there I'm right, sure —

Man. (*Softly.*) Sword and dark lanthorn, villain, are some odds; but —

Ver. (*With a low voice.*) Odds! I'm sure I find more odds than I expected. What, has my insatiable two seconds at once? but —

Whil'st they fight, Olivia re-enters, tying two curtains together.

Oliv. Where are you now? — What, is he entered then, and are they fighting? O do not kill one that can make no defence! — (*Manly throws Vernish down and disarms him.*) How! but I think he has the better on't. Here's his scarf, 'tis he. So, keep him down still: I hope thou hast no hurt, my dearest? *Embracing Manly.*

Enter to them Freeman, Lord Plausible, Novel, Jerry Blackacre, and the Widow Blackacre, lighted in by the two Sailors with torches.

Ha! — what? — Manly! and have I been thus concern'd for him! embracing him! and has he

broken, Qq. 7–10, Os, broke.
lighted in by, Q10, O1, O2, omit *in*.

his jewels again too! What means this? O, 'tis too sure, as well as my shame! which I'll go hide for ever. *Offers to go out, Manly stops her.*

Man. No, my dearest; after so much kindness as has past between us, I cannot part with you yet. — Freeman, let no body stir out of the room; for notwithstanding your lights, we are yet in the dark, till this gentleman please to turn his face — (*Pulls Vernish by the sleeve.*) How, Vernish! art thou the happy man then? thou! thou! speak, I say; but thy guilty silence tells me all. — Well, I shall not upbraid thee; for my wonder is striking me as dumb as thy shame has made thee. But what? my little volunteer hurt, and fainting!

Fid. My wound, sir, is but a slight one, in my arm; 'tis only my fear of your danger, sir, not yet well over.

Man. But what's here? more strange things! — (*Observing Fidelia's hair unty'd behind, and without a peruke, which she lost in the scuffle.*) What means this long womans hair, and face, now all of it appears, too beautiful for a man;

94 *Manly stops*, Qq. 6–10, Os, and Manly stops.
113, 114 *hair, and face, now all of it appears, too.*
Qq. 1–3, hair? and face, now all of it appears, too
Q4, Q5, hair! and face, now all of it appears, too
Q6, hair! and face, now all of it appears too
Qq. 7–9, hair! and face! now all of it appears too
Q10, hair, and face! now all of it appears too
Os, hair, and face! Now all of it appears too

which I still thought womanish indeed! What, you have not deceiv'd me too, my little volunteer?

Oliv. (*Aside.*) Me she has, I'm sure.

Man. Speak!

Enter Eliza and Lettice.

Eliza. What, cousin, I am brought hither by your woman, I suppose, to be a witness of the second vindication of your honour?

Oliv. Insulting is not generous. You might spare me, I have you.

Eliza. Have a care, cousin, you'll confess anon too much; and I wou'd not have your secrets.

Man. (*To Fidelia.*) Come, your blushes answer me sufficiently, and you have been my volunteer in love.

Fid. I must confess I needed no compulsion to follow you all the world over; which I attempted in this habit, partly out of shame to own my love to you, and fear of a greater shame, your refusal of it; for I knew of your engagement to this lady, and the constancy of your nature; which nothing cou'd have alter'd but her self.

Man. Dear madam, I desir'd you to bring me

118 (*Aside.*), Q1 places this after Manly's speech, above.
135 *knew*, Q4–6, know.

out of confusion, and you have given me more. I know not what to speak to you, or how to look upon you; the sense of my rough, hard, and ill usage of you (tho' chiefly your own fault) gives me more pain now 'tis over, than you had when you suffer'd it: and if my heart, the refusal of such a woman — (*Pointing to Olivia*) — were not a sacrifice to prophane your love, and a greater wrong to you than ever yet I did you, I wou'd beg of you to receive it, tho' you us'd it as she had done; for tho' it deserv'd not from her the treatment she gave it, it does from you.

Fid. Then it has had punishment sufficient from her already, and needs no more from me; and, I must confess, I wou'd not be the onely cause of making you break your last nights oath to me, of never parting with me; if you do not forget or repent it.

Man. Then take for ever my heart, and this with it — (*Gives her the cabinet*); for 'twas given to you before, and my heart was before your due: I only beg leave to dispose of these few. — Here, madam, I never yet left my wench unpaid.

Takes some of the jewels, and offers 'em to Olivia; she strikes 'em down: Plausible and Novel take 'em up.

150 *had*, Q8, Q9, O2, has. 153 *from her*, Q10, O3, for her.
155 *nights*. Qq. 7–9, night, Os, night's.
offers 'em, Q8, Q9, offers them.

Oliv. So it seems, by giving her the cabinet.

L. Plausible. These pendents appertain to your most faithful, humble servant.

Novel. And this locket is mine; my earnest for love, which she never paid: therefore my own again.

Widow. By what law, sir, pray? — Cousin Olivia, a word. What, do they make a seizure on your goods and chattels, *vi & armis?* Make your demand, I say, and bring your trover, bring your trover. I'll follow the law for you.

Oliv. And I my revenge. *Exit Oliv*[*ia*].

Man. (*To Ver*[*nish*].) But 'tis, my friend, in your consideration most, that I wou'd have return'd part of your wives portion; for 'twere hard to take all from thee, since thou hast paid so dear for't, in being such a rascal. Yet thy wife is a fortune without a portion; and thou art a man of that extraordinary merit in vilany, the world and fortune can never desert thee, tho' I do; therefore be not melancholy. Fare you well, sir. — (*Ex*[*it*] *Vernish doggedly.*) Now, madam, I beg your pardon (*Turning to Fidelia*) for lessening the present I made you; but my heart can never be lessen'd. This, I confess, was

164 *These*, Qq. 4–10, O1, O2, The.
171, 172 *Make your*, Q6, make you.
172, 173 *bring your trover* (second time), Qq. 7–9 omit.

too small for you before; for you deserve the Indian world: and I wou'd now go thither, out of covetousness for your sake only.

Fid. Your heart, sir, is at present of that value, I can never make any return to't. — (*Pulling Manly from the company.*) But I can give you back such a present as this, which I got by the loss of my father, a gentleman of the North, of no mean extraction, whose onely child I was, therefore left me in the present possession of two thousand pounds a year; which I left, with multitudes of pretenders, to follow you, sir; having in several publick places seen you, and observ'd your actions throughly, with admiration, when you were too much in love to take notice of mine, which yet was but too visible. The name of my family is Grey, my other Fidelia. The rest of my story you shall know when I have fewer auditors.

Man. Nay, now, madam, you have taken from me all power of making you any complement on my part; for I was going to tell you, that for your sake onely I wou'd quit the unknown pleasure of a retirement; and rather stay in this ill world of ours still, tho' odious to me, than give you more frights again at sea, and make again too great a venture there, in you alone. But if I

211 *a*, Q8, Q9, omit.

shou'd tell you now all this, and that your virtue (since greater than I thought any was in the world) had now reconcil'd me to't, my friend here wou'd say, 'tis your estate that has made me friends with the world.

Freeman. I must confess I shou'd; for I think most of our quarrels to the world are just such as we have to a handsom woman; only because we cannot enjoy her as we wou'd do.

Man. Nay, if thou art a *Plain-dealer* too, give me thy hand; for now I'll say, I am thy friend indeed; and for your two sakes, tho' I have been so lately deceiv'd in friends of both sexes, —

I will believe there are now in the world
Good-natur'd friends, who are not prostitutes,
And handsom women worthy to be friends;
Yet, for my sake, let no one e're confide
In tears, or oaths, in love, or friend untry'd.
Ex[eunt] omnes.

226 *twe*, Qq. 4–10, O1, omit.
233 *tears*, Qq. 4–6, years. *friend*, O2, friends.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE WIDOW BLACKACRE.

To you, the judges learned in stage laws,
Our poet now, by me, submits his cause;
For with young judges, such as most of you,
The men by women best their bus'ness do:
And, truth on't is, if you did not sit here,
To keep for us a term throughout the year,
We cou'd not live by'r tongues; nay, but for you,
Our chamber-practice wou'd be little too.
And 'tis not only the stage practiser
Who by your meeting gets her living here:
For as in Hall of Westminster
Sleek sempstress vents amidst the courts her ware;
So, while we baul, and you in judgment sit,
The visor-mask sells linnen too i' th' pit.
O, many of your friends, besides us here,
Do live by putting off their sev'ral ware.
Here's daily done the great affair o' th' nation,
Let love and us then ne'r have long-vacation.
But hold; like other pleaders I have done
Not my poor client's bus'ness, but my own.
Spare me a word then, now, for him. First know,
Squires of the long robe, he does humbly show,

The Epilogue is in Q1 printed directly after the Prologue.

He has a just right in abusing you,
Because he is a Brother-Templer *too:*
For at the bar you railly one another;
And fool, and knave, is swallow'd from a brother:
If not the poet here, the Templer *spare,*
And maul him when you catch him at the bar.
From you, our common modish censurers,
Your favor, not your judgment, 'tis he fears:
Of all loves begs you then to rail, find fault;
For playes, like women, by the world are thought,
When you speak kindly of 'em, very naught.

26 *And fool,* Qq. 2–10, O1, O2, Nay fool.

Notes to The Plain-Dealer

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

191. My Lady B——. Madam, or "Mother," Bennet, a notorious bawd. Cf. Pepys, under Sep. 20, 1660, and May 30, 1668; Steele in *Spectator*, No. 266; and *Tatler*, No. 84.

193, 55, 56. Mr. Bays . . . understanding. Cf. Buckingham's *The Rehearsal* (1671), III, i, end, "*Bayes*. . . . I know you have wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? What do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir; I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you." Cf. note on *Country Wife*, 3, 11.

194, 90, 91. Nihil . . . sumunt. *Nothing is bolder than those who are caught; consciousness of their guilt gives them wrath and courage.* Juvenal, *Satires*, VI, 284, 285.

195, 114–116. Els . . . regle. *Il faut rebrasser ce sot haillon qui couvre nos meurs: ils envoyent leur conscience au bordel et tiennent leur contenance.* Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. iii, Chap. v (Text of 1588).

197, 152, 153. Nimirum . . . extinguitur. *Incontinence, forsooth, is necessary to preserve continence; one puts out fire by fire.* The source of this, I have been unable to discover. Quoted by Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. iii, Chap. v, where Wycherley probably read it.

198, 193–195. Scythian women . . . with him. *Les femmes Scythes crevoyent les yeux à touts leurs esclaves et prisonniers de guerre pour s'en servir plus librement et couvertement.* Montaigne, *Essais*, Bk. III, Chap. v. Cf. Herodotus, IV, 2, who says that the Scythians (i.e. the men) put out the eyes of their slaves "for the purpose of drawing milk from their mares, which was their food. But it does not appear very plain that there was a necessity of blind-

ing these poor slaves for this work ; and therefore the reason that Montaigne assigns for it is much more easy to comprehend." Hazlitt, *Montaigne's Essays* (1842), *ad locum*.

200, 231, 232. **Apres . . . vertu.** After the pleasure comes the pain ; after the pain, virtue.

201, 6. **faint praises.** Cf. Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735), 201, "Damn with faint praise." Pope, it seems, was sometimes borrower, as well as lender, in his intercourse with Wycherley.

202, 30. **Lely's.** Sir Peter Lely (1618–1680), a famous portrait painter, especially of court and fashionable beauties. He was knighted in 1679. Wycherley's description of Lely's way of idealizing his subjects is trenchant. Cf. also II, i, 276.

210, 123, 124. **those . . . ship.** Such gifts from the king were not uncommon, incredible as this disposal of public property might seem. Pepys, while Secretary of the Navy Board, obtained a ship in this way. Cf. Smeaton, *Pepysiana* (vol. supplementary to Wheatley's ed. of Pepys's Diary), p. 249.

210, 128. **the Dutch.** The reference is probably to the war of 1672–4. Cf. *Life*, p. vi.

211, 146. **the Indies.** Bombay was ceded in 1661 to England, which thus obtained entry into the rich Indian trade. Manly's ship when it encountered the Dutch was acting as convoy to merchantmen bound for India, and carried sundry "small ventures" of the sailors, as well as Manly's own, to be used in barter.

211, 169. **no near —.** "no nearing him without disaster," is probably the intended conclusion. The hyphen in the reading *no-near* (omitted in Qq. 8, 9, and O2) was probably inserted because the printer did not comprehend what was to follow. Cf. footnote, p. 211.

213, 203. **landlady at Wapping.** Wapping, about two miles below London Bridge, beyond the Tower, south of the present London Docks, was in Wycherley's time a suburb, frequented by the sailors. Cf. II, i, 846.

214, 226–228. **I weigh . . . heavier.** Cf. La Rochefoucauld, *Sentences et Maximes de Morale* (1664), No. 55 : *Les rois font des hommes comme des pièces de monnoye : ils les font valoir ce qu'ils veulent, & on est forcé de les receuoir selon leurs cours, & non pas selon leurs veritables prix.* If this is the impulse of

Wycherley's lines, these in turn probably gave rise to Burns's "the rank is but the guinea's stamp," etc. Burns ordered Wycherley's plays with those of other writers of comedies March 2, 1790 (Letter to Peter Hill, Wallace, *Life and Works of Burns*, 1896, III, p. 176), and in his first Commonplace Book is a quotation from Vanbrugh. Cf. Meyerfeld, *Robert Burns, Studien zu seiner dichterischen Entwicklung* (1899), p. 132. *A Man's a Man* was written in 1795.

219, 373. Bays's grand dance. Cf. *The Rehearsal*, v, i:

"[*Dance a grand Dance.*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of Brentford; but since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court."

223, 468. knight of the post. One who got his living by giving false evidence. The name dates back at least as far as 1580, and owes its origin either to the whipping-post to which the "knights" were condemned, or to the sheriff's pillars near the courts, where they waited in readiness to be hired. Cf. *N.E.D.*, and Ward, *Pope* (1869). Allusions to them are numerous. Cf. e.g. *Solyman and Perseda* (licensed for printing 1592), v, iii, 34; Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735), 360–367; and cf. also note on *P.-D.* 325, 986–988.

226, 531. law-French. French, in the old Norman or Anglo-French form, was the language of all common-law proceedings from William the Conqueror to Edward III. Certain phrases long continued in legal use, and a few are heard even at the present day. There are several examples in the *Plain-Dealer*. Cf. "*under covert baron*," etc.

227, 558, 559. Chancery-lane ladies . . . law. Chancery Lane, "the greatest 'legal thoroughfare' in London," connects Fleet Street with Holborn. In its vicinity are the Temple and Gray's Inn. Lincoln's Inn and others of the Inns of Court open into it, and it contained Serjeants' Inn, now used for other purposes. In Wycherley's day, as now, the quarter was largely occupied by solicitors and barristers, and in the Lane itself dwelt at various times many of the leading legal lights, including Lord Chief Justice Hyde and Lord Keeper Guilford. The "ladies towards the law," i.e. concerned with it, interested in it, are the

wives and daughters of lawyers, or, possibly, litigious ladies like the widow herself, living in Chancery Lane on account of its proximity to the lawyers.

228, 586–229, 616. **John-a-Stiles . . . in the per.** John-a-Stiles was the name conventionally adopted for a fictitious person in legal procedure. Cf. John Doe, in more modern usage. The legal procedure applying to the case set by the widow was as follows. The plaintiff who had been dispossessed sued out a writ of entry or disseisin (see Glossary) against the defendant. This "was directed to the sheriff, requiring him to command the tenant of the land that he render the same to the demandant. . . . It was usual to specify in the writ the *degree* or *degrees* within which the same was brought, in this manner; (1.) If the writ was brought against the party himself who did the wrong, then it only charged the tenant himself with the injury, — *non habuit ingressum nisi per intrusionem quam* IPSE *fecit*. (2.) If the writ was brought against an alienee [one to whom the title had been transferred by sale] of the wrongdoer, or against the heir of the wrongdoer, then it was said to be in the first degree, and charged the tenant in this manner: that he the tenant had not entry but by, i.e., *through*, *per*, the original wrongdoer . . . 'non habuit ingressum nisi PER Gulielmum, qui se in illud intrusit, et illud tenenti dimisit.' (3.) If the writ was brought against a tenant holding under a second alienation or descent, then it was said to be in the second degree, and charged the tenant in this manner: that the tenant had not entry but by, i.e., *through*, *per*, a prior alienee, *to whom*, *cui*, the original wrongdoer demised the same, *non habuit ingressum nisi* PER *Ricardum* CUI *Gulielmus illud dimisit*, *qui se in illud intrusit*. If the writ was brought against a tenant holding under more than two alienations or descents, i.e., after two degrees were past, . . . the writ was called a writ of entry *sur disseisin* in the *post*, and charged the tenant in this manner: that he the tenant had not entry unless *after*, *post*, or subsequent to, the ouster or injury done by the original wrongdoer — *non habuit ingressum nisi* POST *intrusionem quam Gulielmus in illud fecit*." Archibald Brown, *A New Law Dictionary* (London, 1880), p. 202.

The widow's case may be paraphrased thus. There are a grandfather, father and son. The grandfather owns Blackacre, John-a-

Stiles dispossesses him, the grandfather brings suit to recover his estate, John-a-Stiles dies. The father now (by some means not stated) obtains possession of the estate, and, in turn, the son (again by some means not stated) dispossesses his father, and enters on the estate. Both grandfather and father now sue the son for recovery of the estate, the former by a writ in the *post* (because the son obtained entry only after the entry of his father, and not by inheritance or sale from his father — which would have required a writ of *per* in the first degree), and the latter by a writ in the *per*. In this Wycherley (or the widow) seems to be in error, for as regards the father the son is the original disseisor, and the father would have proceeded against him by simple writ of entry.

230, 640, 641. **Westminster-Hall business.** I.e., legal business. The Hall was built in 1097 by William Rufus, and formed a part of the Palace of Westminster. It now serves as a vestibule to the Houses of Parliament. From the time of Edw. I the Courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer sat in this Hall.

230, 642, 643 **Westminster-Abby business.** I.e., marriage.

230, 647, 648. **livery . . . turf.** Livery of seisin, the delivery of possession, was the act of putting a person in corporal possession of a freehold by giving him the ring, latch or key of the door; or in the case of land, by delivering him a turf or twig, accompanied by a form of words or a written document of transfer.

230, 648. **watch your waters.** Keep watch on your actions. Cf. Grose, *Lexicon Balatronicum*, (1811).

232, 705. **To choose.** If I had my choice.

239, 64. **masquerading.** Masquerades or mask-balls were a favorite entertainment in Wycherley's time.

239, 65. **Hide-park.** Hyde Park, in the west of London, so called because the site, before the dissolution of the religious houses, belonged to the manor of Hyde, in the possession of Westminster Abbey. It was laid out and enclosed as a park by Henry VIII. Under Charles II, who laid out the "Ring," it was devoted to horse-races.

240, 89. **simile-maker.** Cf. footnote on the text. Hunt and Ward, strangely following the misprint of O3, read **smile-**

maker! Cf. v, ii, 300, where O2, O3, H. and W. make the same error. Wycherley's "wits" are full of similes. Cf. especially Dapperwit in *Love in a Wood*, whose companions are eager to bar his similes. 1, ii, 31 (Ward's ed.). Cf. also Wycherley's own lines in his "Epistle to Mr. Dryden" (*Posthumous Works*, ii, 23):

> "No witty Lovers in your Scenes we see,
> Who sigh by Rule, and take less Care to be
> True to their Mistress, than their Simile."

Cf. also Crowne's *The Country Wit*, iv, ii (*The Dramatic Works of John Crowne*, Edinburgh and London, 1874, vol. iii, pp. 84, 85), "A witty man's head is a simile-bed, and breeds similes as fast as an oysterbed breeds oysters," and Sir Mannerly Shallow's whole rhapsody on similes.

241, 101. Holborn lady. A City dame, living in Holborn, the great thoroughfare which north of the Strand and Fleet Street leads from the West into the heart of the City.

245. [Exit Lettice.] Not noted by the originals or Hunt and Ward; but Lettice re-enters p. 270, and this is the natural place for her exit.

245, 227. like . . . the Libertine. *The Libertine*, a tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, published 1676, acted 1675. The allusion helps to date the production of *The Plain-Dealer*. Cf. Introduction.

259, 584. nudities . . . cover. Cf. note on **370, 33.**

263, 676, 677. That kind . . . t'other. O1, O2, Hunt and Ward mark this speech *Aside;* but this, unlike the preceding speeches of Manly, which are marked *Apart* or *Aside* in all editions, appears to be addressed to his companions.

263, 684. smells like Thames-Street. The street extends from Blackfriars to the Tower. It ran at the rear of the river buildings, and gave upon the wharves, including those of Billingsgate. It was pervaded by all the smells of the river front, of fish and filth, as well as of the many cheeses stored in the factors' warehouses. Cf. Gay, *Trivia* (1716), ii, 245–256.

267, 796. Bartholomew-fair buffoons. Bartholomew fair was held annually, from 1133 to 1855, at West Smithfield, be-

ginning on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day, Aug. 24. It originally lasted three days; afterwards the period was extended until it covered a fortnight. The fair was noted for its jugglers, mountebanks and puppet-shows. Cf. Stephenson, *Shakespeare's London* (1905), p. 225, and Jonson's play, *Bartholomew Fair* (1614).

268, 807–809. **Your opinion . . . another mans.** Cf. *Le Misanthrope*, IV, iv, 119–122 (noted by Ward):

> *L'honneur de contredire a pour lui tant de charmes,*
> *Qu'il prend contre lui-même assez souvent les armes;*
> *Et ses vrais sentiments sont combattus par lui,*
> *Aussitôt qu'il les voit dans la bouche d'autrui.*

269, 846. **beyond the Tower.** Cf. note on **213**, 203.

278, 1073, 1074. **Ann' undec' Caroli prim'.** The eleventh year of Charles I, i.e., 1636. The widow in her customary fashion uses the legal designation. If we suppose the time of the play to be about 1675, she declares herself only about forty years old.

279, 1096. **at first.** At once.

279, 1108. **never stir.** I.e., may I never stir (if I do not). Cf. "If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir," *Merry Wives*, V, v, 199; and note on *C. W.* **73**, 212.

280, 1132. **Scotch-warming pan.** A bedfellow, wench. Grose, *Lexicon Balatronicum* (1811).

281, 1144, 1145. **been cover'd . . . with the lambskins.** I.e., have married a judge. Lambskin was originally used instead of ermine for furring the official robes of the judges, who were known in cant phrase as "lamb-skin-men." Cf. *Dict. of the Canting Crew* (1700); Grose, *Lexicon Balatronicum* (1811).

281, 1154. **action of the case.** "The action on the case lay where a party sues for *damages*, for any wrong or cause of complaint to which *covenant* or *trespass* will not apply." Stephens, *Pleading*, 7th ed., p. 12. Among the wrongs (torts) not especially provided against by law, and so to be proceeded against by "action of the case," was slander.

282, 1165. **Inns of Court.** Associations for the study of law, endowed with the exclusive right of admitting to the Bar, four in

number, viz., the Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. "The hostels or abodes of the practisers and students of the law before the reign of Edward II. were called *Inns of Court*, because their inhabitants belonged to the *King's Court*, first noticed on the Placite Rolls, 10th Richard I." Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 461. For the history of the Inns, cf. Timbs, and especially, W. J. Loftie, *The Inns of Court and Chancery*, 1893.

282, 1172–1176. **want'st . . . my turn.** "The point of the antithesis lies in the opposition of the *new* guinea to the *old* gold. Guineas were not coined before the year 1662." Ward.

283, 1204–1206. **betwixt Hercules Pillars and the Boatswain in Wapping.** I.e., from the extreme west to the extreme east of the London of Wycherley's day. The *Hercules Pillars* here mentioned (whose sign, according to Timbs, meant that no habitation was to be found beyond it) was not the tavern on the south side of Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's, mentioned by Pepys, but that which stood at Hyde Park Corner, a few yards west of Hamilton Place, Piccadilly. It was here that Squire Western put up his horses, in *Tom Jones*. The tavern was still standing in 1797. Cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 455.

284, 1215, 1216. **Kings-bench.** The court of King's or Queen's Bench (so called because the King used formerly to sit there in person, though the judges determined the causes, the style of the court still being *coram ipso rege*, or *coram ipsa regina*) was the supreme Court of Common Law in the kingdom, having jurisdiction in both criminal and civil causes. In 1875 its jurisdiction was transferred to the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. J. S. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*, 1883–1889.

284, 1219. **under covert baron.** Under the authority of a husband; originally *coverte de barun*, covered by a husband, married.

286, 2. **inherited a chancery suit.** The Court of Chancery, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, was the highest court of judicature next to Parliament. It was a Court of Equity, and dealt with the administration of the estates of deceased persons, the redemption and foreclosure of mortgages, the execution of trusts, the performance of contracts between vendors and purchasers of real estate, the wardship of infants and care of their estates, etc. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*. The delays of this court and the suffering caused thereby

were proverbial, until its jurisdiction was transferred in 1875 to the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeal. They form the subject of Dickens's *Bleak House*, 1853 ("There never was such an infernal cauldron as that Chancery on the face of the earth," *B. H.* ix, 60), and gave rise to the slang term "in chancery," which seems likely to remain for years in the language, as an equivalent for a bad predicament.

286, 12, 13. **black guard.** I.e., the black-robed lawyers.

286, 14–287, 25. **their own halls in Christmas time . . . revelling Christmas lawyer.** In the halls of the Inns of Court, as at Court, gambling was permitted and legal from Christmas to Epiphany, Jan. 6. Cf. Ashton, *History of Gambling in England*, 1898, p. 27. At all the Inns there were revels, presided over by a "Master of the Revels," which included plays (cf. e.g. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, given in the hall of the Middle Temple, on Candlemas day, Feb. 2, 1602), masques, songs and dancing. The last revel was held Feb. 2, 1733. Freeman's speech may be paraphrased: Opponents in a legal controversy, like the fools who dice in the lawyers' Halls, find that after all their efforts they lose all their money; and neither of them being the better for the attempt, they at last go away, empty of pocket, lovingly together to the tavern, united in cursing the young lawyer's (dice-)box, which sweeps all, like the (cash-)boxes of the old lawyers. The speech confuses somewhat the point of view of the dicers and that of the legal opponents.

293, 173. **Offer me a reference.** I.e., offer to act as referee or arbitrator to decide a case out of court. Cf. Vanbrugh, *Aesop* (1697), iv, i, 294 (W. C. Ward's ed., 1893).

293, 181, **splitter of causes.** Derogatory term for lawyer, "pettifogger." To split a cause of action was to sue for only a part of a claim with a view to suing for the rest in another action. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

293, 186–189. **Mr. Serjeant . . . your court of Common-Pleas.** Serjeants-at-law, the highest degree in the Common Law, as doctors in the Civil Law. They were made by the sovereign's writ. Up to 1846 they enjoyed a monopoly in the Court of Common Pleas. The judges of the Common Law Courts up to 1873 were required to have this degree. "Since 1868 no person,

except a Judge Designate, has taken the degree, which, however, has never been formally abolished." "The Court of Common Pleas, so-called because its original jurisdiction was to determine controversies between subject and subject, was one of the three Superior Courts of Common Law at Westminster. . . . Its jurisdiction was altogether confined to civil matters . . . and was concurrent with that of the King's Bench and Exchequer in personal actions and ejectment." In the reorganization of the courts by the law of 1873 the exclusive jurisdiction of this court was given to the "Common Pleas Division" of the High Court of Justice, but in 1880 that division was merged in the Queen's Bench Division. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

294, 202. Tricesimo quart' of the queen. The thirty-fourth year of the queen, i.e., Elizabeth.

296, 247, 248. the Exchequer. The Court of Exchequer consisted of two divisions, a Court of Revenue and a Court of Common Law. As a Court of Revenue it ascertained and enforced the proprietary rights of the Crown against the subjects of the realm. As a Court of Common Law it administered redress between subject and subject in all actions whatever except real actions [actions in which claim is made to real estate]. By the Act of 1873 this court was made a division of the High Court of Justice, and in 1881 merged with the King's Bench Division. Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

296, 248. the barons. The judges of the court.

296, 262. if you go there. If you come to that.

296, 265–267. shall be instructed . . . solicitor. The solicitor is to-day a lawyer who, as an officer of the Supreme Court of Judicature, "and who only, is entitled to 'sue out any writ or process, or commence, carry on, solicit or defend any action or other proceeding'. . . 'Solicitor of the Supreme Court' is the title given by the Judicature Act, 1873 . . . to all attorneys, solicitors and proctors. Prior to that Act, 'attorneys' conducted business in the Common Law Courts, 'solicitors' business in the Court of Chancery, and 'proctors' ecclesiastical and admiralty business." The attorney was generally solicitor also. Solicitors practice as advocates only in very minor courts. In all important courts the advocate is the *barrister*, who receives information — "instruction" — as to the case, in the form of a "brief," from the solicitor. "It is a rule

of etiquette, but *not* a rule of law, that a barrister should not take instructions except through the intervention of a solicitor." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

297, 290. **green bag carrier.** The lawyer's green bag, used to carry papers, etc., is still in evidence.

298, 295, 296. **I wou'd . . . ignorant.** For striking a person in the King's Courts the penalty was loss of the right hand, perpetual imprisonment, and forfeiture during life of lands and goods. For striking a person near the courts while the judges were sitting, but out of their view, the penalty was fine and imprisonment during pleasure, but not the loss of the hand. Cf. Sir Wm. Oldnall Russell, *A Treatise on Crimes and Misdemeanors*, Sixth Ed., Eds. Smith and Keep (London, 1896), III, pp. 322, 323; Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1903) p. 345.

298, 298. **hearing counsel.** A barrister without a brief, who has to content himself with listening to the trial of cases, without taking part in them. Cf. Addison, *Spectator* No. 21: "Above three Parts of those whom I reckon among the Litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their Hearts, and have no Opportunity of showing their Passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall [i.e. Westminster Hall] every Day, that they may show themselves in a Readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be Occasion for them."

300, 352. **That booksellers.** Cf. note on **306**, 503.

300, 366–369. **Culpepper . . . Wingate.** Sir Thomas Culpepper (1578–1662) published in 1621 a *Tract against the high rate of Usurie*, which was reprinted in 1641 and twice in 1668. His son, Sir Thomas (1626–1697), published in 1668 a *Discourse shewing the many advantages which will accrue to the kingdom by the abatement of Usurie*, with an appendix, published later in the same year; in 1670, *The necessity of abating Usury re-asserted*; in 1671, *Brief Survey of the growth of Usury in England*, *Humble proposal for the Relief of Debtors*, *Several objections against the Reducement of Usury . . . with the answer*. To which of all these Wycherley refers is not clear.

The Problems of Aristotle with other Philosophers and Phisitions (M. A. Zimaras, Alexander Aphrodiseus). Wherein are contained

diuers questions, with their answers, touching the estate of mans bodie. A. Hatfield, London, 1597. There was an edition by R. Walgraue, Edinborough, 1595, and other editions in 1607, 1679 [see *Term Catalogues* I, 364], 1680, 1684. In 1710 was "printed for J. W[right]" the "Twenty-fifth edition."

The Compleat Midwife's practice enlarged . . . the third edition. [London], 1663.

Michael Dalton, of Lincoln's Inn, Master of Chancery, was the author of *The Country Justice*, 1618, and *Officium Vicecomitium — The office and Authority of Sheriffs*, 1623, of which books there were various editions and continuations. William Hughes, of Gray's Inn, was the author of *The Parson's Law*, 1st ed. 1641, *Abridgment of Reports . . . from the first of . . . Elizabeth, etc.*, 1660, 1662, *Queries*, or *Choice Cases for Moots*, 1675. William Sheppard was the author of *The Law of Common Assurances*, 1650, *The Parson's Guide, or the Law of Tithes*, 1654, *The Practical Counsellor in the Law*, 1671, *Actions upon the Case for Slander*, 1662, *Actions upon the Case for Deeds*, 2d ed. 1675, *The Court-keeper's Guide*, 1641, *The President* [Precedent] *of Presidents*, 1655, and other works. Edmund Wingate, of Gray's Inn, was the author of *The exact Abridgment of all Statutes in Force and Use from the beginning of Magna Charta until 1641*, 1642 [An edition "continued by T. Manby to 1670" was published in 1670], and of *The exact Constable*, 2d ed. 1660, which was in its "fourth edition" in 1676. Both these books had many editions and continuations.

301, 383, 384. **St. George for Christendom, or, The Seven Champions of England.** The title is confused. The book was *The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom. The Third Part shewing the gallant acts of S. George's his three Sons, etc.* 3d ed. 1696.

301, 385, 386. **The Young Clerk's Guide.** There are several books to any one of which Wycherley may be referring, e.g., *The Young Clerk's Tutor*, by Edward Cocker, of which there were many editions, *The Young Clerk's Companion*, 1672, *The Clerk's Guide*, by Thomas Manley, 1672. Many other similar titles are to be found in the advertisements of the *Term Catalogues*.

305, 486. **dancing of the ropes.** Performances on a tight rope, stretched at some height above the ground.

306, 503. **Jack of all Trades, at t'other end of the Hall.** Cf. Glossary. Westminster Hall contained besides the courts many tradesmen's shops. "The shops or stalls . . . are shown in the picture by Gravelot, painted in the reign of George II. 'Ranged along the left side, as you enter, are shops of booksellers, mathematical instrument-makers, haberdashers and sempstresses. At the further end of the Hall are the two Courts of King's Bench on the left, and of the Chancery on the right, divided by a flight of steps which led to the entrances of both. In the print these Courts are inclosed to a certain height, but not covered, so that the noise in the Hall, and the flirtations of the barristers and attorneys with the sempstresses, must have occasionally disturbed the arguments of the counsel . . . On the right side is the same array of shops, except where it is interrupted by the Court of Common Pleas, which projects into the Hall, and is similarly inclosed and uncovered.'" W. Foss, in a Paper read to the Archeological Institute, 1866, quoted by Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 829.

306, 505. **[Aside.]** The *Aside* was added by Hunt, and is perhaps scarcely necessary, as Jerry is on his way out and Freeman utters the speech as he lingers behind.

307, 526. **a reader's dinner.** "A reader was one of the antients or benchers who was called on to give a 'reading' [i.e., a law lecture] in the Inn. As in ancient times, a reader is to this day selected every Lent and Autumn, but his principal duties are to pay a substantial sum . . . towards furnishing a 'reader's feast.'" A. Wood Renton, *Encyclopædia of the Laws of England* (1898).

307, 531, 532. **the reform'd sign of the Salutation tavern.** The reference is perhaps to the *Salutation and Cat*, often called simply the *Salutation*, in Newgate Street, "where Wren used to smoke his pipe, whilst St. Paul's was rebuilding," and to which, later, Coleridge and Charles Lamb resorted. Cf. Besant, *London in the Eighteenth Century* (1902), p. 332, and Ashton, *Social Life in the Time of Queen Anne* (1882), I, 235. There were many taverns and coffee-houses of the same name, but none so famous as that of Newgate.

307, 536. **walk t'other turn.** I.e., another turn. Cf. Vanbrugh, *The Relapse* (1696), I, iii, 311 (W. C. Ward's ed.).

311, 620–622. felo de se . . . felo de ses beins. *Felo de se* (a felon with respect to himself), one who feloniously commits suicide. *Felo de ses biens* (a felon with regard to his possessions), one who feloniously transfers his goods to another.

316, 743, 744. the field at Bloomsbury . . . Edg hill. "All this ground [the present Russell Square and its vicinity, in Bloomsbury] had previously been known as Southampton Fields, or Long Fields, and was the resort of low classes of the people, who here fought their pitched battles, generally on Sundays." Besant and Mitton, *Holborn and Bloomsbury* (1902), p. 90. Cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 337. The battle of Edgehill, near Banbury, was the first great battle of the Civil War, fought Oct. 23, 1642.

319, 837. in forma pauperis. In the character of a pauper. "Every poor person, having cause of action, was entitled by 11 Henry VII . . . which is in affirmance of the Common Law, to have writs according to the nature of the case, without paying the fees thereon, and the judges might assign him counsel and solicitor, who acted gratis." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*.

321, 871, 872. you thirty in the hundred rascal. A money-lender exacting thirty per cent interest. For the exactions and tricks of the brokers, cf. *Looke on me London*, by R. J. (1613), quoted by Besant, *London in the Time of the Stuarts* (1882), pp. 350 *et seq.*

321, 872, 873. squire setter. One who tracked out squires that were in money difficulties, as a "setter" dog tracks birds.

324, 954. no herald or poet. Cf. Quaint, the herald in Vanbrugh's *Aesop* (1697), esp. III, i, 99 *et seq.* (Ward's ed.) "Now, sir, here 's a young lord . . . I begin to flatter . . . he . . . finds all I say true . . . and before I leave him — his purse is as empty as his head."

325, 972. going to twelve. A technical term in a dicing game. The general sense seems to be, "without profiting by it oneself."

325, 986–988. dine in the Temple Round or walks, with the knights without noses, or the knights of the post. Cf. note on *P.-D.*, **223**, 468. The Temple

"Round" is the ancient round church of the Temple, and the "knights without noses" the recumbent figures of the knights crusaders upon the pavement of the church. Lawyers received their clients in the Temple Round, as formerly at St. Paul's, and the "knights of the post" frequented the whole place. Cf. *Hudibras* (1678), pt. iii, c. 3, 759–762:

> "Retain all sorts of witnesses,
> That ply i' the Temple under trees;
> Or walk the Round with Knights o' the Posts,
> About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts."

Otway, *The Soldier's Fortune* (1681) [I, i, 29, 30, Noel's ed., *Mermaid Ser.*], calls the knights of the post "your peripatetic philosophers of the Temple Walks." In Anne's time they were "to be had in the *Temple Walks* from Morning till Night, for two pots of Belch, and a Sixpenny slice of Boil'd Beef." Quoted by Ashton, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* (1882), II, 142.

326, 994, 995. **three or four hundred year . . . in this Hall.** Many Coronation banquets (including that of George IV) were given in Westminster Hall, and "besides the Coronation Banquets, we have record of many others from the earliest time." Cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 831.

337, 268. **upon the square.** Upon equal terms (now that he has got Jerry under his control).

339, 312. **Littleton.** Sir Thomas Littleton, 1402–1481, judge and legal author. "His fame rests on his treatise on 'Tenures,' written in law-French, and his text, with Coke's comment, long remained the principal authority on English real property law." *Dict. Nat. Biography.*

339, 325, 326. **the late Conjuncture of Affairs, in relation to Coffee-houses.** The allusion in the title is evidently to the government's order for the closing of the coffee-houses, in Nov. 1675. They were charged with being seminaries of sedition. So great was the opposition to the order that it was soon withdrawn. Cf. Klette, *William Wycherley's Leben*, p. 25, where titles similar to that of Oldfox's pamphlet are given; and for the influence and history of the coffee-houses, Macaulay, *History of England*, I, chap. 3, and Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 261.

340, 339, 340. our Inn of Chancery. The Inns of Chancery were so called because they were "anciently inhabited by such clerks as chiefly studied the framing of writs, which regularly belonged to the cursitors, who were officers of the Court of Chancery." . . . They "were formerly preparatory colleges for students, and many entered them before they were admitted into the Inns of Court." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*. There were nine of these, viz., Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, connected with the Inner Temple; New Inn and Strand Inn, with the Middle Temple; Furnival's Inn and Thavies' Inn, with Lincoln's Inn; and Staple's Inn and Barnard's Inn with Gray's Inn. Of these, Clifford's, Clement's, Staple's and Barnard's alone remain, and these are used for other purposes than the original, chiefly as "chambers" for private individuals. Cf. Loftie, *Inns of Court and Chancery*, and note on **282, 1165.**

342, 383, 384. ravishment of guard — Westminster the Second. "Ravishment de Gard (*ravishment of ward*), an abolished writ which lay for a guardian by knight's service or in socage, against a person who took from him the body of his ward." Wharton, *Law Lexicon*. The statute of Westminster 2, so called, was passed in 13 Edw. I, 1285, Cap. xxxv: "In what cases do lye a writ of Ravishment of ward," etc. The first section of this chapter reads, "Concerning children males or females (whose mariage belongeth to another) taken and carried away, if the ravisher have no right in the mariage . . . he shall . . . be punished for his offence by two years imprisonment; and if he do not restore, or do marry the child after the years of consent, and be not able to satisfie for the mariage, he shall abjure the Realm, or have perpetuall imprisonment." Cf. *A Collection of Sundry Statutes, Frequent in Use*, by Ferdinando Pulton, (London, 1661).

345, 472. Prerogative Court. "An ecclesiastical court established for the trial of all testamentary cases where the deceased possessed at death goods above the value of five pounds in each of two or more dioceses, and consequently where the diocesan courts could not possess jurisdiction." *Cent. Dict.* The jurisdiction of this court in testamentary matters was taken away in 1857 and now belongs to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, created in 1873. The two archbishops had each

a Prerogative Court, "so-called from the archbishop having a prerogative through the whole province for the said purposes." Renton, *Encyclopædia of the Laws of England*. The ecclesiastical courts were held at *Doctors' Commons*, an institution near St. Paul's, dissolved in 1857.

346, 485. **proctors.** Cf. Glossary, and note on 296, 265.

346, 486, 487. **a shrewd man of White Friers.** Whitefriars was "the streets, lanes and alleys between Water-lane (now Whitefriars-street) and the Temple, and Fleet-street and the Thames; formerly the site of the house and gardens of a convent of Carmelites, or White Friars, founded . . . 1241. Dissolved by Henry VIII. . . . The hall or refectory . . . was used as the Whitefriars Theatre. The precinct had long possessed the privileges of Sanctuary, which were confirmed by charter of James I in 1608; hence it became the asylum of characterless debtors, cheats and gamblers, here protected from arrest: it acquired the cant name of 'Alsatia,' and is the scene of Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*, the characters of which 'dare not stir out of Whitefryers.'" Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 832. Cf. also Scott's *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Jerry's "shrewd man" had evidently acquired his knowledge of law by evading it.

349, 83. **earnest pence.** Money paid as an instalment, especially for the purpose of securing a bargain or contract.

350, 94. **the drawing-room.** At Whitehall.

351, 127. **the Old Exchange.** The Royal Exchange, near the Bank of England and the Mansion House, was erected in 1564–70 by Sir Thomas Gresham. It was burned in the Great Fire of 1666, and its successor, erected by Jarman, was also burned in 1838. The present building was erected in 1842–44 by Tite. The Royal Exchange is here called "Old" to distinguish it from the New Exchange. Cf. note on *C.W.*, 31, 5.

357, 284. **a Saracen in the sign.** Inns with the sign of the Saracen's head were common in London. There was one at Snow Hill, "without Newgate," mentioned by Stow, one "without Bishopsgate," another in Friday Street, Cheapside, not removed till 1844, another at 5 Aldgate Street. "When our countrymen came home from fighting with the Saracens, and were beaten by them, they pictured them with huge, big, terrible faces (as you still

see the sign of the Saracen's head is), when in truth they were like other men. But this they did to save their own credit.'' Selden, *Table Talk* (1689), quoted by Timbs, *Curiosities of London*, p. 456. Cunningham, *Handbook for London* (1850), p. 438, quotes Fennor's *Counter's Commonwealth* [1617, p. 3,] ''where a serjeant of the compter is described with 'a phisnomy much resembling the Saracen's head without Newgate, and a mouth as wide vaulted as that without Bishopsgate.' '' Cf. also Nash, *Unfortunate Traveller* (1594), ''sulphurous, big swollen large face, like a Saracen.'' Olivia means that Manly is no more handsome than is the Saracen.

367, 514. a death so horrid. So all the originals; but Hunt and Ward read *deed*, which is possibly correct. But probably Fidelia intends to say that such a fate would be a living death more horrible a thousand times than the actual death which confronts her if she refuses.

370, 33–35. deface the nudities . . . because they are not real. Cf. Molière, *Le Misanthrope*, III, iv, 4, 71, 72 (noted by Ward):

> *Elle fait des tableaux couvrir les nudités;*
> *Mais elle a de l'amour pour les réalités.*

371, 56. out of your house. Olivia, in fear of her husband, has fled and spent the night at Eliza's lodgings.

381, 86–89. like a box in an ordinary . . . key. The ''box'' is that of the game-keeper of the ordinary, into which the gamesters paid a part of their winnings. The perquisites of the keeper often amounted to more than the winnings of the gamesters. Cf. W. de Britaine, *Hum. Prudence* (1693), 141, ''Playing at Dice . . . the Box-keeper is commonly the greatest Winner.'' Cf. also Cotton's *Compleat Gamester* (1674), p. 21, and Mrs. Centlivre's play, *The Gamester* (1705) p. 50 *et seq.*

390, 326. the satyr. Cf. Glossary.

396. [Scene III. The same Room.] Hunt and Ward read *A Room in the Same*. There is no occasion for the change.

399, 76. through the ear. Krause, p. 29, refers to Molière, *L'École des Femmes*, I, i, 164.

400, 93. choak-bayl action. Cf. Glossary, *choak-bayl*.

402, 126. Durante beneplacito. During pleasure, so long as I am willing.

402, 138. **a nag of assizes.** This appears to mean "a first-rate horse." Cf. Glossary, *assizes*.

414, 22. **Squires of the long robe.** Gentlemen of the legal profession. Cf. Steele, Preface to *Grief A-la-Mode* (1701): "Far be it from any Man's Thought to say there are not Men of strict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every Body's good Fortune to meet with them."

415, 24. **Brother-Templer.** Cf. *Life*.

Bibliography

The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.

I. TEXTS

This list includes separate editions, adaptations, the issues in collective editions of Wycherley, and with the plays of other dramatists.

A. THE COUNTRY WIFE

1675, 4°. The Country-Wife, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for Thomas Dring, at the Harrow, at the Corner of Chancery-Lane in Fleet-street.

1683, 4°. The Country-Wife, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for T. Dring, and sold by R. Bentley, and S. Magnes in Russel-street in Covent-Garden.

1688, 4°. The Country-Wife, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for T. Dring, and sold by R. Bentley, and S. Magnes in Russel-street in Covent-Garden.

1695, 4°. The Country-Wife, A Comedy, Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for Samuel Briscoe in Russel-street Covent-Garden, and Daniel Dring at the Harrow in Fleet-street.

1695, 4°. The Country-Wife. A Comedy. Acted at the Theatre-Royal, Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for Samuel Briscoe in Russel-street Covent-Garden, and Daniel Dring at the Harrow in Fleet-street. [This edition may be distinguished from Q4 by the different punctuation of the titlepage.]

[1712, 8vo. The Country-Wife, A Comedy, Acted at the

Theatre-Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. *This is a separate title in next entry.*]

1713, 8vo. The Works of the Ingenious Mr. William Wycherley, Collected into One Volume: Containing Plain-Dealer, Country-Wife, Gentleman-Dancing-master, Love in a Wood. . . . . Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

1720, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. 2 vols. Printed for B. Tooke and M. Wellington. Separate titlepages for each play, "printed for M. Wellington, 1720," but paged consecutively.

1731, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for Benj. Motte, John Poulson, and Richard, James and Bethel Wellington. Separate titlepages, all dated 1731, and paged consecutively.

1735, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for B. Motte, W. Feales, R. Wellington, J. Brindley, C. Corbett and B. Wellington. Each play has separate titlepage, dated 1735, and is paged separately.

1736, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for W. Feales. Each play has separate titlepage, and is paged separately. *The Country-Wife* is "printed for W. Feales" and has 110 numbered pages.

1736, 12mo. The Country Wife, etc. . . , No publisher's name is given. To be distinguished from edition of the entry above. 107 numbered pages.

1751, 12mo. The Dramatic Works of William Wycherley, Esq. . . . Printed for Hawes, Clarke and Collins; T. Longman, T. Lowndes and C. Corbett. The main titlepage has no date. Each play has separate titlepage and is paged separately. *The Country Wife* is "Printed for C. Bathurst, 1751."

1752, 12mo. La Femme de Campagne, Comédie de M. Wicherley. Trans. by P. J. Fiquet du Bocage, in Lettre sur le Théâtre anglois avec une Traduction de L'Avare, Comédie de M. Shadwell, et de la Femme de Campagne, etc. [Paris?]

[1765], 8vo. The Country Wife, a Comedy: in two acts. Altered from Wycherley [by John Lee]. Printed for the editor.

1766, 8vo. The Country Girl, a Comedy, altered from Wycherley [by David Garrick]. Printed for T. Becket and others.

1767, 8vo. Ditto. A Second Edition.

1777, 12mo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . Bell's *British Theatre*, etc. . . . vol. 17.

1777, 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . *The New English Theatre*, etc. . . . vol. 11.

1786, 8vo. The Country Wife, a comedy: in two acts. Altered from Wycherley [by John Lee]. Printed for W. Lowndes and J. Barker.

1791, 12mo. The Country Girl, etc. Bell's *British Theatre*, etc. . . . vol. v.

1791, 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. Bell's *British Theatre*, etc. . . . vol. 13.

1794. Das Landmädchen oder Weiberlist geht über Alles, ein Lustspiel in 4 Akten nach Wycherley und Molière. B. Christopher d'Arien. [Place of publication?]

1808, 12mo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . *The British Theatre* . . . with biographical and critical remarks by Mrs. [E.] Inchbald, vol. 16.

1811, 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . *The Modern British Drama*, vol. 3.

1816, 16mo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . T. Dibdin's *The London Theatre*, etc. . . . vol. 19.

1819, 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . William Oxberry's *The New English Drama*, etc. . . . vol. 8. 1818 etc.

1824, 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . *The British Drama*, etc. . . . vol. 1.

[1824], 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . *The London Stage*, etc. . . . vol. 1.

1834, 8vo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . *The Acting Drama*, etc.

[1835?], 12mo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . [*John*] *Cumberland's British Theatre*, etc. . . . 1829 [–61] . . vol. 21.

1840, 8vo. The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. With biographical and critical notices by Leigh Hunt.

1849. Ditto. [Another edition.]

1851. Ditto. [Another edition.]

1853, 8vo. The Country Girl; A Comedy in Five Acts. By David Garrick, Esq. *The British Drama*, vol. I. Philadelphia. M. Polock.

[18—] 12mo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . French's Acting Edition of Plays, vol. 101. London and New York.

1875, 12mo. The Country Girl, etc. . . . T. H. Lacy's *Acting Editions of Plays*, etc. [1850 etc.] . . . vol. 101.

[1883, etc.], 12mo. The Country Girl. . . . Altered from Wycherley, by D. Garrick. . . . [J.] Dick's *Standard Plays*, No. 141.

1888, 8vo. The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. William Wycherley. Edited with introduction and notes by W. C. Ward. *The Mermaid Series.*

1903. Ditto. [Another edition of *The Mermaid Series.*]

[1913], 16 mo. Restoration Plays from Dryden to Farquhar. With an introduction by Edmund Gosse. *Everyman's Library*. London and New York. Pp. 81–161, The Country Wife. The text is that of Ward.

B. THE PLAIN-DEALER

1677, 4°. The Plain-Dealer. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed by T. N. for James Magnes and Rich. Bentley in Russel-street in Covent-garden near the Piazza's.

1677, 4°. The Plain-Dealer. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . Printed for James Magnes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden near the Piazza's.

1678, 4°. The Plain-Dealer. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. . . . The second Edition. . . . Printed for James Magnes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden near the Piazza's.

1677, 4°. The Plain-Dealer. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley. The Third Edition . . . Printed for R. Bently and M. Magnes, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden near the Piazza's. [*See Note on Text.*]

1681, 4°. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . The Third Edition. . . . Printed for R. Bently and M. Magnes . . .

1686, 4°. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . The Fourth Edition. . . . Printed for R. Bentley and S. Magnes . . . .

1691, 4°. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . The Fifth Edition. . . . Printed for R. Bentley, at the Post-House, in Russel-street in Covent-Garden near the Piazza's.

1694, 4°. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . The Sixth Edition. . . . Printed for R. Bentley . . .

1700, 4°. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . The Seventh Edition. . . . Printed for R. Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown, the West-End of St. Paul's Church-yard, and E. Rumbal, at the Post-House in Covent-Garden.

1709, 4°. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . The Sixth Edition. . . . Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard; and Sold by William Lewis, at the Dolphin in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.

1710, 8vo. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . Printed in the Year 1710. [No place of publication nor publisher given.]

[1711?], 8vo. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . Printed for the Company [of Booksellers]. . . . *A Collection of the Best English Plays*, 1711 etc., vol. 8.

[1712, 8vo. The Plain-Dealer. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal. Written by Mr. Wycherley . . . Printed for Richard Wellington, at the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard. *This is a separate title in next entry.*]

1713, 8vo. The Works of the Ingenious Mr. William Wycherley, etc. See the entry under C. W.

1720, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. See entry under C. W.

1731, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. See entry under C. W.

1735, 12mo. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley. See entry under C. W.

1735, 12mo. The Plain-Dealer, etc. . . . Printed for W. Feales, R. Wellington and others. This edition was also used in the collection of 1736. Plays Written by Mr. Wycherley, etc. See entry under C. W.

1748, 8vo. La Prude ou la Gardeuse de cassette. Comédie en Cinq Actes. In *Œuvres de M. de Voltaire. Nouvelle Édition*, etc., vol. 8. Dresden. George-Conrad Walther.

1765, 12mo. The Dramatic Works of William Wycherley, Esq. . . . etc. See entry under C. W. *The Plain Dealer* has separate titlepage, with "Printed for Hawes, Clarke and Collins, T. Longman, T. Lowndes and C. Corbett, 1765."

1766, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . With alterations [by I. Bickerstaffe]. Printed for W. Griffin, T. Lowndes, and others.

1766, 16mo. The Plain Dealer. . . . Altered by I. Bickerstaffe. Dublin.

1767, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . With alterations [by I. Bickerstaffe].

1768, 12mo. The Plain Dealer, etc. Edinburgh.

1774, 12mo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . Printed and sold by J. Robertson. Edinburgh.

1786, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . With alterations [by I. Bickerstaffe]. . . . A new edition.

1796, 8vo. The Plain Dealer. A Comedy . . . altered . . . by I. Bickerstaff. Bell's *British Theatre*, etc. . . . vol. 23.

1796, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . With alterations, revised by J. P. Kemble.

1804, 8vo. The Plain Dealer. Altered from Wycherley. *The British Drama*, vol. II. London, William Miller. Printed by James Ballantyne, Edinburgh.

1811, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . With alterations, etc. . . . *The Modern British Drama*, vol. 3.

1815, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. . . . With alterations, etc.

1823, 8vo. L'Homme Franc: comédie en cinq actes. Trans. by E. Mennechet. With a biography of the author. *Chefs-d'Œuvre des Théâtres Étrangers*, etc., tom. 5. Paris.

1840. The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. . . . Leigh Hunt.

1849. Ditto. [Another edition.]

1851. Ditto. [Another edition.]

1888, 8vo. The Best Plays of the Old Dramatists. William Wycherley. See entry under C. W.

1893, 8vo. The Plain Dealer, etc. *Plays from Molière. By English Dramatists*, etc. [Sir John Lubbock's Hundred Books. No. 61.] Ed. Henry Morley. Routledge. A copy of Hunt's edition.

1903, 8vo. [The Best Plays, etc.] William Wycherley. See entry under C. W.

II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL

Besides monographs and articles devoted specially to The Country Wife *and* The Plain Dealer *this list includes such general works on the drama and on the author and his works as are likely to prove useful to the general reader or student. Specific references are furnished where necessary. See also the memoirs and critical matter prefixed to the Works in the list of texts above.*

1680. Poems on Several Occasions. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. 42, 111.

1683. Epistles to the King and Duke. [By William Wycherley.] Printed for Thomas Dring.

1691. An Account of the English Dramatick Poets. G. Langbaine. [Also 1699, 1712.]

1696. Letters upon several occasions written by and between Mr. Dryden, Mr. Wycherley, etc. J. Dennis. 10, 11, 14, 19–21, 57, 58.

1698. A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage. J. Collier. Second Edition. 3, 13, 35, 100, 142–146, 173, 175.

1698. The Usefulness of the Stage to the Happiness of Mankind. John Dennis. 30–32.

1698. The Lives of the Poets. Charles Gildon.

1700. Familiar and Courtly Letters, etc. V. de Voiture.

1708. Roscius Anglicanus. John Downes. Ed., "A Facsimile Reprint," by Joseph Knight, 1886.

1709. The Tatler, No. 3, April 16; No. 9, April 30. R. Steele. Bohn's ed., 1852, 5, 21.

1712. The Spectator, No. 266, Jan. 4. R. Steele. Ed. of H. Morley, 1891, 3 vols. II, 208.

1712. Poems upon Several Occasions. George Granville, d Lansdowne.

1714–1720. A Chronological History of England. John Pointer. Vol. I, 1714. Vol. II, 1714. Vol. III, "a Supplement to Mr. Pointer's Chronological History," 1716–1720. III, 886.

1718. The Select Works of John Dennis. 2 vols.

1719. Monumenta Anglicana. John Le Neve. 5 vols. V, 305.

1719–20. The Poetical Register. Giles Jacobs. 2 vols. The notice of Wycherley's life is Major Pack's Memoir.

1721. Athenæ Oxonienses. Anthony à Wood. 2 vols. II, 977.

1721. Original Letters, Familiar, Moral and Critical. J. Dennis. 2 vols. I, 214 and fol.

1728, 8vo. The Posthumous Works of William Wycherley in prose and verse . . . published from his original manuscripts by Mr. Theobald. . . . To which are prefixed some memoirs of Mr. Wycherley's life by Major Pack. 2 pt. Printed for A. Bettesworth and others.

1731. Faithful Memoirs of the Life, Amours, and Performances of . . . Mrs. Anne Oldfield. William Egerton. 97, 122–138.

1732. The Genuine Works . . . of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. 2 vols. I, 432 and fol.

1733. Letters concerning the English Nation. F. M. Arouet de Voltaire. 182–189.

1735. Lettres Écrites de Londres sur les Anglois, etc. F. M. Arouet de Voltaire. Amsterdam. xix.

1736. Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality. . . . From the New Atlantis. Seventh Edition. 4 vols. III, [1741], 217.

1747–66. Biographia Britannica. 6 vols. VI, 201.

1753. Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland. Theophilus Cibber. 5 vols. III.

1764. The Companion to the Playhouse. David E. Baker.

1782. Biographia Dramatica. Isaac Reed.

1800. A Complete History of the Stage. Charles Dibdin. 5 vols. IV, 175–177.

1806. A Biographical History of England, from the Revolution to the End of George I's Reign; being a continuation of J[ames] G[ranger]'s work. M. Noble. 3 vols. I, 237–240.

1812. Biographia Dramatica. Compiled by D. E. Baker and Isaac Reed. With additions by Stephen Jones. 3 vols.

1814. The Works of Jonathan Swift. Ed. Sir Walter Scott. 19 vols. XVII, 21, 284; XIX, 16, 245. Second edit. 1883, XVII, 20, 269, XIX, 15, 238.

1820. Observations, Anecdotes and Characters of Books and Men. Joseph Spence. With notes by Edmund Malone. Murray.

1820. Anecdotes, Observations and Characters of Books and Men. Joseph Spence. With notes and a life of the author, by S. W. Singer. 17, 18, 123, 150, 160, 161, 198, 201, 284. There is also an edition of 1858.

1823. On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century. *Essays of Elia.* Charles Lamb. *The Temple Classics*, 1897, 255–267.

1824. A Biographical History of England. Fifth Edition. James Granger. 6 vols. V, 248. The first edition had 3 vols., 1769–74.

1831. History of Dramatic Literature. J. P. Collier. 3 vols. 2d edition, 1879.

1832. Some Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration in 1660 to 1850. J. Genest. Bath. 10 vols. I, 134, 136, 149, 161; II, 402, 417, 555, 582, 622; III, 131, 175, 447, 526, 590; IV, 5, 43, 261; V, 69, 89, 90, 116, 204, 483, 564; VI, 393, 437; VII, 233.

1836–7. Lives of the Most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of Great Britain. 3 vols. S. A. Dunham. III, 165–212.

1841. Lectures on the English Comic Writers. William Hazlitt. Third Edition. Templeman. Lecture IV, pp. 149–155. First Edition, 1819. An edition in the Bohn *Standard Library*, 1846.

1853–56. Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Ed. Lord J. Russell. 8 vols. II, 269. Another edition, 1857, New York. 2 vols.

1862. Leigh Hunt, Comic Dramatists of the Restoration. T. B. Macaulay, *Essays*, iii.

1863–64. Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise. H. A. Taine. 4 vols. Paris. Another edition, 5 vols., 1869. Translation by H. Van Laun, 2 vols., 1871–1872, New York. I, 480–488.

1864. "Their Majesties' Servants." Annals of the English Stage. John Doran. 2 vols. 2d edition, revised and enlarged, 1865. 1888. A new edition, 3 vols. Ed. and revised by R. W. Lowe.

1871. Wycherley and Congreve. Charles Cowden Clarke. In *Gentleman's Magazine*. vii, 823–34.

1871–1889. The Works of Alexander Pope. W. Elwin and W. J. Courthope. 10 vols. See Index, vol. v, and especially vols. v and vi.

1875. A History of English Dramatic Literature. A. W. Ward. 2 vols. 1899. Revised edition, 3 vols. iii, 461–467.

1878. La Comédie Anglaise, 1672–1707. A. De Grisy. Paris.

1882–1893. The Works of John Dryden. Ed. Sir W. Scott, revised by G. Saintsbury. 18 vols. Edinburgh. v, 115; xvii, 323; xviii, 119.

1883. William Wycherley's Leben und dramatische Werke. Mit besonderer Berücksichtigung von Wycherley als Plagiator Molière's. Dr. Johannes Klette. Münster.

1883. Wycherley und Seine Französischen Quellen. H. Krause. *Halle Dissertation*. Halle a. S.

1883. Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au Dix-Huitième Siècle, 1660–1744. A. Beljame. Paris

1883. Seventeenth-Century Studies. E. Gosse. 2d edition, 1897. New York.

1884. Molière's "École des Femmes" and Wycherley's "Country Wife." Paul Sandmann. In *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Litteraturen*. xxxviii Jahrgang, 72 Band. Braunschweig.

1885. From Shakespeare to Pope. E. W. Gosse. Cambridge. Univ. Press. 260–264.

1887. Molière, Wycherley und Garrick. Paul Sandmann.

In *Archiv f. d., Studium d. n. Sprachen und Litteraturen.* XLI Jahrgang, 77 Band. Braunschweig.

1888. Life of William Congreve. E. W. Gosse. 113–114. *Great Writers Series.*

1889. The London Stage: Its History and Traditions from 1576 to 1888. H. B. Baker. 2 vols. 1, 222. Another ed. (1576 to 1903), 1904.

1891. London Past and Present. . . . H. B. Wheatley. 3 vols. 1, 229.

1892. English Army Lists and Commission Registers. Ed. by Chas. Dalton. 1, 120, 170.

1900. William Wycherley. G. A. Aitken, *Dictionary of National Biography*, LXIII, 195–200.

1903, 1905, 1906. The Term Catalogues, 1668–1709 . . . 1711. Edited from the . . . Quarterly Lists. . . . issued by the Booksellers, etc. of London, by Professor Edward Arber. 3 vols.

1906. The Relation of Dryden's "State of Innocence" to Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Wycherley's "Plain Dealer." G. B. Churchill. In *Modern Philology*, Chicago, IV, 2, 381–388.

1907. William Wycherley als Mensch und Dichter. Curt Quaas. *Rostock Dissertation.* Rostock, 1907.

1908. The French Influence in English Literature. A. H. Upham. New York.

1910. The Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy. Dudley Howe Miles. New York. The Columbia University Press.

1912. The Cambridge History of English Literature (1907–1917). New York and London. Vol. VIII, pp. 161–165, Wycherley. F. E. Schelling.

1914. English Drama. F. E. Schelling. London and New York.

Glossary

alcove, the recess in a chamber in which stood the bed. *P.-D.* II, i, 680; IV, i, 103.

alimony, allowance received by a wife from her husband's estate on separation from him; also (*in jest*), allowance received by husband from wife under like circumstances. *P.-D.* I, i, 522; V, iii, 157.

apostle-spoons, silver spoons, the handles of which end in figures of the Apostles. *P.-D.* II, i, 1203.

apprehend, fear, dread. *P.-D.* Dedica., 189; IV, ii, 442.

arithmetical, formal, conventional? *C.W.* II. i, 546.

assizes, customary standards or quality. *P.-D.* V, iii, 138.

Ayle (*aile, aiel*, O. Fr. *aiel, aieul*), grandfather. *P.-D.* I, i, 597.

bafled, baffled, disgraced, dishonored. *C.W.* Prol. 5. *P.-D.* IV, i, 31.

Bays, author. *C.W.* Prol. 11, 16. See notes. *C.W.* 3, 11. *P.-D.* 193, 55.

beef-eater, popular name for Yeoman of the Guard, in the household of the sovereign of Great Britain. *P.-D.* I, i, 379.

Belin'sgate (*Billingsgate*), scurrilous vituperation, such as characterized the famous market of Billingsgate. *P.-D.* III, i, 215.

bilk, cheat, defraud. *P.-D.* II, i, 952; V, iii, 37.

blade, "fellow," (*in laudatory sense*). *P.-D.* I, i, 170.

boar-cat, male cat, tom-cat. *P.-D.* III, i, 540.

branch, embroider with foliage (*fig.*). *P.-D.* III, i, 198.

Brandenburgh, a morning gown, so-called from Brandenburg, Prussia, a city noted for its woolen manufactures. *P.-D.* II, i, 681.

break (a jest), utter, "crack" a joke. *P.-D.* V, ii, 324.

breviate, a lawyer's brief. *P.-D.* III, i, 276.

bribe-pye, a pie received as a bribe. *P.-D.* III, i, 984.

brimmer, a brimming cup. *C.W.* V, iv, 27.

buble, bubble, *n.* a dupe, a gull: *vb.* to dupe, cheat.

C.W. II, i, 318; III, ii, 75, 79; V, iii, 48.

bud, a term of endearment; generally applied elsewhere to children or young persons. *C.W.* II, i, 43.

buffle-headed, buffalo-headed, big-headed, *hence*, foolish, stupid. *P.-D.* II, i, 145.

bully, a blustering gallant, a swashbuckler; in **bully-like,** a ruffian hired for purposes of violence; in **bully tar, bully guardian,** a term of friendly admiration, "my good," "my fine" guardian. *C.W.* Prol. 1; I, i, 338. *P.-D.* I, i, 127; II, i, 420; III, i, 997; V, ii, 341; V, iii, 133.

by, of. *C.W.* IV, iii, 477. *P.-D.* IV, i, 359.

cashiered, dismissed from service. *P.-D.* I, i, 331.

caudle, "a warm drink consisting of thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* II, i, 1128.

cere-cloaths, waxed winding-sheets for corpses. *P.-D.* II, i, 1112.

champertee, the illegal assistance of another in a law-suit, on condition of receiving part of the property in dispute, if it is recovered. *P.-D.* III, i, 411.

changeling, a half-witted person, idiot. *C.W.* IV, ii, 58; V, i, 48; V, iv, 363.

character, an essay descriptive of a person. *P.-D.* IV, i, 299.

choak-bayl, said of an action at law so important that the defendant is not admitted to bail. *P.-D.* V, iii, 93.

chopping, big, strapping. *P.-D.* II, i, 1148.

chouse, dupe, swindle. *P.-D.* II, i, 1198.

chymist, chemist, apothecary. *C.W.* I, i, 199. *P.-D.* I, i, 378.

cit (short for citizen) (*often contemptuous*). *C.W.* II, i, 312; V, iv, 185.

civil, polite, refined; frequently used of fine ladies, as distinguished from common women. *C.W.* I, i, 167; III, ii, 703. *P.-D.* Dedica., 60.

cocking, impudent, cocky. *P.-D.* V, ii, 101.

coming, complaisant (*in bad sense*). *P.-D.* IV, i, 61.

companion, "fellow" (*contemptuous*). *P.-D.* I, i, 628; II, i, 1055; III, i, 174.

conduct, skillful management, good generalship. *C.W.* V, iv, 419 (*ironical*).

consideration, equivalent received for something done for

another's benefit, especially in business or legal transactions. *P.-D.* v, iii, 154.

conventickle-gallant, meeting-place of fine ladies. *P.-D.* II, i, 442.

convoy, commander of warships escorting merchantmen. *P.-D.* III, i, 895. *Usually*, the warships themselves. *P.-D.* I, i, 667. Escort, *P.-D*, I, i, 676.

correspondency, relation; **fair c.**, good relations, agreement. *P.-D.* III, i, 897.

cousen (*cozen*), cheat. *C.W.* Epil. 33.

covert, in **under covert baron**. *P.-D.* II, i, 1219. See note, 284, 1219.

cozen, cousin. *C.W.* I, i, 472.

crowd, an ancient Celtic form of the fiddle. *C.W.* I, i, 380. See note, 21, 379.

cuckhold, cuckold, a betrayed husband. *C.W.* I, i, 100. *P.-D.* IV, i, 111; *vb.*, to betray a husband. *P.-D.* Dedica., 40.

cully, dupe, gull. *C.W.* IV, iv, 66; V, iii, 90. *P.-D.* Dedica., 179; II, i, 718; V, ii, 457.

curiously, skillfully. *C.W.* IV, ii, 233.

curst, savage, fierce. *P.-D.* III, i, 652.

Cuz, (*abbreviation of*) cousin, any relative more distant than brother or sister. *C.W.* II, i, 678.

dagled, bespattered with mud. *P.-D.* I, i, 527; III, i, 34.

decorums, proprieties, requirements of etiquette. *P.-D.* I, i, 2.

detinue, unlawful detention of personal property belonging to another. **action of d.**, a suit at law to recover personal property wrongfully detained. *P.-D.* III, i, 631.

dip'd, involved in debt, mortgaged. *P.-D.* III, i, 865.

discover, reveal. *C.W.* I, i, 60; V, i, 62. *P.-D.* II, i, 13.

disgust, *tr. vb.*, dislike, regard with aversion. *P.-D.* IV, i, 188.

disseise, to dispossess a person of his estate, usually wrongfully or by force. *P.-D.* I, i, 599.

disseisor, one who disseises. *P.-D.* I, i, 600.

disseizen, (*disseisin*), the act or fact of disseising. **writ of d.**, writ initiating an action at law for the recovery of property by one who has been dispossessed. *P.-D.* I, i, 614.

documents, instructions, lessons. *C.W.* II, i, 73.

dogged, ill-tempered, surly. *P.-D.* I, i, 160.

dow-baked (dough-), imperfectly baked, so as to remain doughy, *hence* deficient in sense, foolish. *C.W.* IV, iv, 46.

doze, *tr. vb.*, stupefy, make dull. *C.W.* I, i, 268.

drawing-room, reception or levee at court; also the reception room. *C.W.* II, i, 68; III, ii, 173. *P.-D.* II, i, 103; IV, ii, 118.

droling, jesting, playing the buffoon. *C.W.* II, i, 611; *P.-D.* IV, ii, 33.

drugget, a kind of cheap woolen stuff, used for wearing apparel. *C.W.* V, iv, 93.

dust, drink quickly, toss off. *C.W.* IV. iii, 513.

eclaircisment (*Fr.*), an explanation, especially a mutual explanation of equivocal conduct. *C.W.* III, ii, 365. *P.-D.* IV, ii, 23.

eigne (*Fr. anye, âiné*), first-born, eldest. *P.-D.* IV, i, 446.

engagements, pecuniary obligations, debts. *P.-D.* II, i, 1010.

entail, the rule of descent settled for an estate so that it cannot be bequeathed at the pleasure of the possessor. *P.-D.* II, i, 661.

enter, to make an entry into land as an assertion of ownership, take possession. **enter upon** (a person), dispossess a holder of property. *P.-D.* I, i, 613.

errant, errand, *adj.*, arrant. *C.W.* II, i, 456; IV, i, 55; IV, ii, 229; V, iv, 473.

examplifie, amplify. *P.-D.* III, i, 204. (It is at least open to question whether this word, which apparently occurs only here in the language, is not a misprint for *amplifie*, the *ex* being borrowed from *extenuate*, which just precedes it in the line. Cf. foot-note, p. 294.)

exhibition, an allowance of money for a person's support. *P.-D.* V, iii, 137.

fadge, come on, thrive. *C.W.* IV, iii, 1.

falling-sickness, epilepsy. *C.W.* IV, i, 41. *P.-D.* IV, ii, 429.

fee, "fee-simple, an estate belonging to the owner and his heirs forever, without limitation to any particular class of heirs." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* I, i, 598.

fine, *intr. vb.*, to pay a fine. *C.W.* II, i, 630.

fit, *vb.*, to punish, visit with a fit penalty. *P.-D.* II, i, 697.

Fitz (*O. Fr., law-Fr.*), son. *P.-D.* I, i, 597.

Fop-corner, that part of the pit in which the fops, wits and critics gathered. *P.-D.* II, i, 335.

foyl'd (*foiled*), fouled, polluted; (of horses) injured, as by foundering, etc. *C.W.* I, i, 470.

fropish (*froppish*), fretful, peevish. *C.W.* II, i, 44.

fumbling, *adj.*, impotent. *C.W.* I, i, 11. *P.-D.* II, i, 1124.

Gadsbodikins, an oath, corruption of Godsbodikins, *God's* (i.e. *Christ's*) *little body*. *P.-D.* III, i, 289.

gadsnouns, an oath, corruption of *God's* (i.e. *Christ's*) *wounds*. *P.-D.* III, i, 759.

gads precious, an oath, *God's* (i.e. *Christ's*) *precious* (sc. *heart*, *blood*, etc.) *P.-D.* III, i, 877.

Gazet, news-sheet. *C.W.* II, i, 639. *P.-D.* II, i, 119, 660.

gentleman-usher, a gentleman acting as usher to a person of superior rank. *C.W.* II, i, 619; IV, iii, 113.

glote (*gloat*), to cast amorous or admiring glances. *P.-D.* II, i, 90; IV, i, 99.

goldsmith, banker. *P.-D.* IV, ii, 201; V, i, 69.

Grand Signior, the Sultan of Turkey. *C.W.* IV, iii, 448.

Great Turk, the Sultan of Turkey. *C.W.* II, i, 585.

grum, surly, glum. *C.W.* II, i, 7; IV, iii, 327. *P.-D.* III, i, 696.

gunpowder-spot, a "beauty-spot," produced by the use of gunpowder. *P.-D.* II, i, 758.

hackney, hireling. *C.W.* IV, iii, 112.

hob, a game in which a peg or pin, called a hob, was used as a mark or target. *P.-D.* I, i, 180.

hocus-pocus, juggling, cheating. *C.W.* III, ii, 138.

hombre, 'ombre (*ombre*), a favorite game at cards, borrowed from the Spaniards. Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto III. *C.W.* II, i, 587. *P.-D.* II, i, 864; IV, ii, 81.

home, *adj.*, searching, pointed, direct. *P.-D.* Dedica., 83.

hotcockles, "a rustic game in which one player lay face downwards, or knelt down with his eyes covered, and being struck on the back by the others in turn, guessed who struck him." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* IV, i, 367.

huffing, talking big, "bluff-

ing." *C.W.* Prol., 19; Epil., 11.

hugeously, immensely. *C.W.* II, i, 27.

hurry-durry, a sailor's epithet for rough, foul weather. In *P.-D.* I, i, 170, figuratively, of Manly.

ingeniously, ingenuously. *P.-D.* III, i, 814.

intelligencer, newsmonger. *P.-D.* I, i, 567.

jack-chain, "a chain each link of which consists of a double loop of wire, resembling a figure of 8, but with the loops in planes at right angles to each other; the links are not welded." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* I, i, 376.

Jack of all Trades, the keeper of a variety shop. *P.-D.* III, i, 503. See note, **306**, 503.

jillflirt (*gillflirt*), a wanton or giddy young woman. *C.W.* II, i, 50.

jointure, an estate held to the joint use of a husband and wife for life or in tail, as a provision for the latter, in the event of her widowhood; *hence also* a sole estate limited to the wife, and becoming hers for her life at least, upon the death of her husband. *P.-D.* I, i, 513; II, i, 1222; III, i, 567; IV, i, 464.

keep, keep a mistress. *C.W.* I, i, 560; Epil., 12. *P.-D.* Dedica., 108; II, i, 15.

keeper, one who keeps a mistress. *C.W.* I, i, 63; V, iv, 66. *P.-D.* Dedica., 183.

lac'd (*of coffee*), mixed with spirits. *P.-D.* III, i, 901.

lamblack, *vb.*, to lampblack, "black," polish. *P.-D.* III, i, 293.

lanterlu (*lanterloo*), a game at cards, in which the knave of clubs, called Pam, is the highest card. As a person's name, *C.W.* V, iii, 115.

latitudinarian, one who is tolerant, not strict. *P.-D.* I, i, 267.

law-meush (*-meuse, -muse*), loophole in the law, legal trick, affording a means of escape. Cf. *N.E.D.*, *meuse*. *P.-D.* V, iii, 107. Hunt and Ward read *mesh*, which is the exact opposite of the sense required.

levy, levee, a morning reception, held by a prince or great personage. *P.-D.* I, i, 619.

liberties, a district having special privileges or under exclusive jurisdiction. *P.-D.* Dedica., 169.

livery, legal delivery. *P.-D.*

1, i, 647. See note, 230, 647.

Lockets. *C.W.* IV, iii, 338. *P.-D.* II, i, 713. See note, *C.W.* 126, 338.

loofs, luffs. *P.-D.* II, i, 998. Hunt and Ward read *loots*.

lu (*loo*), abbreviation of lanterlu (*lanterloo*), *q.v.* *C.W.* Epil., 27.

magpy (*fig.*), a chatterer. *C.W.* II, i, 51.

mainly, strongly, greatly. *C.W.* V, iv, 275.

make, do, be about, be occupied with. *C.W.* IV, iii, 207.

mammock, chunk, fragment. *P.-D.* IV, i, 146.

marker, one who marks the score at games. *C.W.* III, ii, 34.

marry gep, marry go up (= marry come up). *P.-D.* III, i, 296.

martinet, the system of drill invented by Martinet. *P.-D.* III, i, 769, 771.

masty, mastiff. *P.-D.* IV, ii, 277.

meer (*mere*), out-and-out. *C.W.* II, i, 51.

Mere (*law-Fr.*), mother. *P.-D.* I, i, 606.

motion, a puppet-show. *P.-D.* III, i, 485.

mouse, pull about roughly. *C.W.* II, i, 23.

moyl (*moil*), drudge, labor. *C.W.* IV, iii, 230.

murrain, a cattle-plague (*used in imprecations*). *C.W.* V, iv, 513.

musle (*mousle, muzzle*), to nuzzle, fondle with the closed mouth. *C.W.* IV, ii, 49.

nanger (*provincial*), anger. *C.W.* II, i, 45.

natural, *n.*, a fool. *C.W.* IV, i, 55.

newsbook, a small newspaper. **newsbook-secret,** a secret already published in the newspaper, and so no secret at all. *P.-D.* III, i, 522.

nick, gamble; cheat. *P.-D.* II, i, 1173; III, i, 949.

nicompoop (*nincompoop*), blockhead. *P.-D.* II, i, 1125.

night gown, negligée gown, house-dress. *C.W.* V, i, after 135.

occasional, caused by a special occurrence. *C.W.* I, i, 75.

once, once for all. *C.W.* IV, i, 173.

on kimbow, akimbo. *P.-D.* II, i, 669.

ordinary, an eating-house where a meal is served at a fixed price; the meal itself.

C.W. v, iv, 103. *P.-D.* iv, i, 341; v, ii, 86.

original, an eccentric, uncommon person. *C.W.* iv, iii, 444.

over-conscious, over-critical. *P.-D.* ii, i, 515.

over-looking, supercilious, contemptuous. *P.-D.* i, i, 64.

pantaloon, "a kind of breeches or trousers in fashion for some time after the Restoration." *N.E.D.*; **pantaloon captain**, a fashionably dressed young swell in command, contrasted with the rough common sailor. *P.-D.* i, i, 161.

Pas par tout, (*passe partout*), "that which passes, or permits to pass, everywhere, a master-key." *Cent. Dict. Hence*, one who passes everywhere. *C.W.* i, i, 217.

paw, improper, naughty, obscene. *C.W.* v, ii, 62.

peppercorn, the dried berry of black pepper; often stipulated as a quit-rent, or nominal rent. *P.-D.* ii, i, 1140.

per. See note on *P.-D.* 228, 586.

Pere (*law-Fr.*), father. *P.-D.* i, i, 597.

picaroon, pirate, corsair. *P.-D.* ii, i, 997.

picquet, a game of cards. *C.W.* Epil., 27.

place-house, manor-house. *C.W.* ii, i, 81.

plain-dealing, frank and honest speech or conduct. Cf. *P.-D.* Prol.

post. See note on *P.-D.* 228, 586.

presently, at once. *C.W.* iv, ii, 187; v, iv, 350.

proctor, "a person employed to manage another's cause in a court of civil or ecclesiastical law, as in the court of admiralty or a spiritual court. Proctors discharged duties similar to those of solicitors and attornies in other courts." *Cent. Dict. P.-D.* iv, i, 487.

projector, schemer. *C.W.* iv, iii, 3.

proper, good-looking, well-formed, of strong, handsome body. *C.W.* ii, i, 28. *P.-D.* iv, ii, 285.

propriety, property, ownership. *P.-D.* iii, i, 596.

pulvilio, perfumed powder. *C.W.* iv, i, 4. *P.-D.* ii, i, 687; iv, ii, 72.

pure, fine, nice; out-and-out, absolute. *C.W.* iii, i, 13; iii, ii, 315. *P.-D.* iii, i, 464.

raillieur (*Fr.*), one who turns

what is serious into ridicule, a mocker. *C.W.* II, i, 191.

rakehell, rake. *C.W.* III, ii, 472.

receivers, takers of money. *C.W.* v, iv, 179.

reference, submission of a legal case to a referee for decision. *P.-D.* III, i, 173.

renegado, deserter. *P.-D.* II, i, 1164.

rithme = rime. *P.-D.* II, i, 613.

rithming = riming. *P.-D.* I, i, 574.

rol-wagon (*roll-*), toy wagon. *C.W.* IV, iii, 253 (*sens. obscen.*).

rook, a gull, one who is cheated in gaming; also, a cheat, a swindler in gaming. *C.W.* I, i, 63; I, i, 327. *P.-D.* Prol., 15; I, i, 576.

ruffin, an early form of *ruffian*. *P.-D.* IV, i, 42.

sadness, seriousness. *C.W.* II, i, 571.

satyr, satire, *P.-D.* Dedica., 82; v, ii, 274, 282: satirist, in *P.-D.* v, ii, 326, but with reference also, through confusion as to the origin of the word, to the satyr of classical mythology: satyr, *P.-D.* II, i, 549.

scorch'd, heated; **scorch'd trencher,** a wooden platter, heated to warm a bed. *P.-D.* II, i, 1131.

scowrer, one who scours or roams the streets at night, committing mischief. Cf. Gay, *Trivia*, iii, 325. *P.-D.* v, ii, 479. **scouring.** *P.-D.* II, i, 1206.

seised (*seized*), legally possessed of; **seised in fee,** legally possessed of an estate held without limitations as to its disposal. Cf. **fee.** *P.-D.* I, i, 598.

seizen (*seisin*), legal possession. *P.-D.* I, i, 647. See note, 230, 647.

serjeant, a bailiff, constable, catchpoll; a lawyer of high rank, appointed (up to 1868) from among the barristers by the crown. *P.-D.* I, i, 528; III, i, 186.

sham, to tell a humbugging story. *P.-D.* III, i, 799, 806; IV, ii, 33. **shammer,** *P.-D.* III, i, 13.

shocks, rough-haired dogs, poodles. *C.W.* II, i, 639. Hunt and Ward read *smocks!*

snack, share. *C.W.* III, ii, 79.

snap, an impudent, or knavish, fellow. *P.-D.* II, i, 1096.

souz'd (*soused*), pickled. *P.-D.* III, i, 242.

spunge, obtain meanly, at the

expense of others. *P.-D.* Prol., 13.

squab, fat, short and stout. *C.W.* IV, iii, 22.

stews, house of ill fame. *P.-D.* IV, i, 96.

sub-pœna, a writ commanding the attendance in court of the person on whom it is served, under a penalty. *P.-D.* I, i, 624.

swinging (*swingeing*), great, huge. *C.W.* I, i, 495.

tar, (*abbreviation of*) tarpaulin, a sailor. *P.-D.* II, i, 694.

tarpaulin, *n.*, a sailor; *adj.*, made of tarred canvas, *P.-D.* I, i, 160; II, i, 681.

Templer, a member of the Inner or the Middle Temple, one of the Inns of Court. *P.-D.* Epil., 24, 27. See note, 282, 1165, and *Life*.

to halves, by halves, half-heartedly. *P.-D.* Dedica., 81.

tomrigg, tomboy. *C.W.* IV, iii, 196.

Tony, a simpleton. *P.-D.* III, i, 469.

toure, (*tower*), a wig (or the natural hair) built up very high; also, in the last third of the 17th and first third of the 18th centuries, a high head-dress, consisting of a wire framework covered with lace. *P.-D.* II, i, 39.

touse, pull about, handle roughly. *C.W.* II, i, 23.

towards, concerned with, interested in, *P.-D.* I, i, 559. See note, 227, 558.

training-day, day for drill and review of the citizen soldiery. *P.-D.* II, i, 787.

trangame, a toy, gimcrack. *P.-D.* III, i, 543, 544.

treat, *n.*, an entertainment given as a compliment, and costing the recipient nothing; presents; *vb.*, to give such an entertainment or presents. *C.W.* I, i, 595; II, i, 102; III, ii, 731, 733.

trover, "a common-law action for damages for the wrongful taking or detention of goods from the possession of another." *N.E.D.* *P.-D.* III, i, 632; V, iv, 172.

tyre-women (*tire-*), ladies' maids. *C.W.* I, i, 15.

tyring-room (*tiring-*), dressing-room. *C.W.* Prol., 25; Epil., 12. *P.-D.* Dedica., 182, 183; II, i, 491.

unconscionable, conscienceless. *P.-D.* III, i, 335; V, iii, 162.

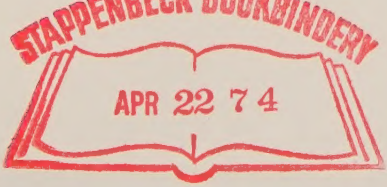
ure, use, practice. *C.W.* III, ii, 35.

vent, vend, sell. *P.-D.* Epil., 12.

vizard-mask (*vizor-*), a short mask concealing the upper part of the face; a masked woman, usually, a harlot. *C.W.* I, i, 234; v, iv, 137; Epil., 2. See note, 16, 234.

weather (*wether*), a gelde ram. *C.W.* II, i, 605.

y vads (*I'vads*, *evads*, etc) in faith. *C.W.* IV, ii, 190


STAPPENBECK BOOKBINDERY
APR 22 74

NORTH CENTRAL COLLEGE
822.4W97CC
C001
THE COUNTRY WIFE BOSTON
3 2611 00066577 4